

MARVEL

DEADPOOL



JOHNSON
AFTER
STERANKO

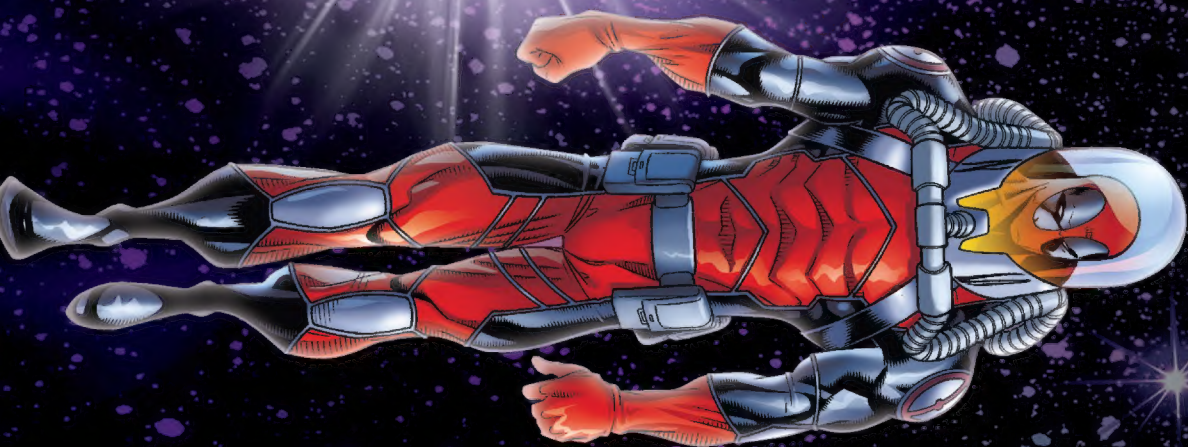
THE COMPLETE COLLECTION

WAY • DAZO • VELLA
BARBERI • ESPIN • MCCREA



**THE
COMPLETE
COLLECTION**

DEADPOOL



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33.1



Some jobs are just too tough for your average fast-talkin' high-tech gun-for-hire. Sometimes...to get the job done right...you need someone crazier than a sack'a ferrets. You need Wade Wilson. The Crimson Comedian. The Regeneratin' Degenerate. The Merc with a Mouth...

DEADPOOL



Tired of being feared and hated as a mercenary, recently Wade has been touring the country trying to figure out what it takes to be a hero. Needless to say, things haven't been going well. In San Francisco Deadpool tried to join the X-Men but was only offered "probational membership" and after a publicity stunt gone wrong, no membership at all. In New York his plans to learn from Spider-Man were thwarted by a mercenary-hunting primate known only as Hit-Monkey. In Las Vegas his attempt to become the protector of the city ended abruptly when his employers made the mistake of offering a job with "responsibilities." Later it seemed Wade finally found a place on the Secret Avengers with Steve Rogers, Black Widow, and Moon Knight, only to discover that his fellow heroes were only clones. Most recently he saved a clan of peace-loving vampires from their bloodthirsty counterparts but in the end failed to get the girl. And when you think about it, what's the point of being a hero if you don't get the girl?



YOU DO
KNOW WHO I
AM, RIGHT?

OF
COURSE.

YOU'RE
DEADPOOL.

GO ON...

YOU'RE A
MASTER OF
BOTH ARMED
AND UNARMED
COMBAT.

TRUE
DAT...

YOU'RE A
BY-PRODUCT OF
A GOVERNMENT-
SPONSORED BIO
WEAPONS PROGRAM
GONE HORRIBLY
WRONG.

THAT'S
DEBATABLE, BUT,
BY ALL MEANS,
PROCEED...

YOUR BODY
IS ABLE TO
REGENERATE AT
AN INCREDIBLE RATE,
MAKING YOU
ESSENTIALLY UN-
KILLABLE.

THOUGH
MANY HAVE
TRIED...

YOU'RE A TRASH-
TALKING MERCENARY
OF WORLD RENOWN WHO
SUFFERS FROM VIOLENT
HALLUCINATIONS AND
DELUSIONS OF
GRANDEUR.

GETTING A
LITTLE PERSONAL,
MIGHT WANNA
BACK OFF...

YOU'VE GONE
TOE-TO-TOE WITH
ALMOST EVERY
SUPERHUMAN KNOWN
AND, IN MOST CASES,
YOU'VE GOTTEN THE
BEST OF THEM.

WHICH IS
WHY YOU WANNA
HIRE ME...



...TO EVICT
SOMEONE FROM
YOUR BUILDING?!

NOT JUST
"SOMEONE"--
THIS GUY.

AND WE'RE
WILLING TO
PAY YOU...



... THIS MUCH, VIA WIRE
TRANSFER FROM AN
OFFSHORE ACCOUNT.



KA-
CHING.

THE PRICE IS RIGHT

"HEY, BEFORE I GO...THERE'S ONE THING I GOTTA ASK YOU--WHY'D YOU LET THIS GUY MOVE IN IN THE FIRST PLACE? DIDN'T YOU, LIKE, KINDA FORESEE A PROBLEM?"

"I MEAN HIS NAME IS 'THE WRECKER'!"

REAL NAME: DIRK GARTHWAITE
A.K.A.: THE WRECKER
SUPERHUMAN ABILITIES:
COURTESY OF AN ASGARDIAN ENCHANTMENT MISTAKENLY CAST UPON HIS CROWBAR, THE WRECKER POSSESSES SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH, STAMINA AND DURABILITY AS WELL AS THE ABILITY TO ABSORB AND PROJECT ENERGY, CREATE FORCEFIELDS AND TELEPORT.

WHATTA YA WANT?

IT'S NOT REALLY WHAT I WANT, IT'S WHAT THE OWNERS OF THIS BUILDING WANT.

LEMME GUESS--THEY WANT ME OUT.

SEE? I TOLD 'EM THIS WAS GONNA BE EASY!

IT AIN'T.

SUPPLEMENTAL NOTE #1:
THE WRECKER ONCE FOUGHT THE AVENGERS TO A STANDSTILL.

SUPPLEMENTAL NOTE #2:
ALL OF THEM. AT ONCE.

THE NEXT DAY:



OKAY,
SERIOUSLY?



I'M GONNA
NEED A LOT
MORE MONEY FOR
THIS GIG.



WE HAD
A DEAL!

YEAH, WE
HAD A DEAL, NOW
IT'S TIME FOR A
NEW DEAL.

DEADPOOL, IF
YOU WON'T OR
CAN'T DELIVER ON
OUR PREVIOUS
AGREEMENT--



YOU'LL DO
WHAT?



THAT'S WHAT
I THOUGHT.



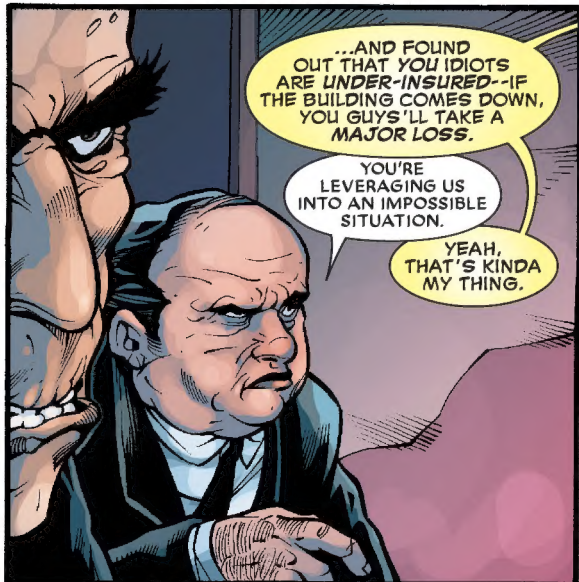
SO, I'VE HAD A BIT OF DOWN-TIME LATELY AND Y'KNOW WHAT I'VE BEEN DOING? MY HOMEWORK.

ON YOU GUYS.

I KNOW THAT YOU'VE GOT A PROSPECTIVE BUYER FOR THE BUILDING, AND I KNOW THAT HAVING A SUPER-POWERED CRIMINAL AS A TENANT IS A DEAL-BREAKER. IF YOU CAN'T GET HIM OUT, YOU'RE SCREWED.



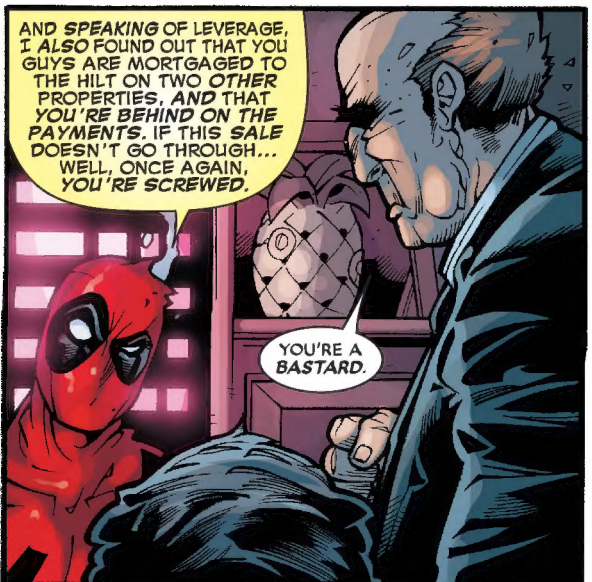
THE WRECKER MADE IT VERY CLEAR TO ME THAT HE'D LEVEL THAT PLACE BEFORE LEAVING IT, WHICH MADE ME THINK, "HEY, THAT'D PROBABLY BE A GOOD THING FOR THE OWNERS!" BUT THEN I TALKED TO AN INSURANCE GUY...



...AND FOUND OUT THAT YOU IDIOTS ARE UNDER-INSURED--IF THE BUILDING COMES DOWN, YOU GUYS'LL TAKE A MAJOR LOSS.

YOU'RE LEVERAGING US INTO AN IMPOSSIBLE SITUATION.

YEAH, THAT'S KINDA MY THING.

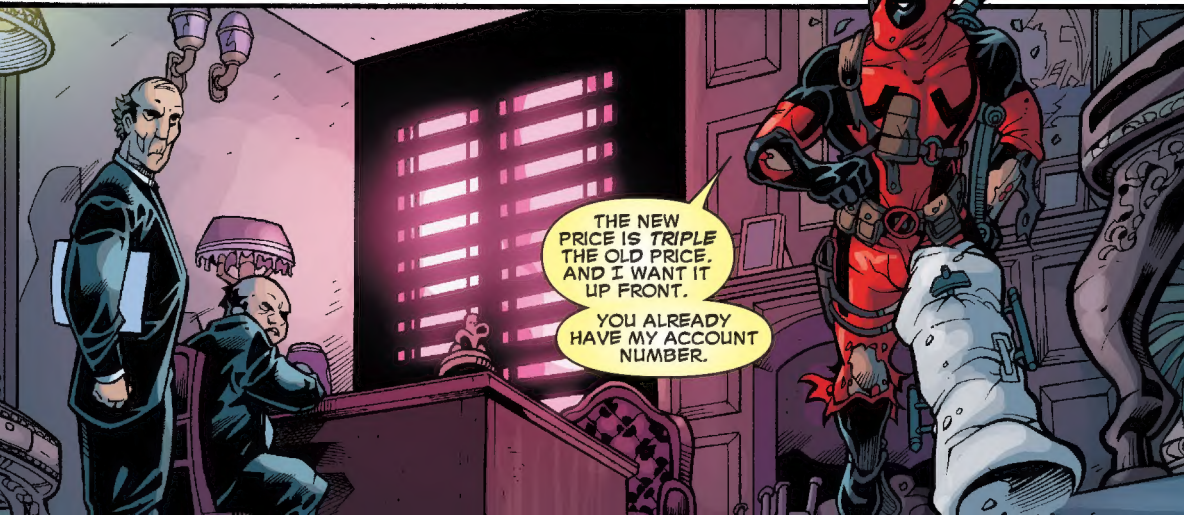


AND SPEAKING OF LEVERAGE, I ALSO FOUND OUT THAT YOU GUYS ARE MORTGAGED TO THE HILT ON TWO OTHER PROPERTIES, AND THAT YOU'RE BEHIND ON THE PAYMENTS. IF THIS SALE DOESN'T GO THROUGH... WELL, ONCE AGAIN, YOU'RE SCREWED.

YOU'RE A BASTARD.



THAT'S KINDA MY THING, TOO.



THE NEW PRICE IS TRIPLE THE OLD PRICE. AND I WANT IT UP FRONT.

YOU ALREADY HAVE MY ACCOUNT NUMBER.

REALLY THINK
THEY'LL GO
FOR IT?

I DUNNO,
YOU TELL ME.
YOU'RE MY
BRAIN...

That doesn't
make any
sense.

THAT'S YOUR
FAULT. WHERE'S
THAT--?

AH-HA!

NAKITA 99

BING!

I'M A
GENIUS!

Uh, don't you
mean "we're
a genius"?

YEAH!

NOPE!

WHY?!

BECAUSE
YOU'RE LETTING
ME DO THIS!

'LO?

GUESS
WHAT? MY LEG'S
ALL BETTER.

SO?

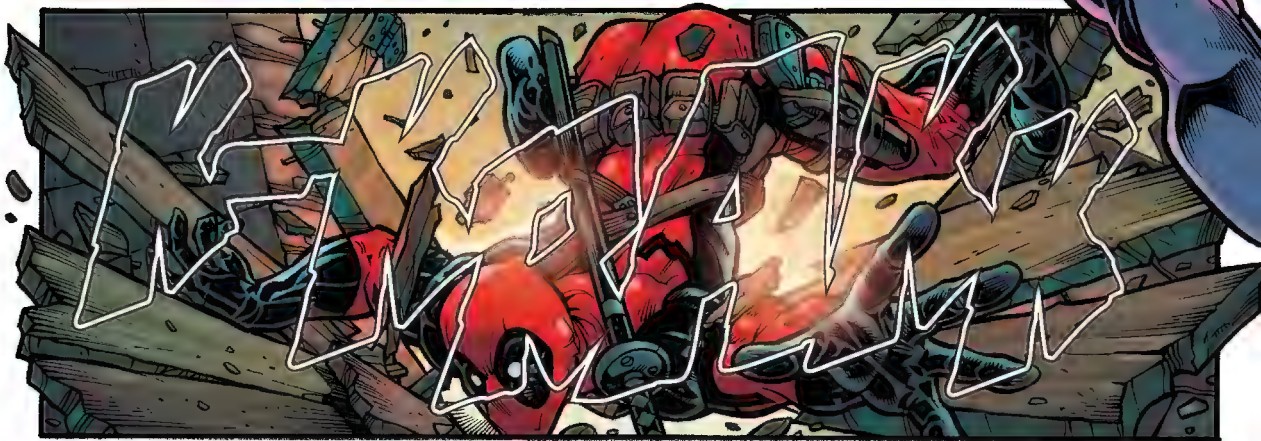
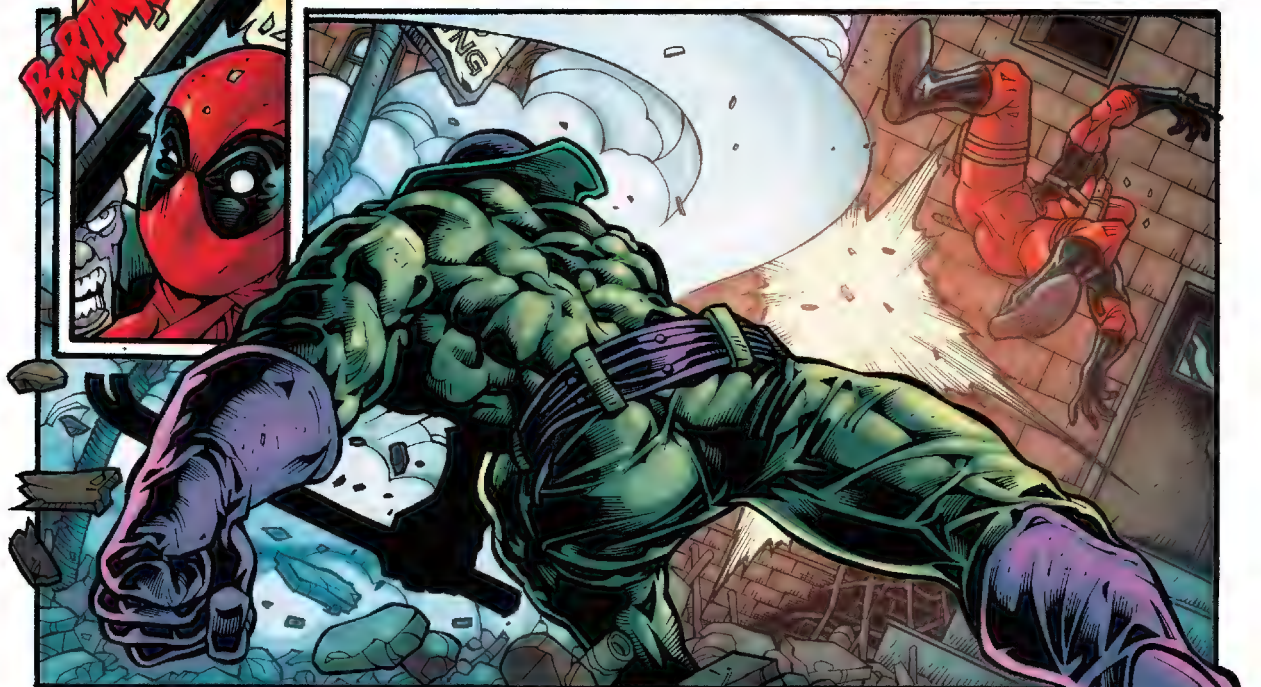
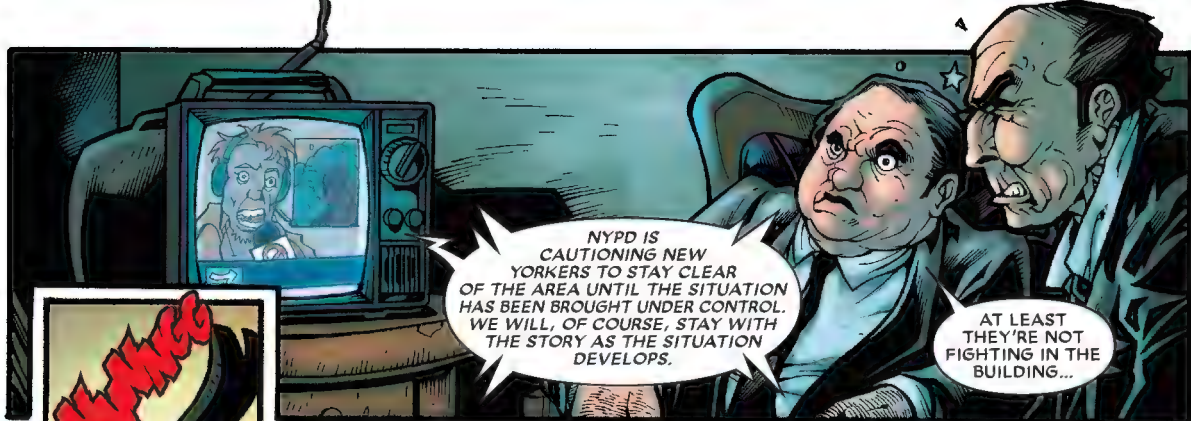
SO GUESS
WHAT I'M GONNA
DO WITH IT?

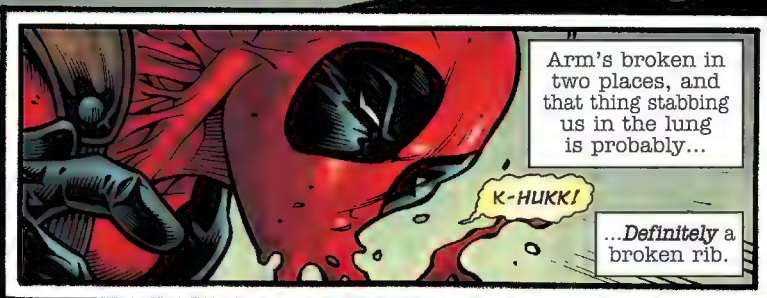
KICK MY
ASS?



DAMN
SKIPPY.











IS NOT
NICE TO CALL
LADY "OLD"

EVEN IF
THEY ARE
OLD?

ESPECIALLY
IF THEY ARE
OLD.

OH. ARE
YOU THIS WISE
BECAUSE YOU'RE
SO OLD?

YES.



OUTTA
CURIOSITY, HOW
MUCH LONGER YA
THINK YOU'LL
BE ALIVE?



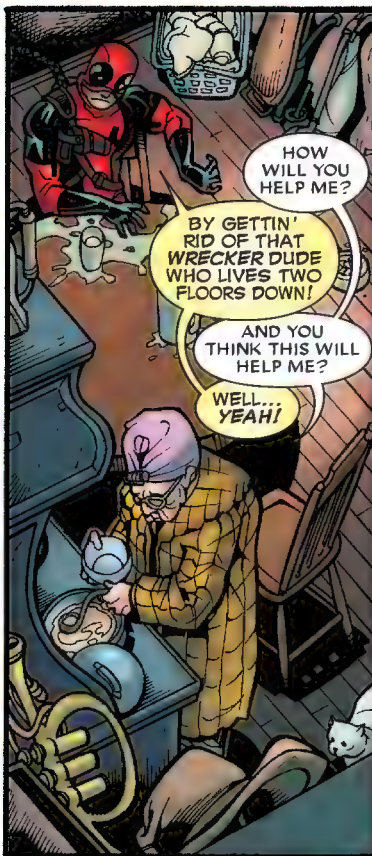
THIS IS
THREAT?



HUH?
NO!

IT SOUND
LIKE THREAT.

IT'S NOT A
THREAT, OKAY?
I'M ACTUALLY
HERE TO
HELP YOU!

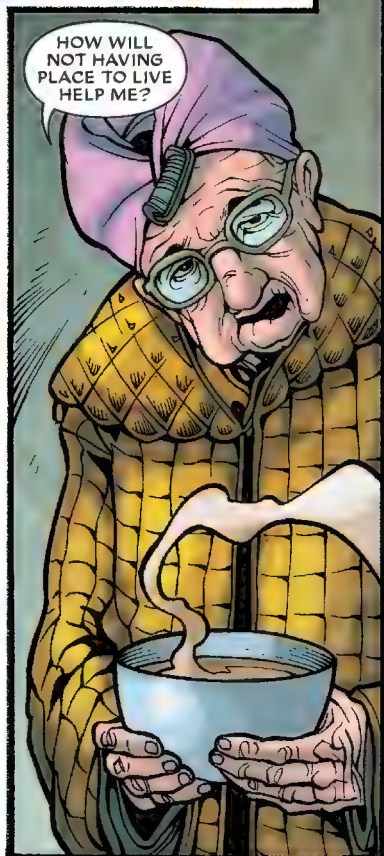


HOW
WILL YOU
HELP ME?

BY GETTIN'
RID OF THAT
WRECKER DUDE
WHO LIVES TWO
FLOORS DOWN!

AND YOU
THINK THIS WILL
HELP ME?

WELL...
YEAH!



HOW WILL
NOT HAVING
PLACE TO LIVE
HELP ME?



I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE QUESTION.

YOU ARE WORKING FOR MEN WHO OWN BUILDING, YES?

YES...

THESE MEN WANT TO SELL BUILDING.

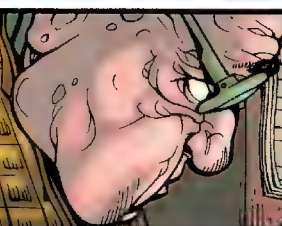
I KNOW...

BUILDING WILL BE TURNED INTO CONDOMINIUMS. BUT FIRST, ALL TENANTS WILL BE EVICTED.



I, UH, DIDN'T KNOW... THAT.

THEN ALSO YOU WILL NOT KNOW DIRK--MAN YOU CALL "WRECKER"-- WAS HIRED BY BUILDING OWNERS TO INTIMIDATE US, FRIGHEN US SO WE WOULD SIGN PAPERS TERMINATING LEASE AGREEMENTS.



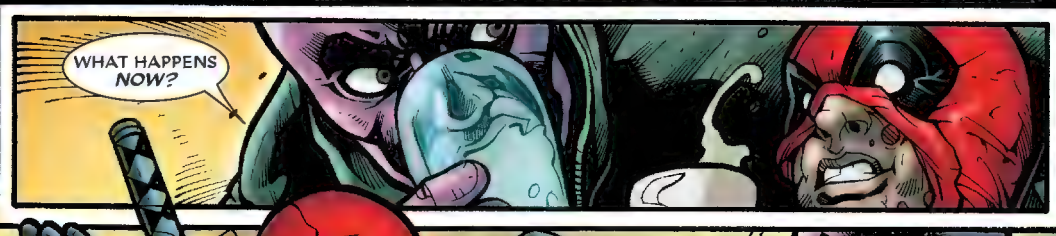
HE...WAS WORKIN' FOR THEM?!

WAS.



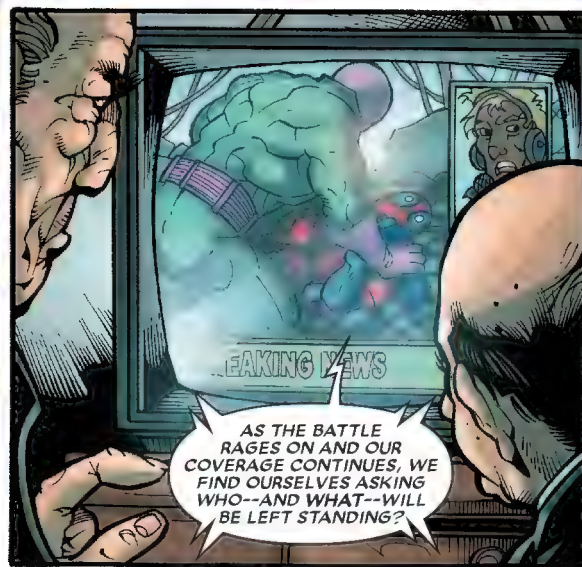
BUT THEN I HAD A CHANGE O' HEART.

YA MIGHT WANNA CONSIDER DOIN' THE SAME.

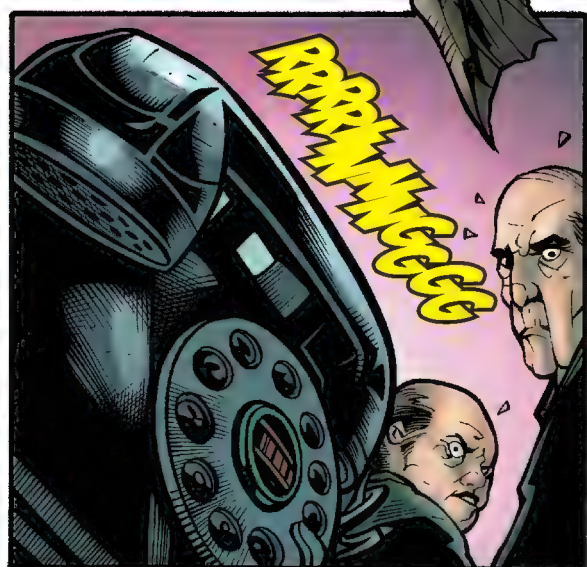




"AND THE MELEE CONTINUES, THE
CARNAGE ONCE AGAIN SPILLING
OUT ONTO THE STREET!"



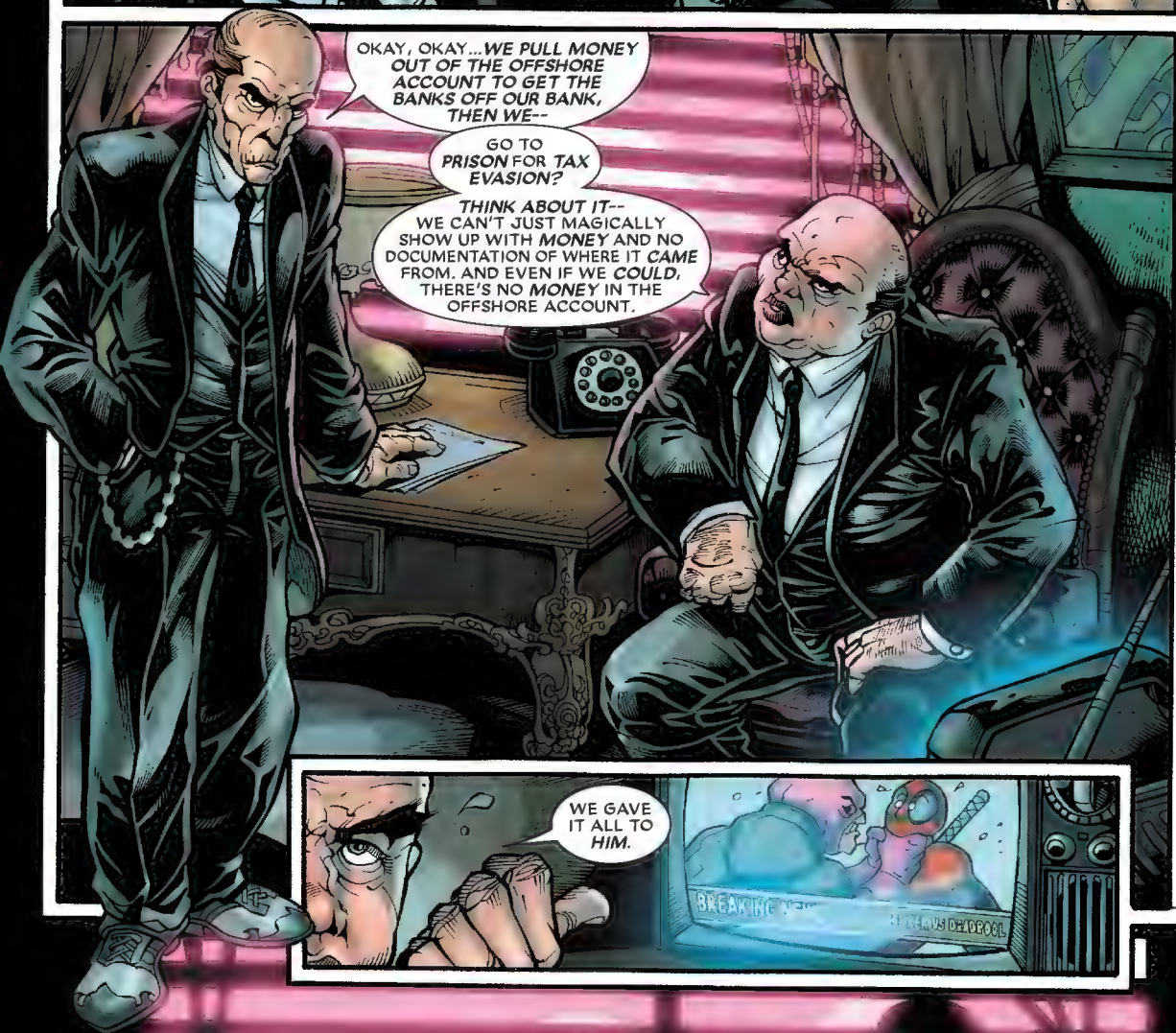
AS THE BATTLE
RAGES ON AND OUR
COVERAGE CONTINUES, WE
FIND OURSELVES ASKING
WHO--AND WHAT--WILL
BE LEFT STANDING?





WELL, NO SURPRISES THERE...THAT WAS OUR BUYER.

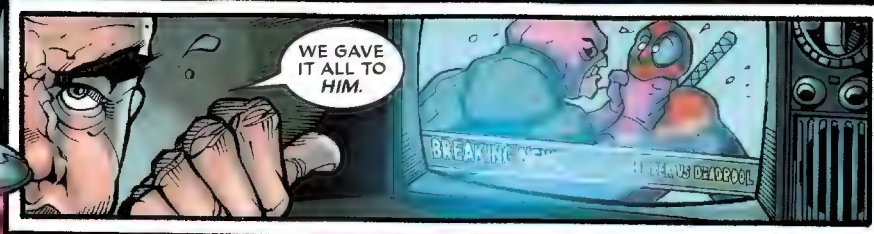
HE'S OUT. FIRMLY.



OKAY, OKAY...WE PULL MONEY OUT OF THE OFFSHORE ACCOUNT TO GET THE BANKS OFF OUR BANK, THEN WE--

GO TO PRISON FOR TAX EVASION?

THINK ABOUT IT-- WE CAN'T JUST MAGICALLY SHOW UP WITH MONEY AND NO DOCUMENTATION OF WHERE IT CAME FROM. AND EVEN IF WE COULD, THERE'S NO MONEY IN THE OFFSHORE ACCOUNT.

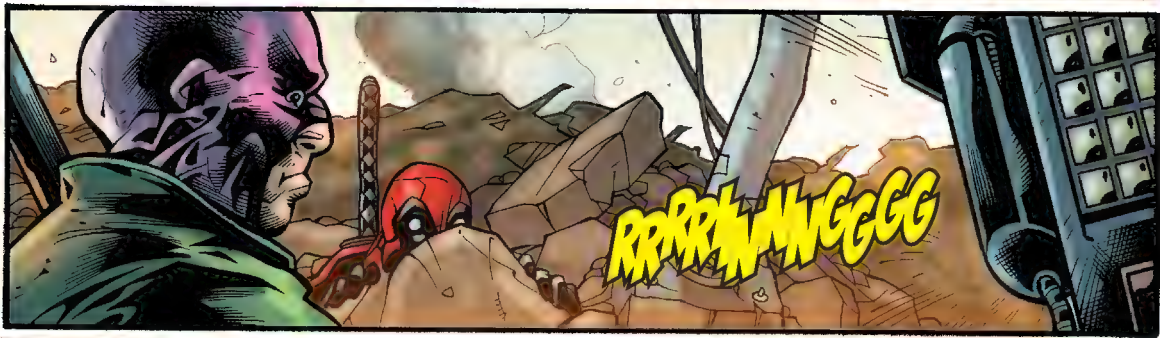
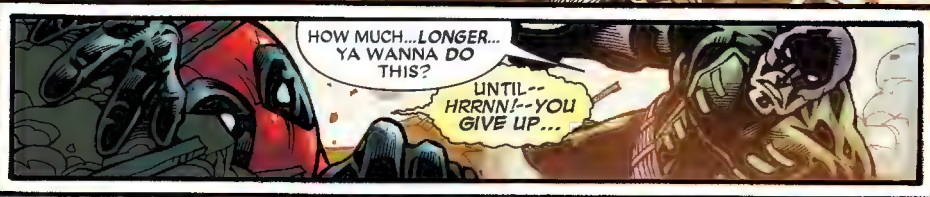


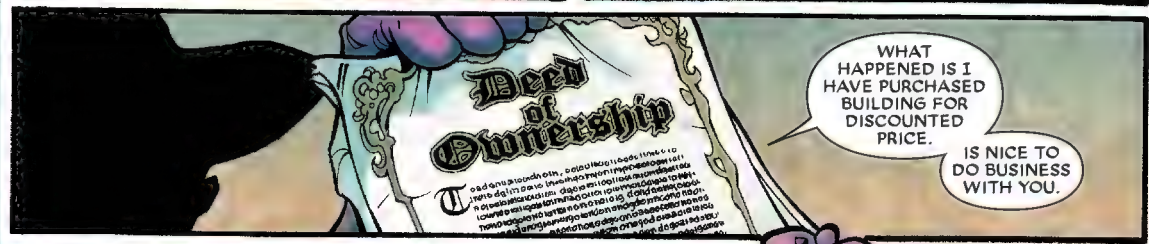
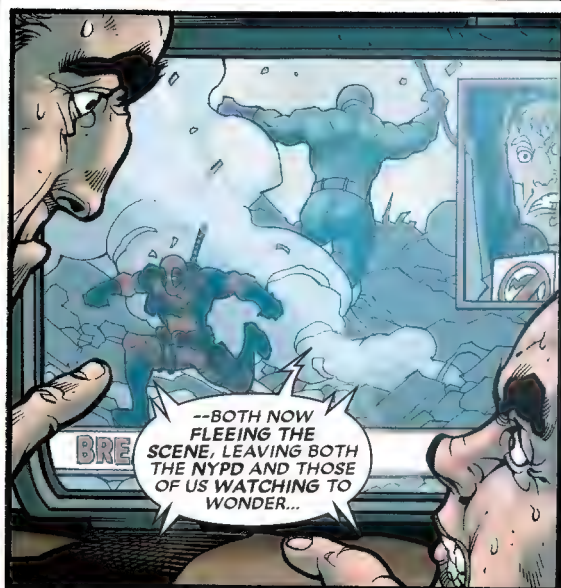
WE GAVE IT ALL TO HIM.

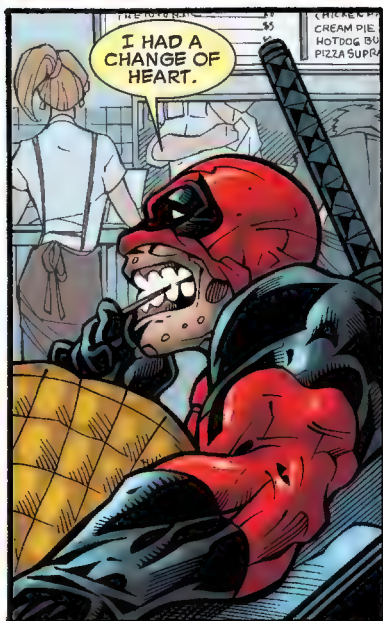
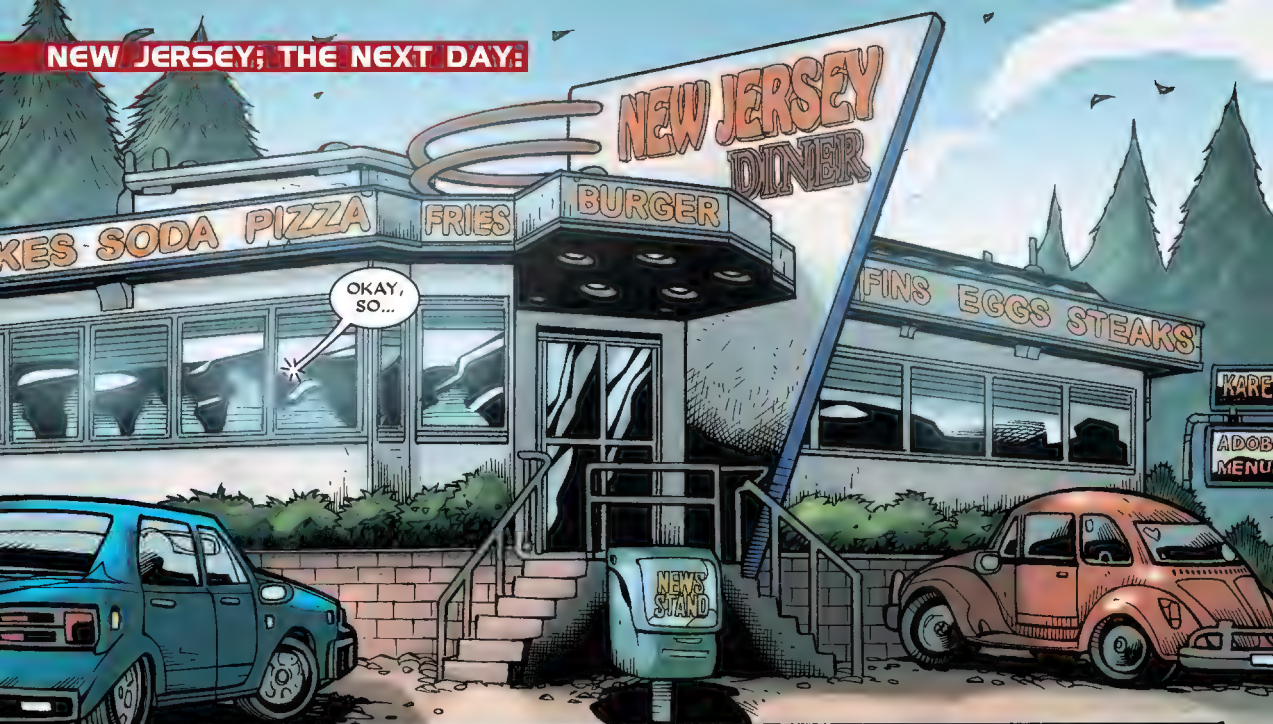
WE NEED A BUYER.

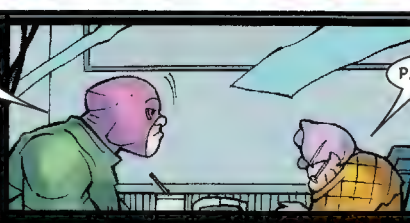
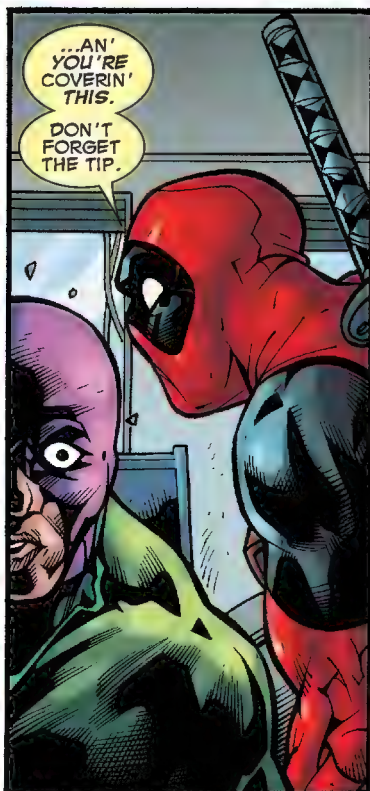
WE DESPERATELY NEED A BUYER. AND WE NEED ONE FAST.









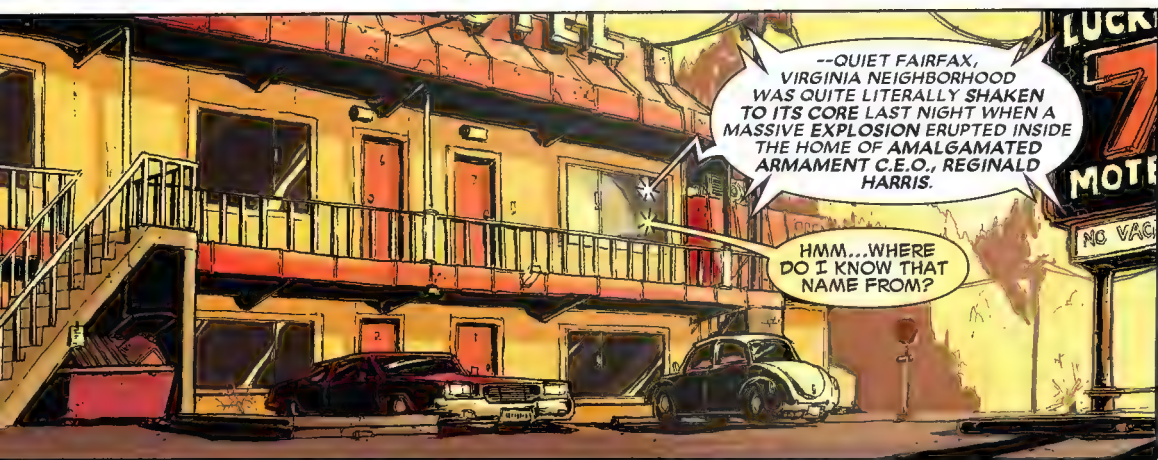




END!

32





--QUIET FAIRFAX, VIRGINIA NEIGHBORHOOD WAS QUITE LITERALLY SHAKEN TO ITS CORE LAST NIGHT WHEN A MASSIVE EXPLOSION ERUPTED INSIDE THE HOME OF AMALGAMATED ARMAMENT C.E.O., REGINALD HARRIS.

HMM...WHERE DO I KNOW THAT NAME FROM?

TRAGICALLY, HARRIS, HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER ARE SUSPECTED OF BEING HOME WHEN THE EXPLOSION OCCURRED. EFFORTS ARE UNDERWAY TO RECOVER THE BODIES, BUT FORENSIC EXPERTS SAY THAT, DUE TO THE MAGNITUDE OF THE BLAST--

OH. WOW. WHAT A BUMMER...

HARRIS, WHOSE COMPANY IS CONSIDERED A RISING STAR IN THE REALM OF MILITARY TECHNOLOGIES AND WEAPONRY--

--PRIME SUSPECT IN THE CASE, THE MASKED MERCENARY KNOWN AS DEADPOOL, SEEN HERE ON HOME SECURITY VIDEO OBTAINED EARLY THIS MORNING.

ACCORDING TO THE TIME STAMP ON THE VIDEO, DEADPOOL JUMPED OVER THE HARRIS' SECURITY FENCE AT 3:12 A.M., CARRYING A LARGE SACK THOUGHT TO CONTAIN THE EXPLOSIVES USED TO DESTROY THE HOME, KILLING HARRIS AND HIS FAMILY AS THEY SLEPT.

MAYBE I GOT SOME GUNS FROM HIM...? NO, WAIT--IT WAS A JOB!

CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT...

I DID WHAT?!



TELL YA WHAT
YA DID, HOMBRE--
YA PLAYED ME OUTTA
ONE HELLUVA PAYDAY. AH
WAS THE ONE S'POSED
T'PUNCH HARRIS' TICKET,
NOT YOU.

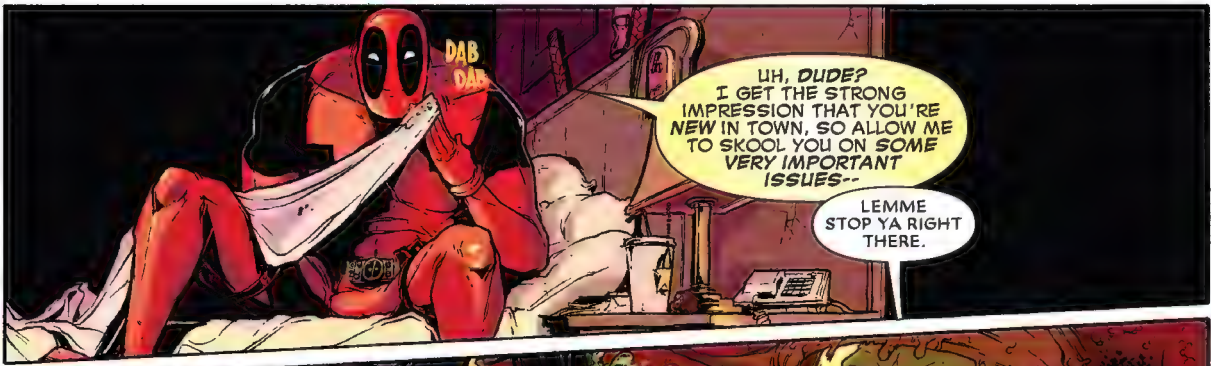
SO SEEMS
T'ME YOU OWE OL'
MACHO GOMEZ
SOME MONEY.



WHO THE
HELL'S MACHO
GOMEZ?!



TAKE A
GUESS.



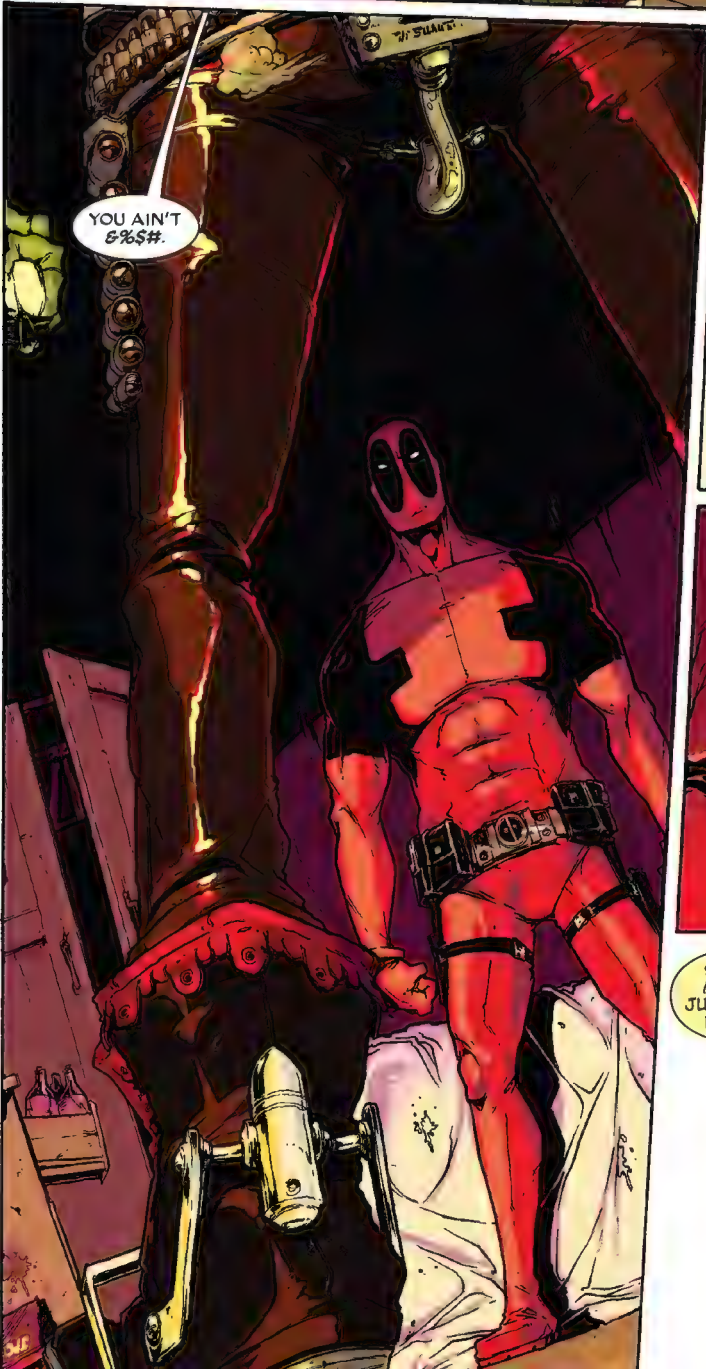
UH, DUDE?
I GET THE STRONG
IMPRESSION THAT YOU'RE
NEW IN TOWN, SO ALLOW ME
TO SKOOL YOU ON SOME
VERY IMPORTANT
ISSUES--

LEMME
STOP YA RIGHT
THERE.



AH'VE HEARD
O'YOU, AN' WHAT
AH HEARD DON'T IMPRESS
ME MUCH. NOW, YOU MAY BE
HOT STUFF ON THIS LITTLE
TURD-BALL PLANET
O' YOURS...

...BUT
WHERE AH COME
FROM?



YOU AIN'T
6%\$#.



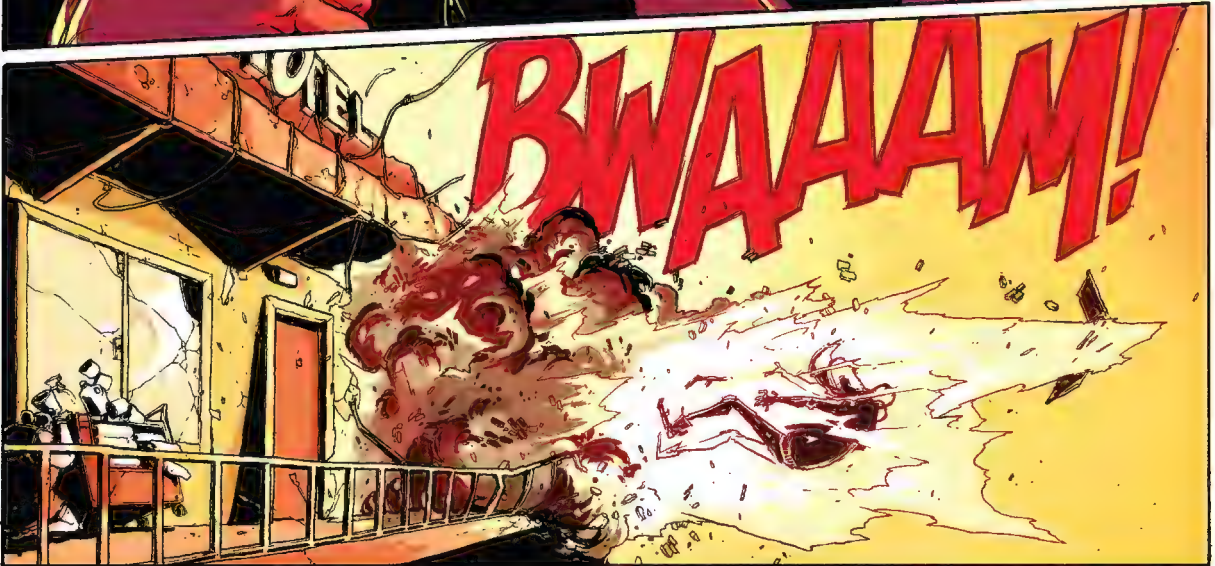
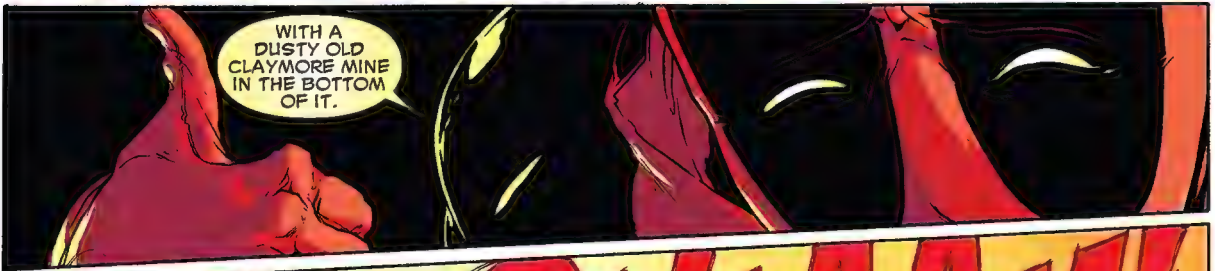
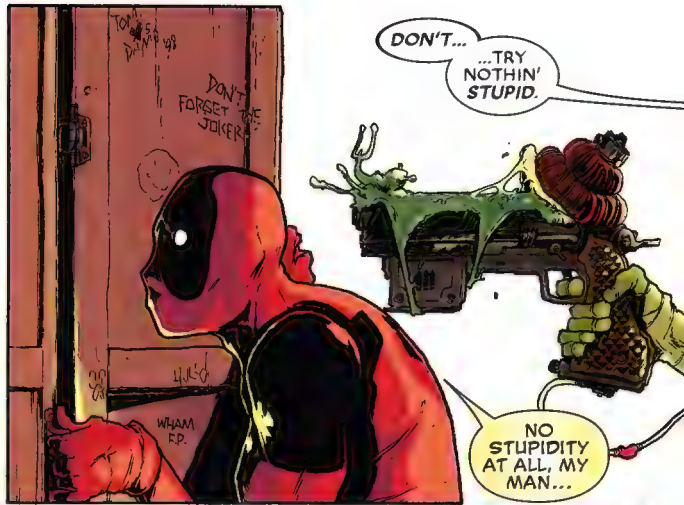
SO HOW 'BOUT
YOU JUST COME OFF
WITH EVERY BIT O' LOOT
YOU CAN LAY YER LITTLE FIVE-
FINGERED HANDS ON 'FORE AH
GET IMPATIENT AN' TAKE
WHAT AH'M OWED
OUTTA YER ASS.



SURE THING,
MACHO. I'LL
JUST GO DO THAT
RIGHT NOW.

BE BACK
IN JUST A
SEC.



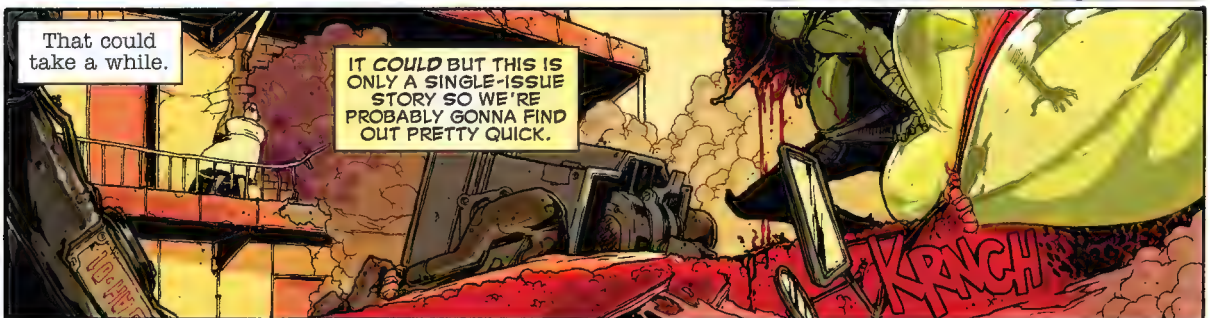
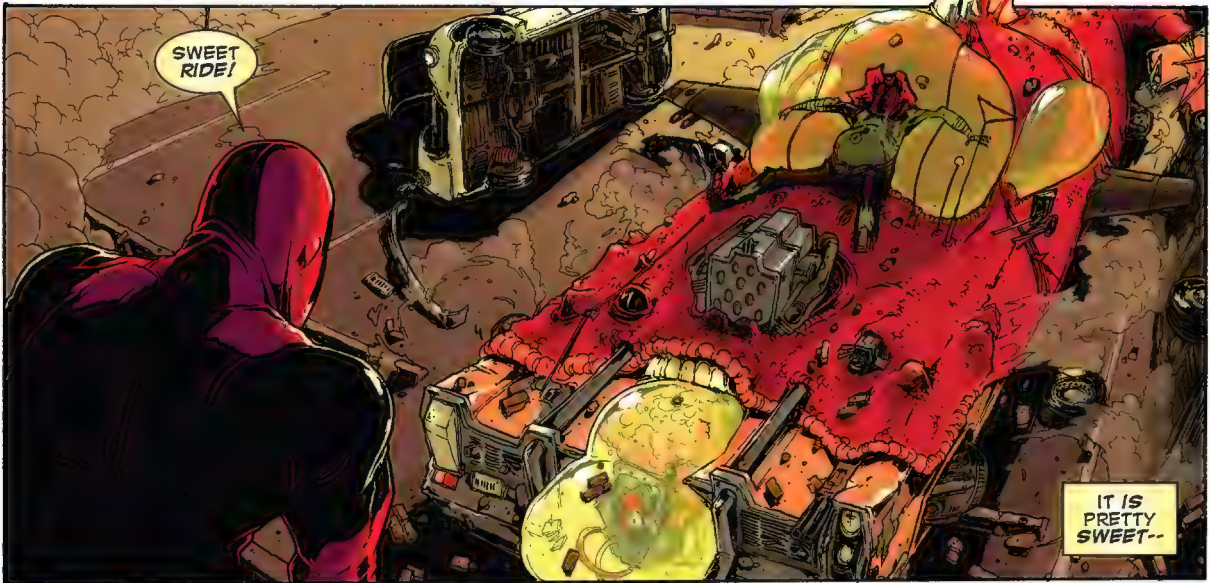
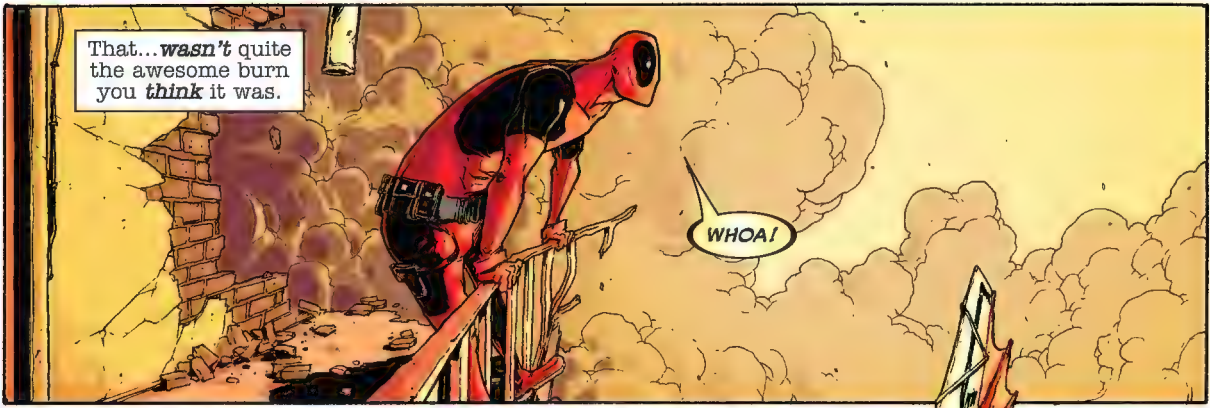


A full-page comic book illustration of Deadpool. He is standing in the center, surrounded by a destroyed brick building with rubble and debris. He is wearing his iconic red and black suit, which includes a mask with white eye lenses. He has a black utility belt with pouches and is wearing red sneakers. His arms are outstretched to the sides, palms facing forward. The background is a dark, smoky purple. The overall style is typical of comic book art, with bold lines and vibrant colors.

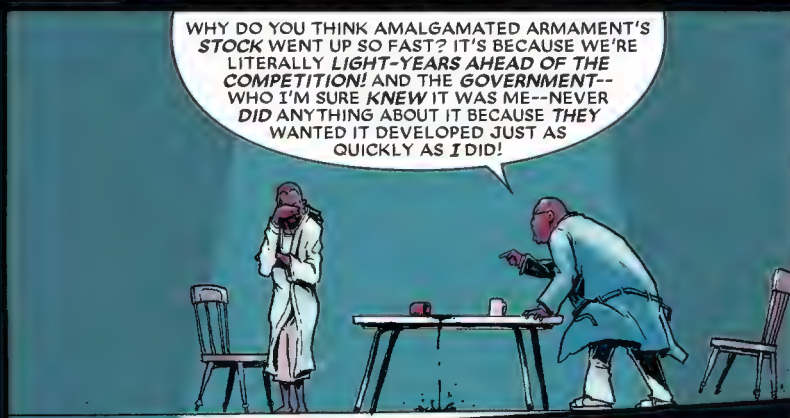
AND F.Y.I.
WHERE I COME
FROM?

I AM
8%\$#.

BADASS









"I REMEMBER GOING TO YOUR HOUSE THAT NIGHT-- WHAT, TWO YEARS AGO?"

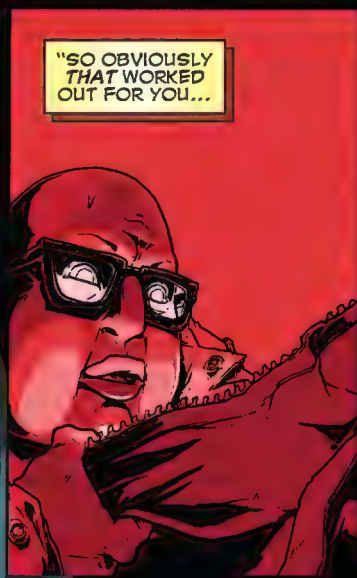


THIS... THIS IS MY HOUSE!

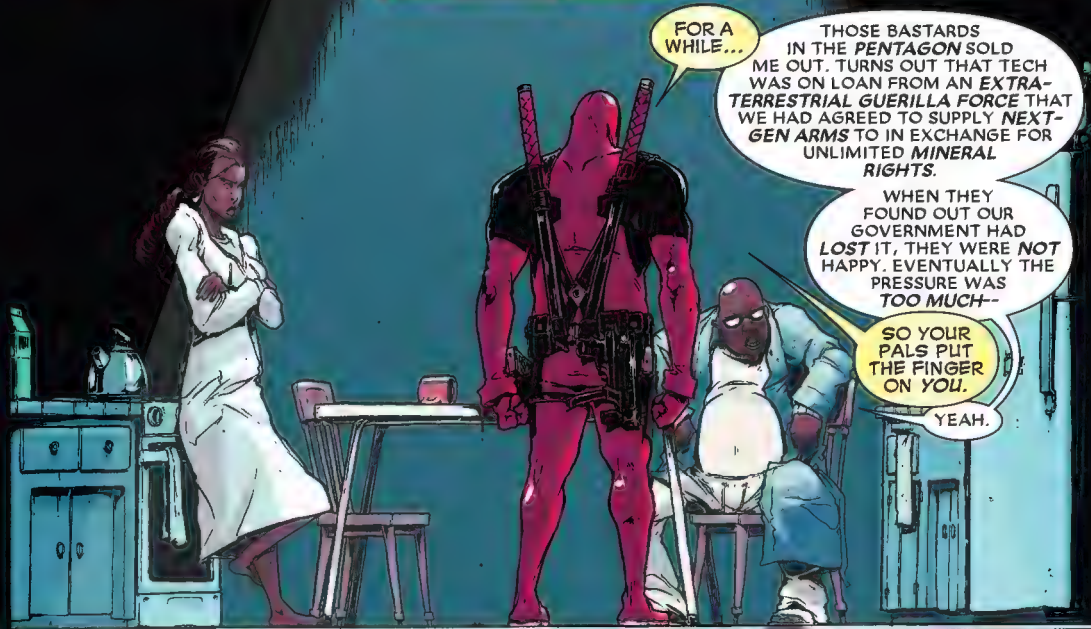
YEAH...?

WHY ARE YOU HERE?!

TO GIVE YOU THIS, DUH!



"SO OBVIOUSLY THAT WORKED OUT FOR YOU..."



FOR A WHILE...

THOSE BASTARDS IN THE PENTAGON SOLD ME OUT. TURNS OUT THAT TECH WAS ON LOAN FROM AN EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL GUERRILLA FORCE THAT WE HAD AGREED TO SUPPLY NEXT-GEN ARMS TO IN EXCHANGE FOR UNLIMITED MINERAL RIGHTS.

WHEN THEY FOUND OUT OUR GOVERNMENT HAD LOST IT, THEY WERE NOT HAPPY. EVENTUALLY THE PRESSURE WAS TOO MUCH--

SO YOUR PALS PUT THE FINGER ON YOU.

YEAH.

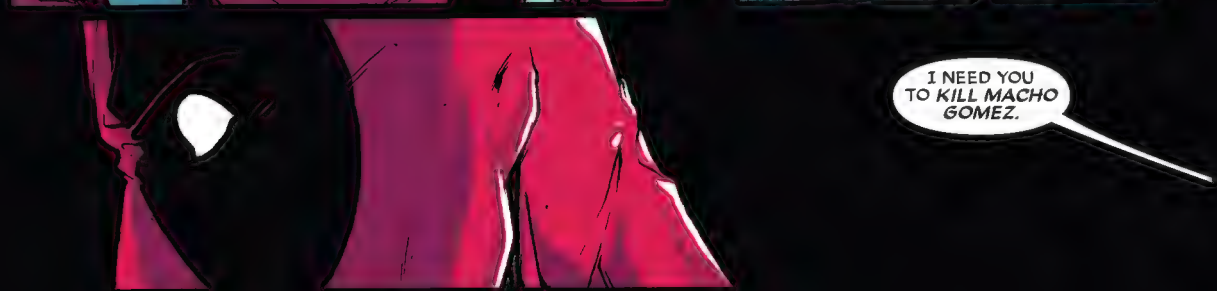
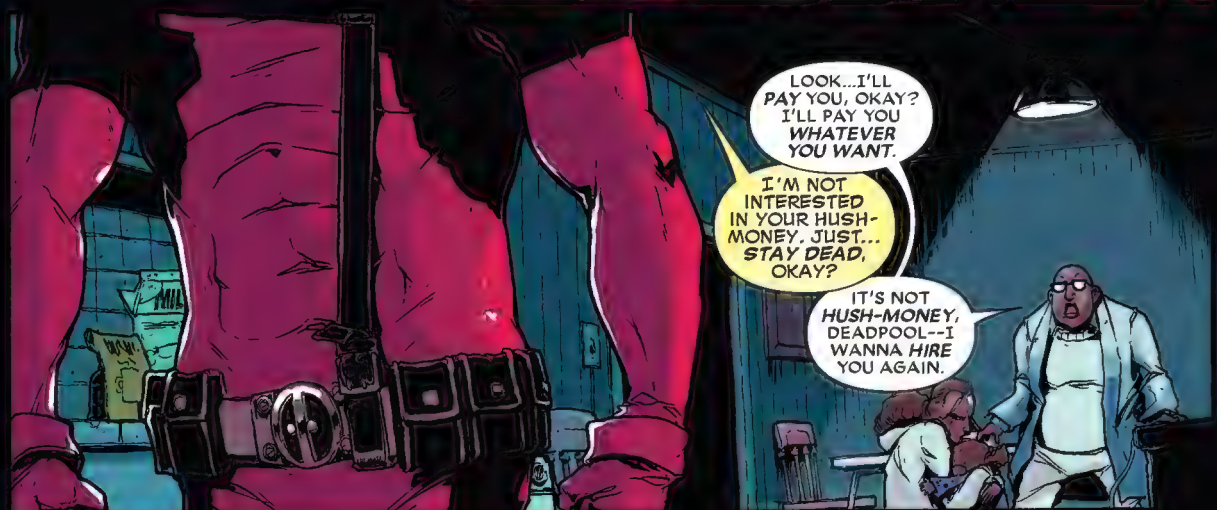
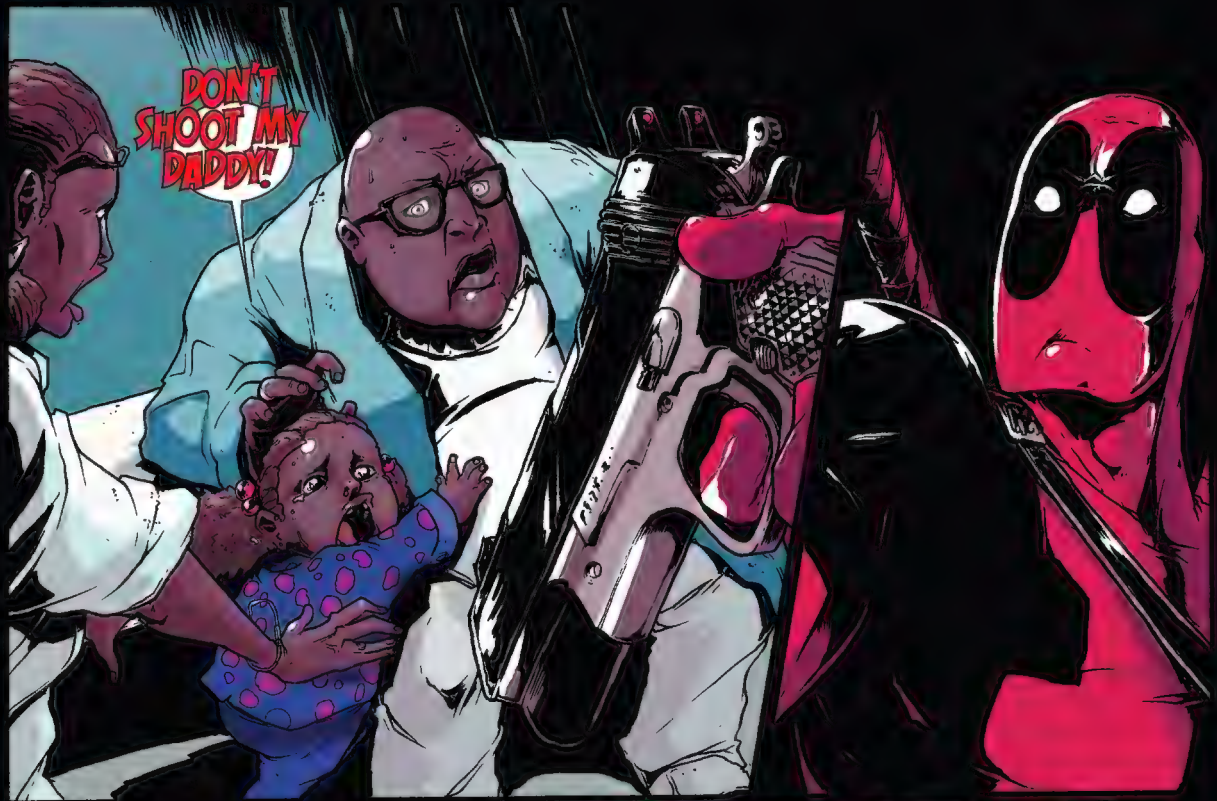
AND THEN YOU PUT THE FINGER ON ME.

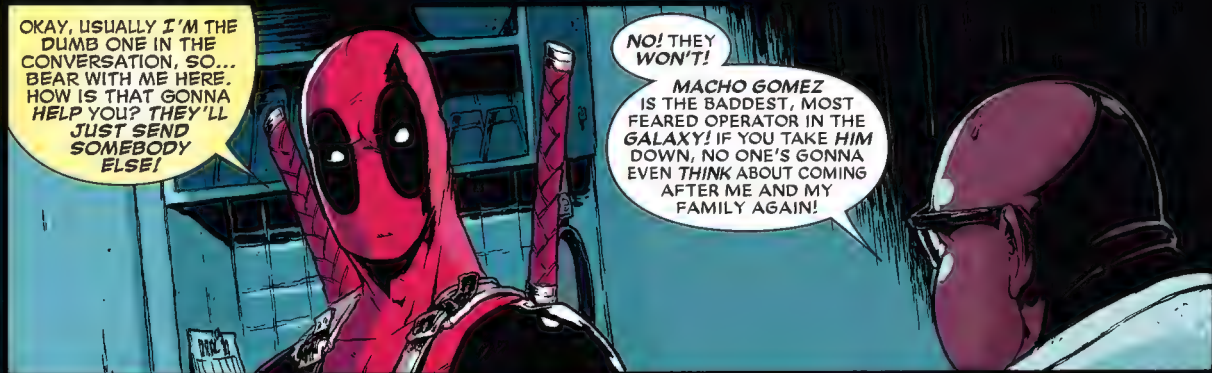
I HAD TO DISAPPEAR, MAN. I ALREADY HAD THAT OLD FOOTAGE OF YOU...IT JUST MADE SENSE.

I'M SORRY.



YEAH, ME NOT SO MUCH.







LED ME
RIGHT TO 'EM,
CHUMP.

DAMN, YER
DUMB...

BLATATT
TATTAT-
HITAT!!



DOWN!
NOW!



So this is,
like so totally
heroic.

YEAH! AND
PAINFUL,
TOO!

HEY,
REGGIE?



YOU
CAN KEEP
YOUR MONEY,
THOUGH.

WHA-WHA-
WHAAAT?!

We do?!
You mean...?!

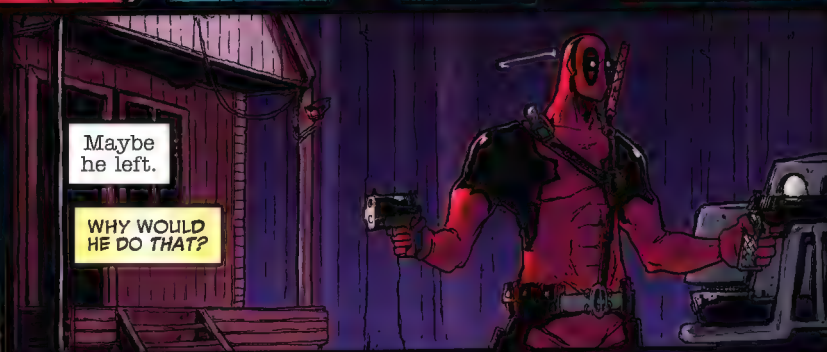
WE'RE BACK
IN BUSINESS!

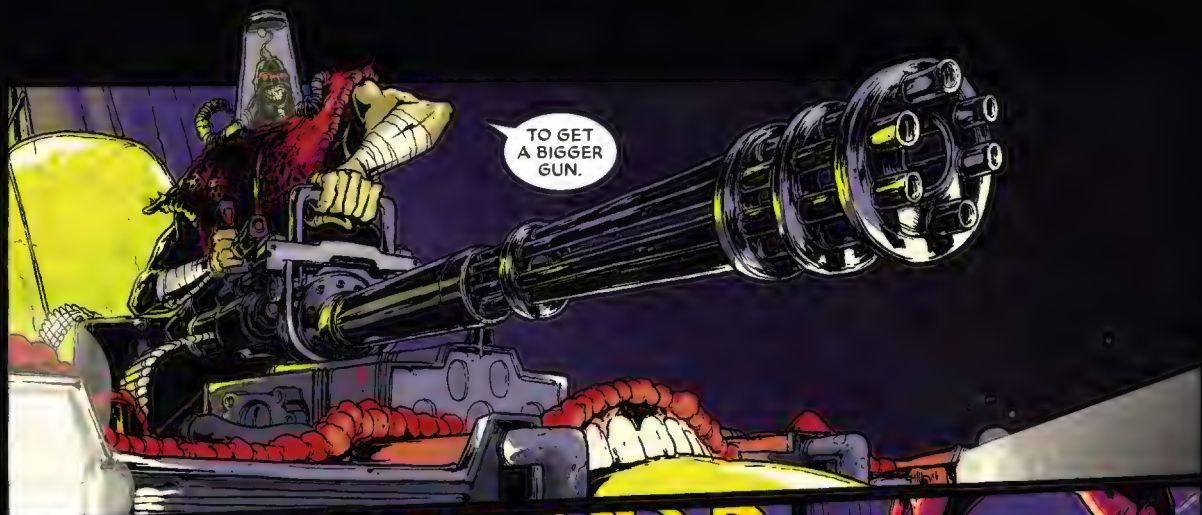


THIS
ONE'S ON THE
HOUSE!

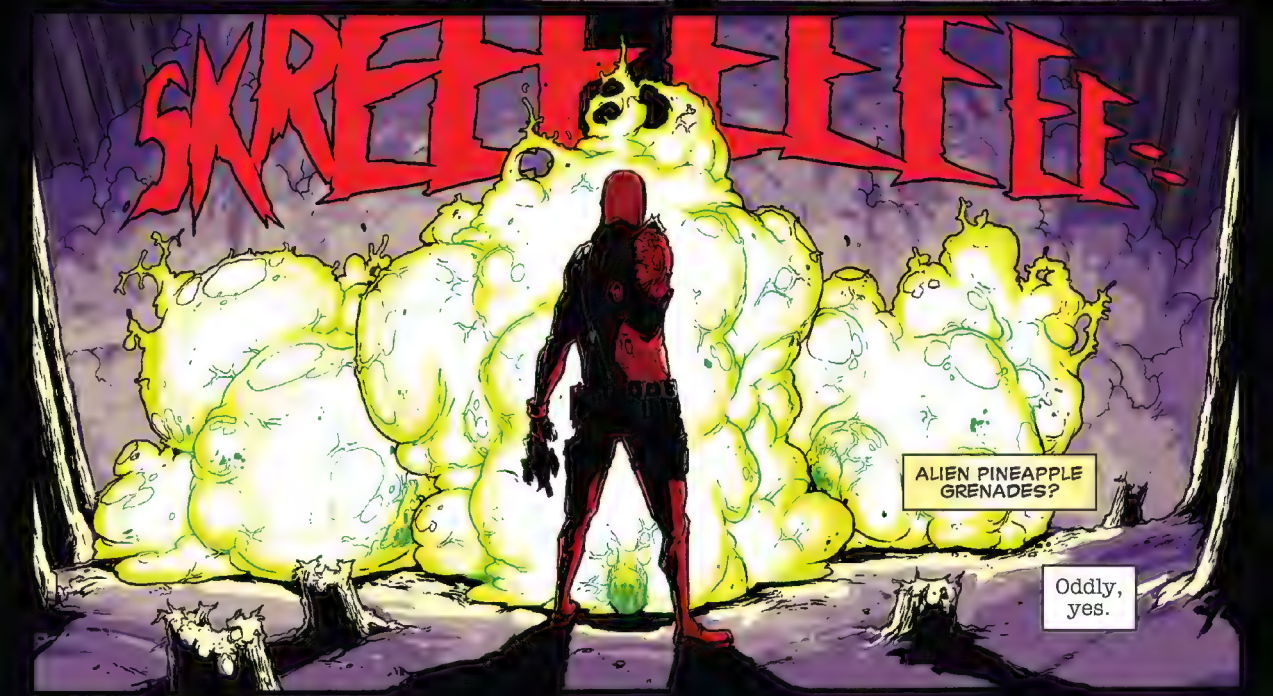
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

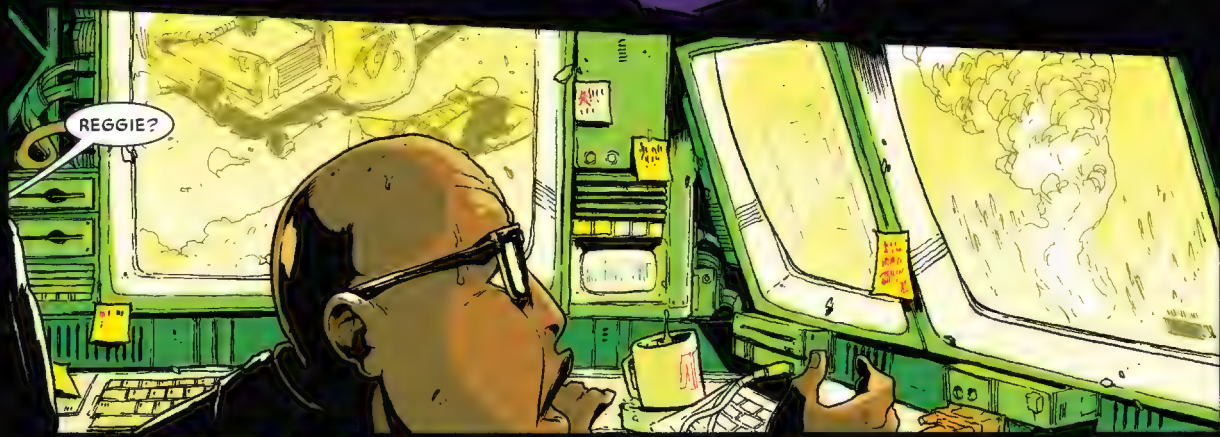
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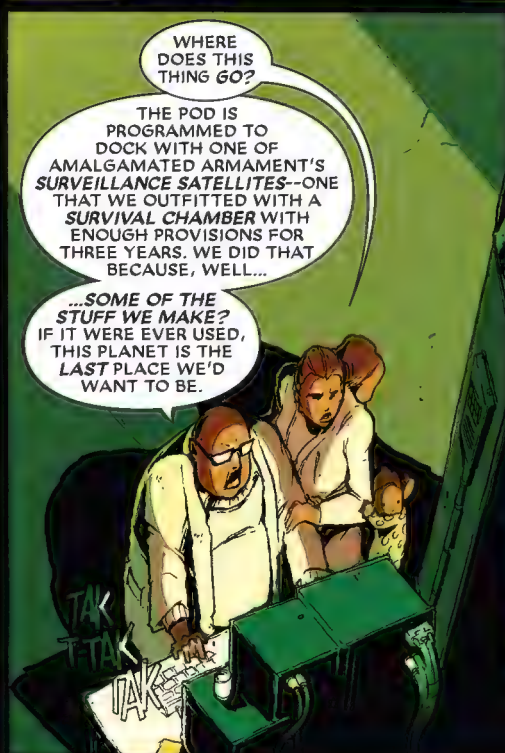








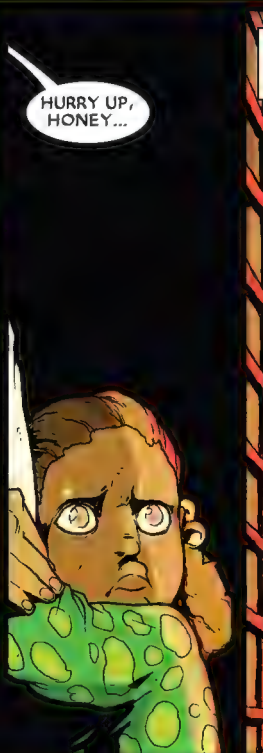




WHERE DOES THIS THING GO?

THE POD IS PROGRAMMED TO DOCK WITH ONE OF AMALGAMATED ARMAMENT'S SURVEILLANCE SATELLITES--ONE THAT WE OUTFITTED WITH A SURVIVAL CHAMBER WITH ENOUGH PROVISIONS FOR THREE YEARS. WE DID THAT BECAUSE, WELL...

...SOME OF THE STUFF WE MAKE? IF IT WERE EVER USED, THIS PLANET IS THE LAST PLACE WE'D WANT TO BE.



HURRY UP, HONEY...

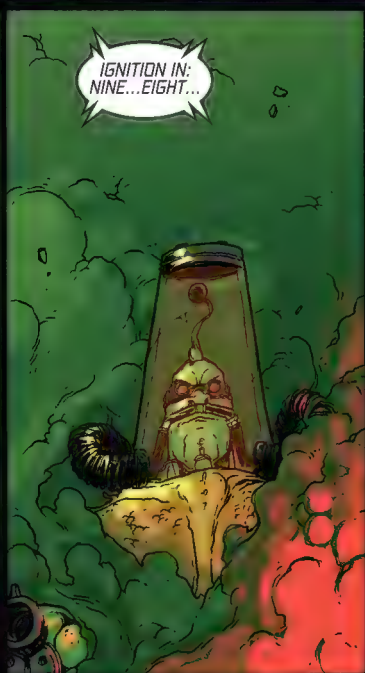
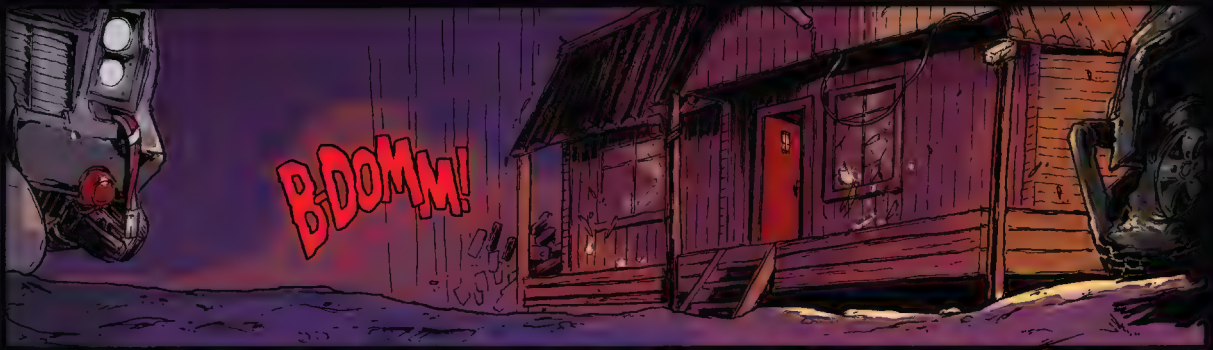


"...WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME."



KNOCK, KNOCK.

SPCHAK!



I KNOW THAT LOOK-- "I CAN'T BELIEVE HE DID IT!" BUT IT'S NOT, LIKE, "OH MY GOD, HE'S SO UNBELIEVABLY GOOD." IT'S, "OH MY GOD HOW DID THAT IDIOT PULL IT OFF?!"

BUT Y'KNOW WHO NEVER GAVE ME THAT LOOK? THE PEOPLE WHO PAID ME. THEY DIDN'T CARE HOW IT GOT DONE, SO LONG AS IT GOT DONE. AND I ALWAYS GOT IT DONE.

WE'RE DONE BEING A HERO?

DAMN STRAIGHT.

We're going back to being a merc?

DAMN STRAIGHTER. BUT BEFORE I CAN DO THAT, I GOTTA REPAIR MY REP.

"THEY SAY THAT GUY IS THE BEST?"

BRANG!

"WELL GUESS WHAT."

POOM

BWO

I JUST BEAT HIS SILLY ASS WITH ONE ARM TIED BEHIND MY BACK.

"IT'S TIME EVERYBODY RECOGNIZED
THE SKILLS--ON THIS PLANET AND
EVERY OTHER. THE MERC WITH A
MOUTH IS BACK, AND HE'S PUTTIN'
ALL SUCKERS ON NOTICE."

"DING, DING.
HERE COMES
THE KING."





JOHNSON
AFTER
STERANKO

THE PLANET ONGULIA, SIX YEARS AGO

⟨THE ONGULIAN
DEFENSE FLEET NEEDS
ME, BLUZIA...I HAVE NO
CHOICE. I WILL NOT RAISE A
FAMILY IN THE SHADOW
OF TERROR.⟩

⟨YOU...
WANT A
FAMILY?⟩

⟨YES, BLUZIA.
WITH YOU, WILL YOU
BE MY WIFE?⟩

⟨OH, WONGUS...
OF COURSE I WILL!
WE WILL HAVE THE MOST
GLORIOUS WEDDING
THIS PLANET HAS
EVER SEEN!⟩

⟨I'M GOING TO
INVITE MY ENTIRE
SPAWNING GROUP--
THEY'RE GOING TO
FREAK WHEN THEY
SEE MY STATUS
UPDATE ON
SPACEBOOK!
ENGAGED!⟩

⟨I'M SORRY,
DEAR BLUZIA, BUT
THE WEDDING MUST
WAIT. I REPORT FOR
DUTY...IN THE
MORNING.⟩

⟨SO
SOON?
BUT--!⟩

⟨FOR NOW,
CONSIDER THE
NIGHT SKY OUR
CHAPEL, THE
WINKLING STARS
OUR GUESTS...⟩

⟨...THE
GLOWING
MOON OUR
CHAPLIN.⟩

⟨UH...
WONGUS?⟩

⟨WHY ARE
THERE TWO
MOONS?⟩

<THAT'S
NO MOON...
THAT'S
A--!>



SPACE ODDITY

PART ONE: MOONSTRUCK

**ABOARD THE COMMAND
SHIP OF THE ONGULIAN
DEFENSE FLEET**

«OUR PLANET...
ONGULIA...BLASTED
TO DUST!»

«COMMANDER
KAK! THE BLASTWAVE
IS APPROACHING THE
FORWARD GUNSHIPS AT
INCREDIBLE SPEED!»

«SEND THE
ORDER FOR EVASIVE
MANEUVERS!»

«IT'S TOO LATE,
COMMANDER!»

«THEY'RE
ALREADY GONE.»

«BRACE FOR
IMPACT.»

«IT HAS
BEEN AN HONOR
TO SERVE WITH
YOU ALL.»



«WHAT JUST HAPPENED?
WHAT WAS THAT
NOISE?»



«AND WHERE
DID ALL THE
DEBRIS GO?»



«THERE'S
NOTHING LEFT...
NOTHING TO PROVE
THAT ONGULIA EVER
EXISTED.»

«NO. THERE
IS SOMETHING.
THERE IS US.»

«WE ARE
WHAT REMAINS
OF ONGULIA. IT'S UP TO
US TO AVENGE THE LIVES
OF OUR FAMILIES, OUR
FRIENDS, OUR
NEIGHBORS...OUR
VERY WORLD!»



«BUT HOW?
THERE ARE SO
FEW OF US!»

«THERE WILL
BE MORE! I WILL
SCOUR THE GALAXY
TO RAISE AN ARMY OF
FIERCE WARRIORS
WILLING TO FIGHT
AT OUR SIDE!»



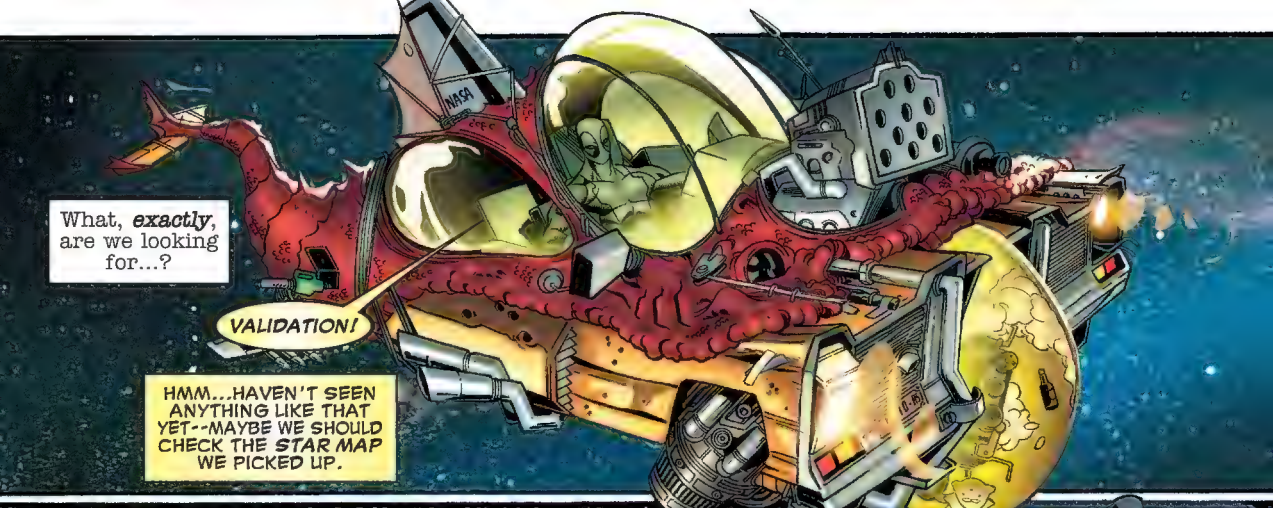
«UMM...
COMMANDER?»

«ARE YOU SURE
YOU DON'T MEAN
"SUICIDAL" INSTEAD
OF "FIERCE"? BECAUSE--
NO OFFENSE--THAT'S
WHAT THEY'D HAVE
TO BE.»



«THEN
THAT'S WHAT
I'M LOOKING
FOR.»





What, *exactly*,
are we looking
for...?

VALIDATION!

HMM...HAVEN'T SEEN
ANYTHING LIKE THAT
YET--MAYBE WE SHOULD
CHECK THE STAR MAP
WE PICKED UP.

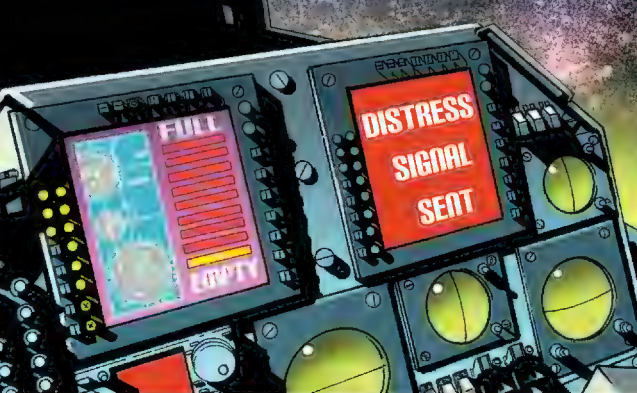


OH, ARE
YOU KIDDING
ME?!

ARE
WE REALLY THIS
UNPREPARED?!

MAP OF THE
STARS
HOLLYWOOD, CA

K-KLUNK-KLUNK-KLUNK-KLUNK-POP!



FULL
FORTY
DISTRESS
SIGNAL
SENT



Yeah.



HEY, WE'RE MOVING AGAIN! BUT... BACKWARDS!

OH. CRAP! IS IT A TRACTOR BEAM?

No...



...it's a towtruck.

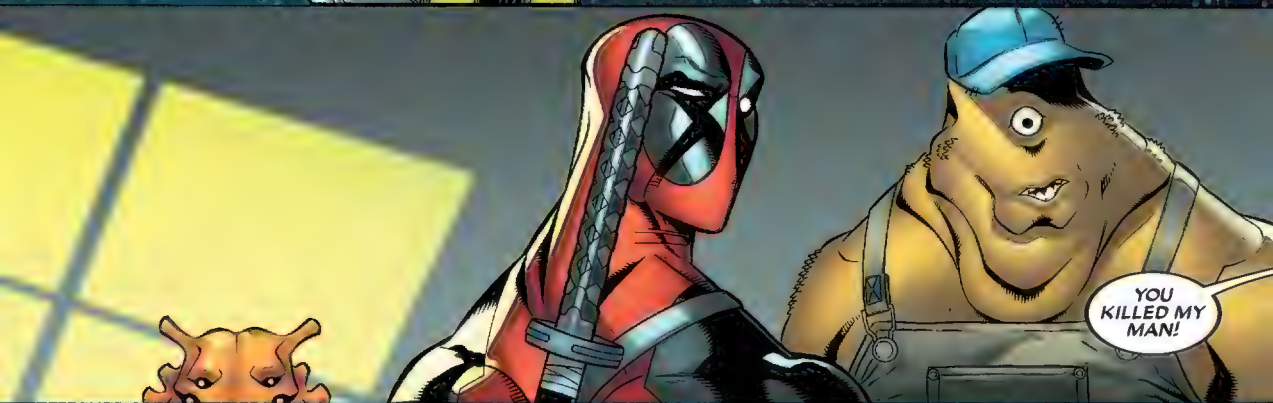
GOT YER DISTRESS CALL, MACHO...

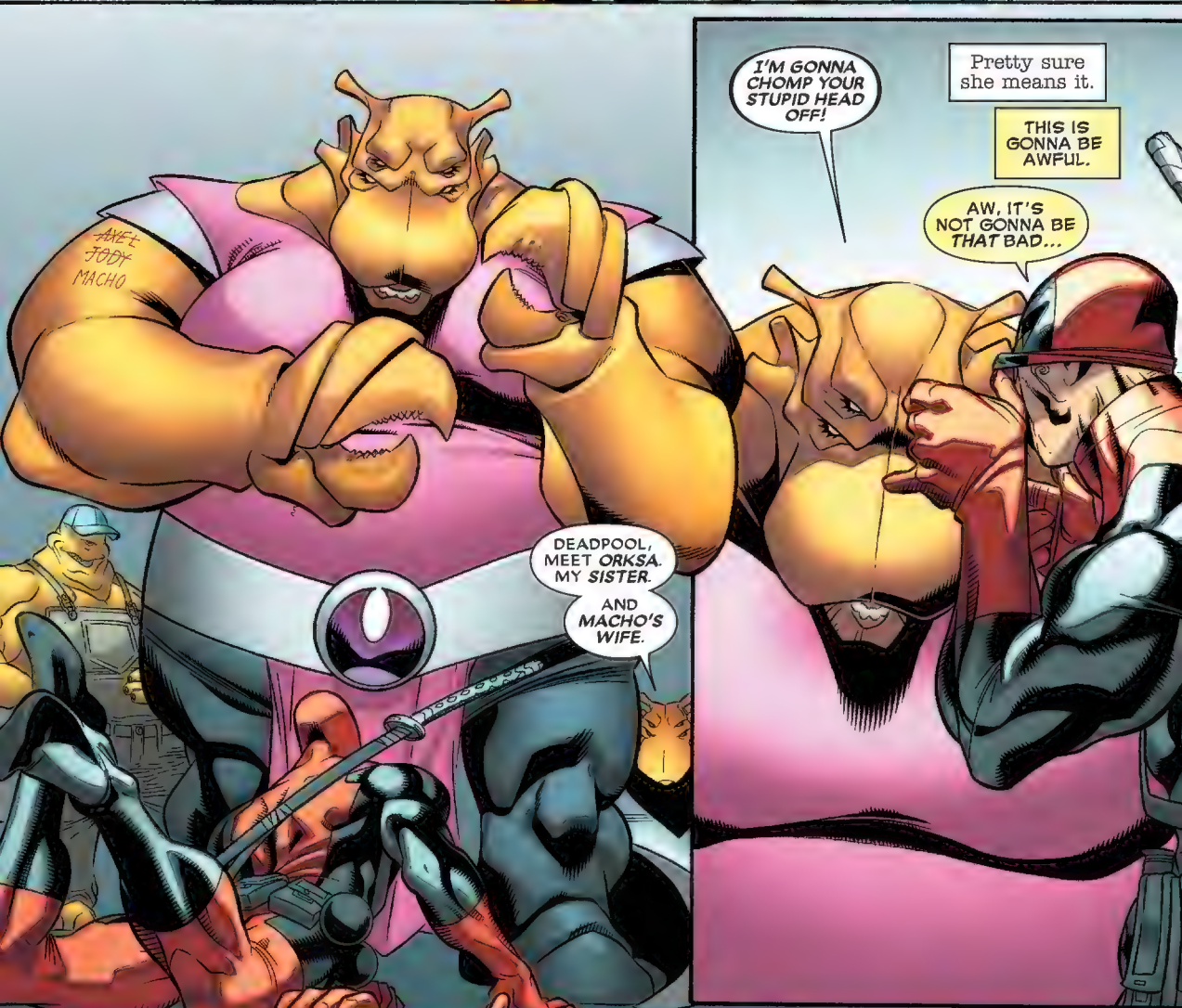


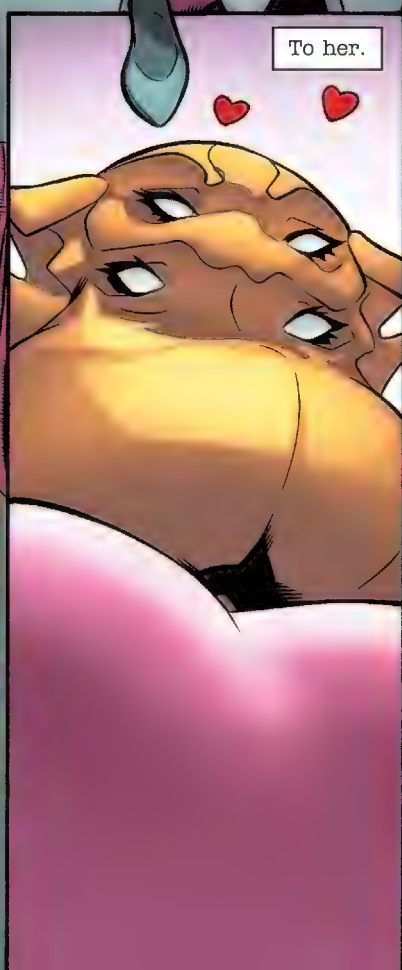
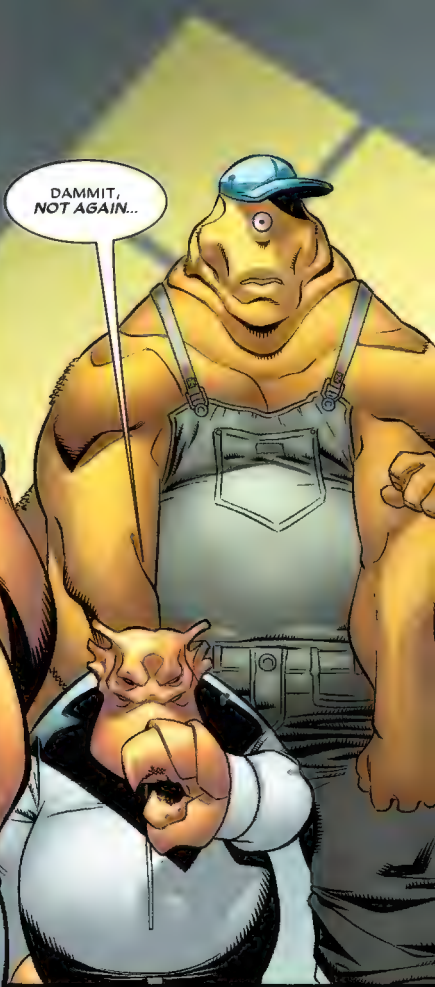
...I'LL HAVE YA BACK AT THE STATION IN JUST A SEC.



BACK AT THE STATION (IN JUST A SEC)









C'MERE,
YOU!

SOON...
AFTER A BRIEF AND THOROUGHLY
DISTURBING HONEYMOON...

SO, BRO...
WHAT EXACTLY
IS THE FAMILY
BUSINESS?

TOWING AND
RECOVERY, JUST
LIKE THE SIGN
SAYS.

RECOVERY
OF...?

ANYTHING
OF VALUE.
WE DO REPOS,
SALVAGING--

WHAT'D
MACHO
DO?

±SIGH±

I BROUGHT HIM IN TO
HELP OBB WITH THE REPOS BUT
AFTER HE HOOKED UP WITH MY SISTER--
WHO'S ALSO MY PARTNER--HE CONVINCED
HER THAT WE SHOULD BRANCH OUT INTO
SKIP-TRACES, BOND REVOCATIONS
AND...OTHER STUFF.

AND HE
WAS GOOD AT
THAT, HUH?

YEAH. THE
BEST.

SURE, BACK
WHEN HE WAS
ALIVE...

...BUT
THEN HE
MET ME.

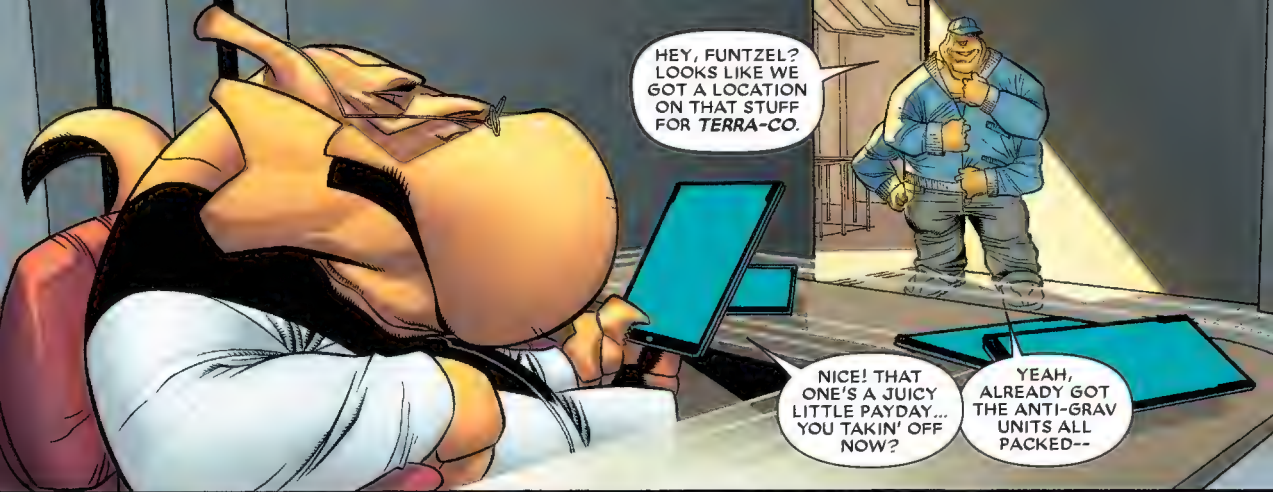
I TAKE IT
YOU PLAN TO
CONTINUE WHERE
MACHO LEFT
OFF?

CONTINUE?
NO, I'M TAKIN'
IT TO A WHOLE
NEW LEVEL.

I'M GOIN'
INTERGALACTIC.

WE'RE ALREADY
INTERGALACTIC,
DUMB-ASS.

SAYS THAT
ON THE SIGN,
TOO.



HEY, FUNTZEL? LOOKS LIKE WE GOT A LOCATION ON THAT STUFF FOR TERRA-CO.

NICE! THAT ONE'S A JUICY LITTLE PAYDAY... YOU TAKIN' OFF NOW?

YEAH, ALREADY GOT THE ANTI-GRAV UNITS ALL PACKED--



I WANNA GO!



I WANNA GO! I WANNA GO! I WANNA GO!

OKAY-- OKAY! JUST RELAX!

YOU SERIOUS, FUNTZEL?! HE DOESN'T KNOW THE FIRST THING ABOUT--!

WELL, HE'S ABOUT TO LEARN!

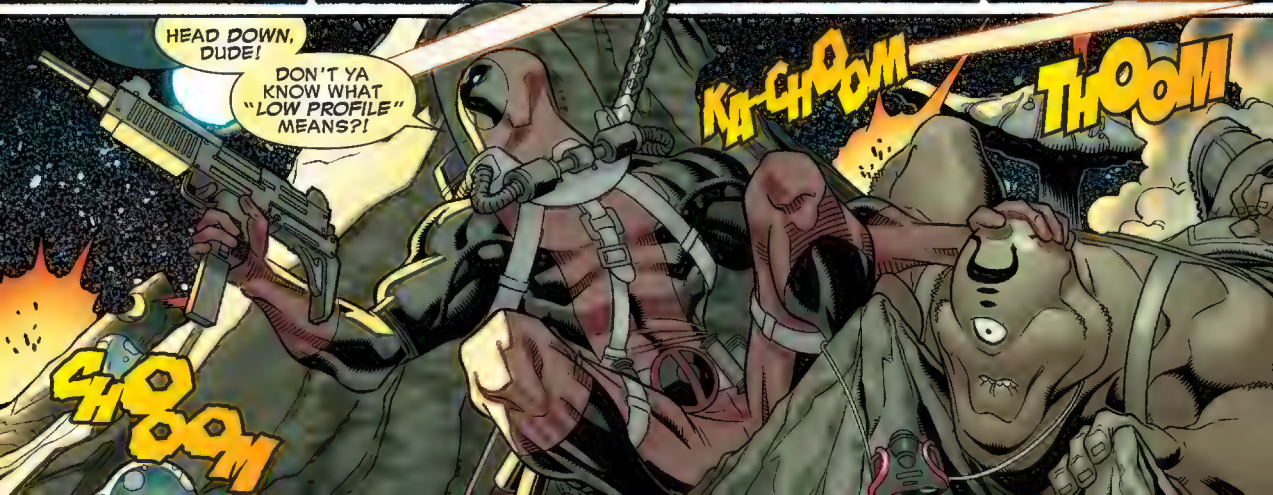


LISTEN TO ME--REPOS ARE TOUCHY, OKAY? NOBODY WANTS THEIR STUFF TAKEN AWAY, AN' THEY'RE GONNA TAKE IT PERSONALLY WHEN YOU DO.

BEST WAY TO DO IT IS GET IN AN' OUT AS QUICKLY AN' QUIETLY AS POSSIBLE. KEEP A LOW PROFILE.



CAN YOU DO THAT?



HEAD DOWN, DUDE!

DON'T YA KNOW WHAT "LOW PROFILE" MEANS?!

KR-CHOOOM

THOOOM

4000



WHO ARE THESE GUYS, ANYWAY?!

EXTO CLAN!

HUH?!

MERCENARIES! TOUGHEST IN THE GALAXY!

REALLY?!



THAT'S FANTASTIC!

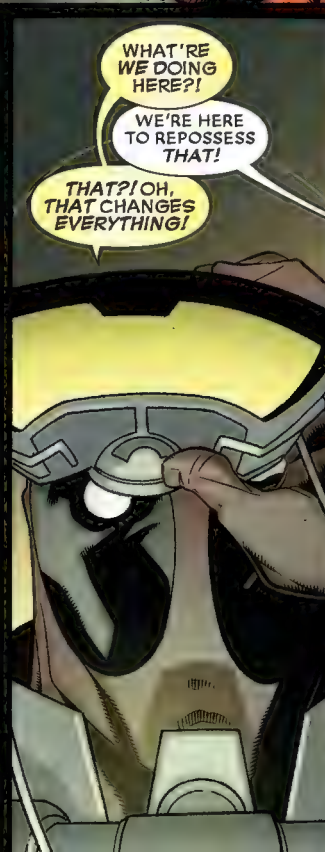


THEY MISS SOME PAYMENTS ON THEIR GUNS OR SOMETHING?

NO! I THINK THEY WERE HIRED TO PROTECT THE MINE!

FROM US?!

NO! IT'S A URANIUM MINE! THEY'RE PROTECTING IT FROM BLACK MARKETEERS!



WHAT'RE WE DOING HERE?!

WE'RE HERE TO REPOSSESS THAT!

THAT?! OH, THAT CHANGES EVERYTHING!



THAT DOESN'T CHANGE ANYTHING--THAT IS THE REASON WE'RE HERE.

ARE YOU FAMILIAR WITH THE TERM "SYNCHRONICITY", OBB?

NO.

THAT'S COOL--I'LL EXPLAIN AS WE RUN.

WHY ARE WE GONNA RUN?

"ARE YOU FAMILIAR WITH THE TERM, 'TANK'?"

KRAK-KO
OO
MM



CONFIRM
TARGET IS
DOWN.



ROGER.



NEGATIVE.

WHERE
DID THEY--?

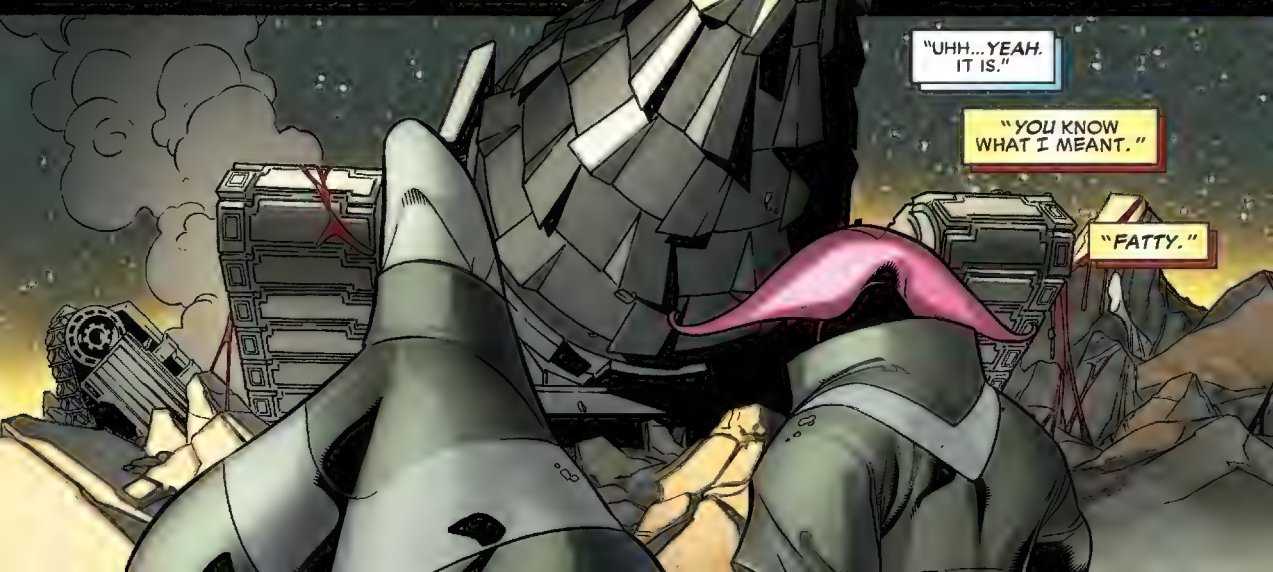
"MOVE IT, FATTY!
THIS IS NOT A DRILL!"

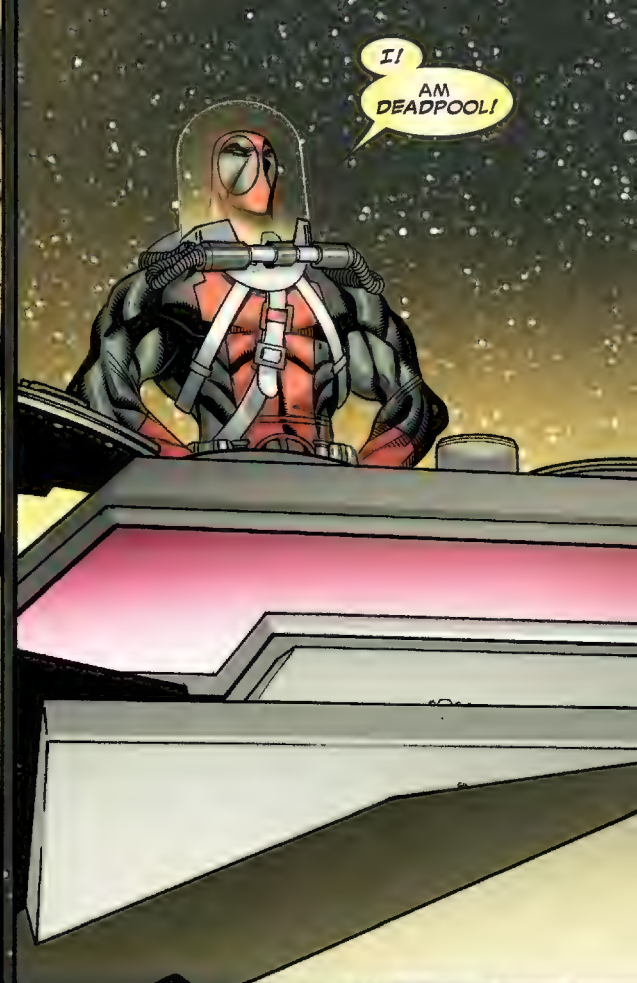


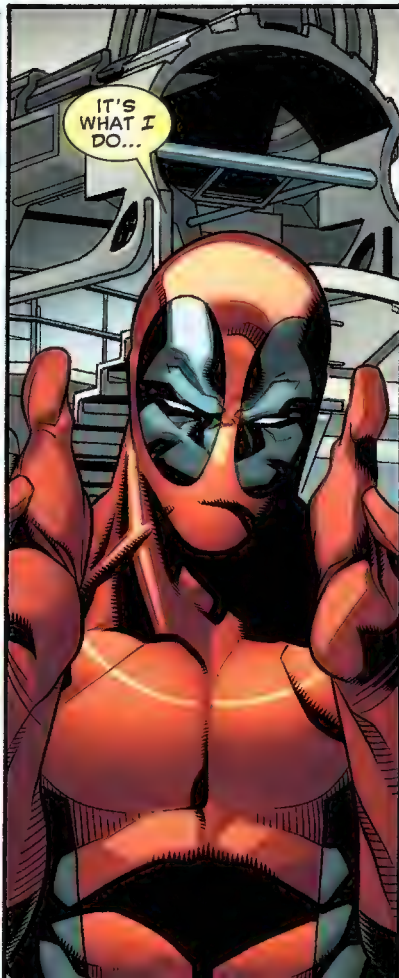
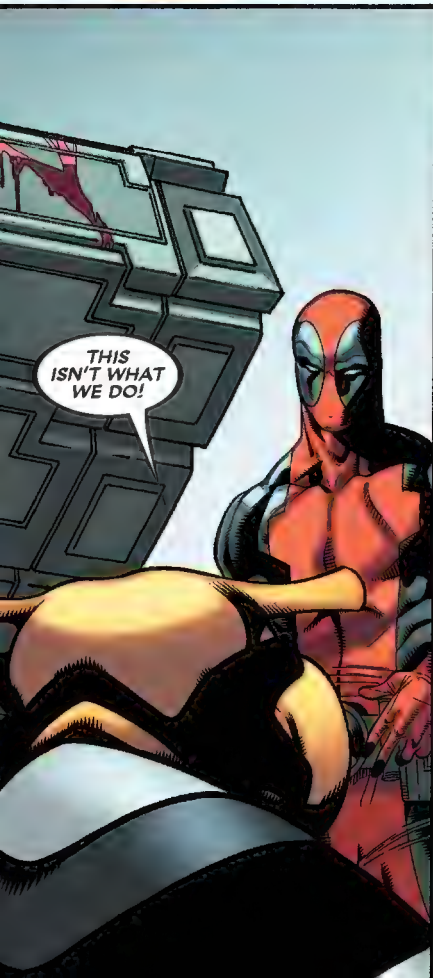
"UHH...YEAH.
IT IS."

"YOU KNOW
WHAT I MEANT."

"FATTY."









THAT EGOTISTICAL,
GLORY HOUND IDIOT
IS GONNA **PUT US OUTTA
BUSINESS**--THAT IS, IF
HE DOESN'T GET US
KILLED FIRST...

...BUT WHAT
CAN I DO? I CAN'T
FIRE HIM--HE'S
FAMILY!

SO WAS
MACHO. UNTIL
HE DIED...



KNOW
WHAT I'M
SAYIN'?



I'D BE MAKING
MY SISTER A WIDOW
TWICE IN THE SAME
MONTH...I DUNNO IF
I CAN DO THAT
TO HER.

YOU'D BE
DOING HER A
FAVOR!

ORKSA CAN
DO SO MUCH BETTER
THAN THIS "DEADPOOL"
GUY AND ALL THE OTHER
LOSERS SHE'S ENDED UP
MARRYING! SHE'S UNIQUE,
FUNNY, BEAUTIFUL,
KIND...



...SHE DESERVES
TO BE WITH SOMEBODY
WHO KNOWS THAT.

YOU
REALLY LOVE
HER, DON'T
YOU?



LET ME
MAKE A FEW
CALLS.

I THINK I
CAN SOLVE
BOTH OF OUR
PROBLEMS.



...ONE GUY?!

DON'T #&\$%IN' LAUGH, MAN--HE WASN'T JUST A "GUY", HE WAS...HE WAS LIKE A STUPID, VIOLENT FORCE OF NATURE.

THERE SOMEBODY HERE NAMED "KAK"?



I'M KAK.



YA GOT A PHONE CALL.



...ABOUT THAT JOB YOU NEED DONE THAT WE PASSED ON A FEW MONTHS AGO?



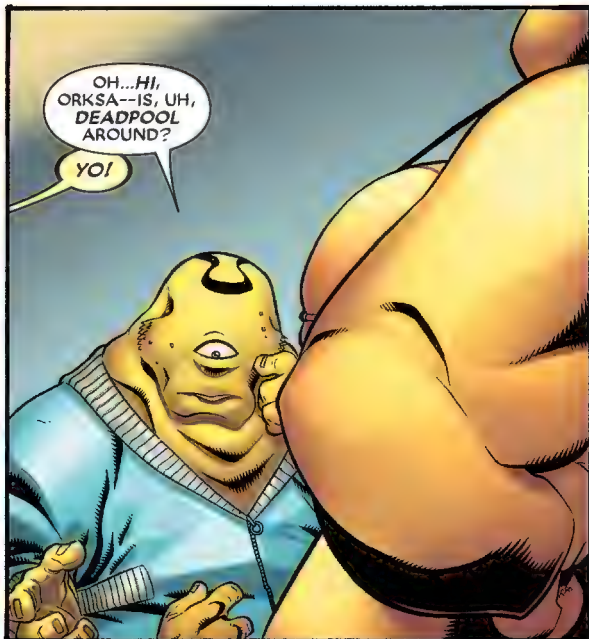
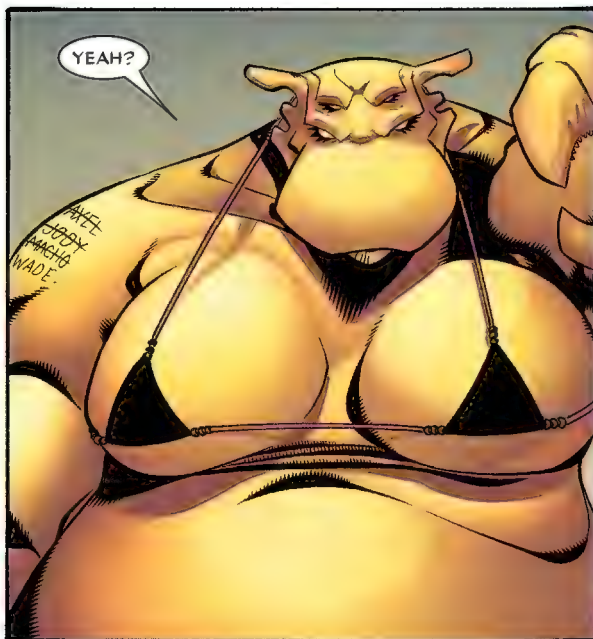
WELL, WE'VE RECONSIDERED.

MACHO GOMEZ CHANGED HIS--?

MACHO'S OUT. WE'VE GOT A NEW GUY. NAME'S DEADPOOL.

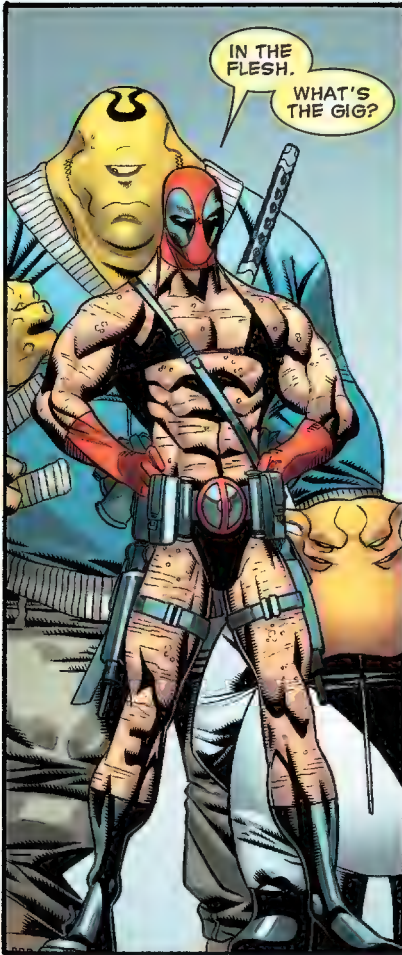


I'VE HEARD OF THIS MAN.



YOU'RE... DEADPOOL?







C'MERE,
YOU!





I KNOW THIS LOOKS KINDA WEIRD, BUT IT'S REALLY NO BIG DEAL.

HOW...?

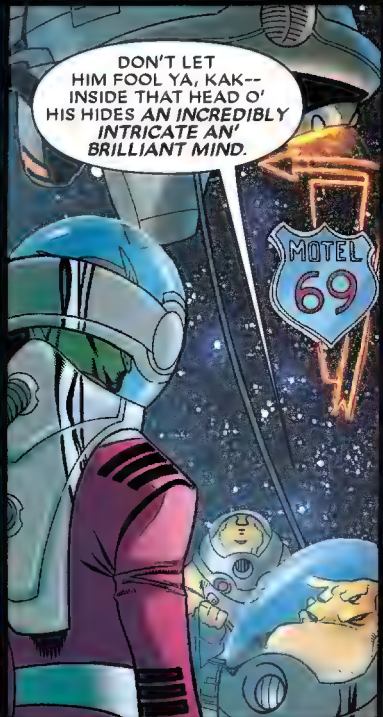
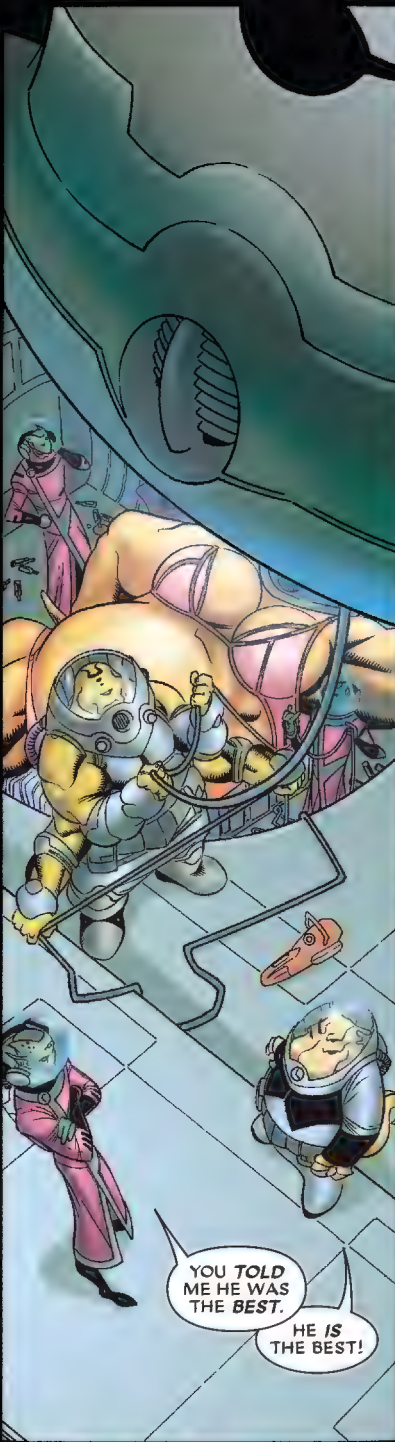
WELL, IT BEIN' MY LAST NIGHT BEFORE I WENT OFF TO WAR AND CERTAIN DEATH, A CELEBRATION WAS IN ORDER. OBVIOUSLY, A LITTLE TOO MUCH SPACE-WINE WAS CONSUMED AND...WELL...

JUST CALL UP OBB AND HAVE HIM BRING THE TOW-TRUCK OVER. WOULD'DA DONE IT MYSELF, BUT...Y'KNOW.

CAN'T REACH THE PHONE.

SPACE ODDITY

PART TWO: WEIGHT OF THE WORLD



**ABOARD THE ONGULIAN
COMMAND VESSEL**

WOW, DIDN'T
EXPECT YOUR
SHIP TO BE SO...
UH...CRAPPY.

OVER THE YEARS,
WE HAVE BEEN FORCED TO
SELL OFF COMPONENTS OF
OUR VESSEL IN ORDER TO
FUND OUR QUEST.

AND TO
PAY FOR YOUR
SERVICES.

PERFECTION
COMES AT A PRICE,
TRI-CLOPS.

SO WHERE
IS HE? OR,
Y'KNOW, "IT".

ID, YOU
MEAN?

YEAH.

WE DON'T KNOW,
EXACTLY--BUT HE
HAS BEEN SPOTTED IN
THE D'KRIAN QUADRANT
SO I THINK HE MAY
HAVE TARGETED
THIS PLANET...

URRULU.

WHY THAT
ONE?

BECAUSE IT'S
POPULATED. ONLY
ONE SETTLEMENT, WITH
ONLY ABOUT A THOUSAND
TERRA-FARMERS, BUT
POPULATED, NONETHELESS.
AND THAT'S WHAT
ID LIKES.

OH.

LEMME GET
THIS STRAIGHT--
HE EATS PLANETS,
RIGHT? HE'S, LIKE,
A CANNIBAL?

OF
SORTS.

HEY, Y'KNOW
WHAT'D REALLY HELP
ME VISUALIZE THIS
WHOLE CAPER? ID'S
ORIGIN STORY!

THE BLACK GALAXY. A VERY LONG TIME AGO:

IN THE BEGINNING,
THERE WAS
NOTHING.

AND THEN, COALESCING
FROM THE DUSTS AND
GASES OF DEEP SPACE...

...THERE BECAME
EGO: THE LIVING
PLANET.

AND IN HIS
SHADOW, ID.

FOR MILLENNIA, EGO
FENDED OFF DISCOVERY
BY RIGELLIAN EXPLORERS...

...PREFERRING TO INSTEAD
REMAIN UNKNOWN.

BUT ID...

...ID WANTED
TO PARTY.

C'MON!

THIS IS
#\$%#\$%
BORING!

AND SO HE
STRUCK OUT
ON HIS OWN...

#\$% YOU,
EGO!

I'M ROLLIN'
SOLO!

...IN SEARCH OF
GOOD TIMES.

HE TRAVERSED GALAXY AFTER
GALAXY, BUT NEVER DID HE FIND
THAT FOR WHICH HE SEARCHED;
NEVER DID HE HOOK UP WITH
OTHERS, LIKE HIM, WHO WISHED
TO GET DOWN.

FOR, OTHER THAN EGO,
THERE WERE NO OTHERS
LIKE HIM. AND EGO,
WELL... WAS NOTHING
LIKE HIM.

ID WAS
ALONE.

DEMENTIA EVENTUALLY OVERTOOK ID. HIS QUEST BECAME A MISSHAPEN, DEFORMED CONSTRUCT WITHIN HIS WARPED MIND. COMPULSIVELY, HE CONTINUED ON WITH HIS SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS AND REVELRY...

...BUT NOW, INSTEAD OF PARTICIPATING IN THESE THINGS, HE BECAME FIXATED ON DESTROYING THEM.

THE PLANET FORMERLY KNOWN AS KEGGER 24-7 NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT IT.

UTILIZING HIS ABILITY TO PRODUCE SEISMIC WAVES OF CATASTROPHIC FORCE...

...ID REDUCED THE PLANET AND ITS DOOMED INHABITANTS TO SPACE-DUST.

PARTY OVER HERE!



I'D BREATHED IN THE DESTRUCTION, THE MOTES OF SENSELESS DEATH, AND SUDDEN TERROR IGNITING INSIDE HIS MIND A SENSATION OF DERANGED EUPHORIA.

AND WITH THAT EUPHORIA CAME A SUDDEN, VIVID AND IMPLACABLE URGE.



FOR MORE.



THAT'S ABOUT THE MOST 8#%\$%# UP THING I'VE EVER HEARD.

BE THAT AS IT MAY, IT'S ALL TRUE.

ID IS GOING TO CONTINUE DESTROYING PLANETS UNTIL SOMEONE STOPS HIM--AND BY SOMEONE, I MEAN US.



YOU MEAN US.

THAT'S WHAT I SAID.

THAT'S WHAT HE SAID.

Yeah, that's what he said.

NO, I MEAN... ME.

WHAT ABOUT US?

Yeah!



DO YOU HAVE A PLAN?

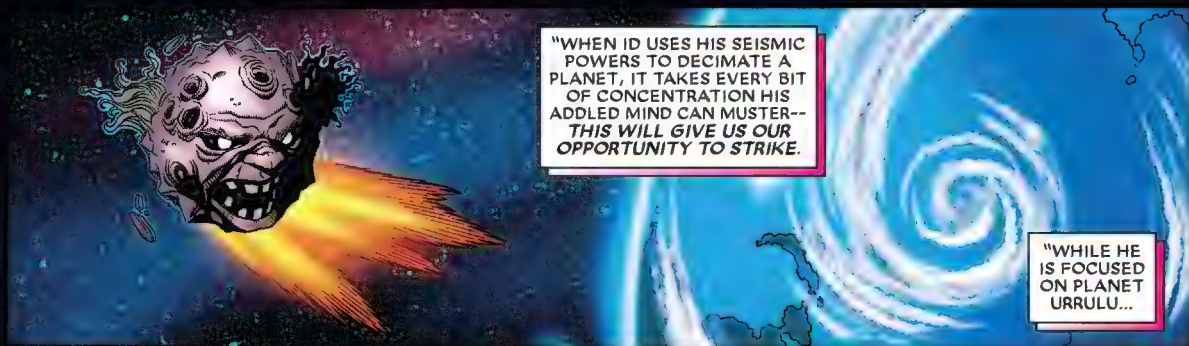
OF COURSE.

NO, YOU DON'T.

ARE YOU A TELEPATH?

NO.

BUT I HAVE A PLAN.



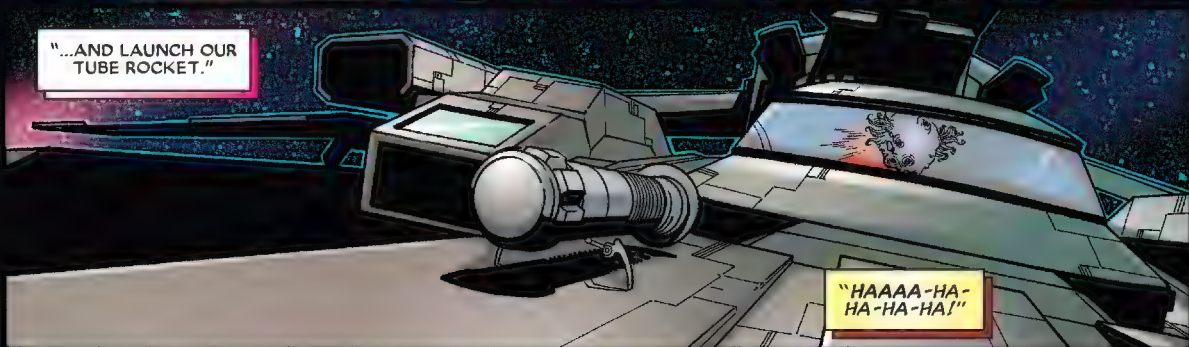
"WHEN ID USES HIS SEISMIC POWERS TO DECIMATE A PLANET, IT TAKES EVERY BIT OF CONCENTRATION HIS ADDLED MIND CAN MUSTER-- THIS WILL GIVE US OUR OPPORTUNITY TO STRIKE."

"WHILE HE IS FOCUSED ON PLANET URRULU..."



"WE WILL STEALTHILY APPROACH FROM THE REAR..."

"HEH-HEH-HEH..."



"...AND LAUNCH OUR TUBE ROCKET."

"HAAAA-HA-HA-HA!"

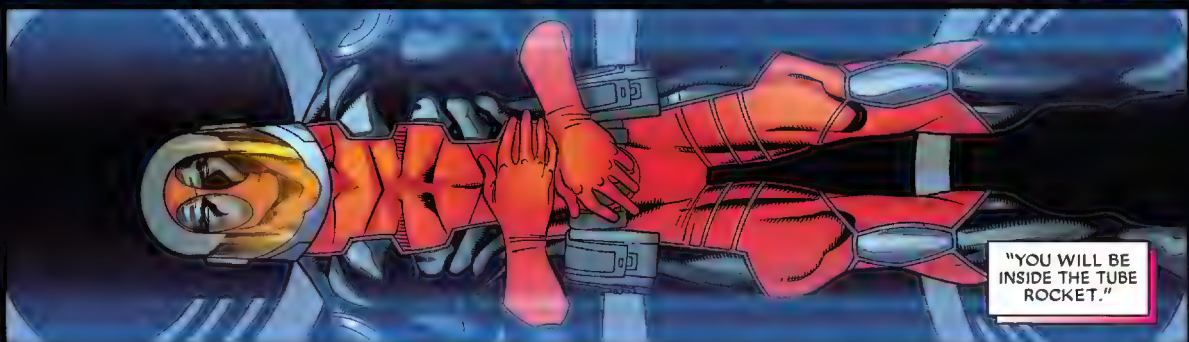


WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

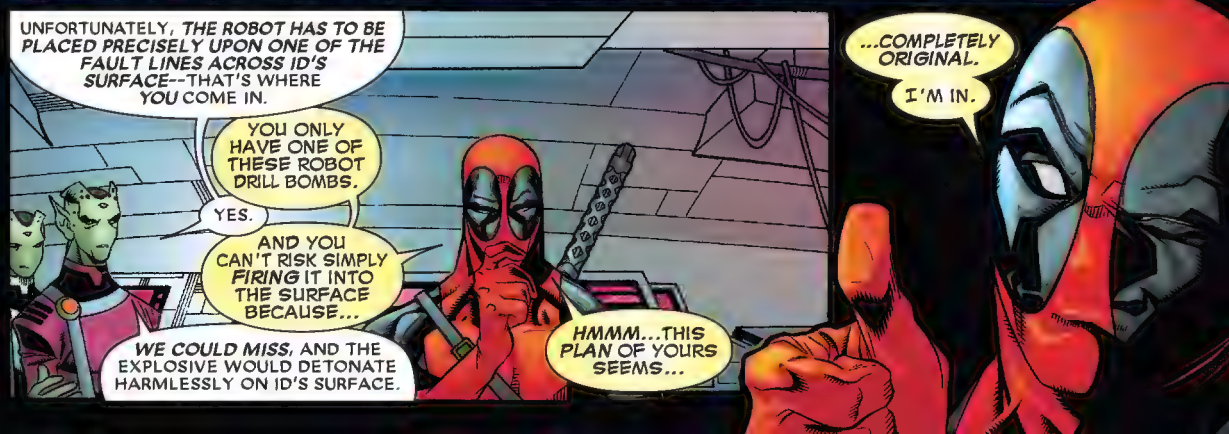
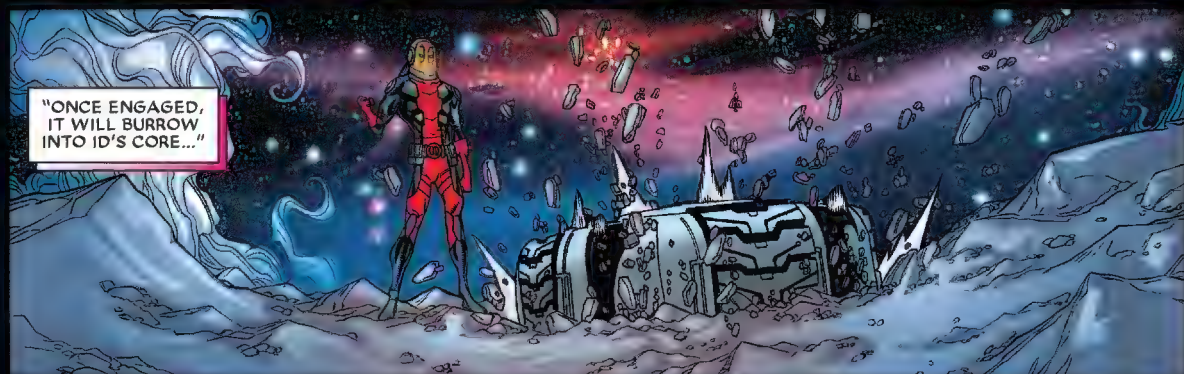
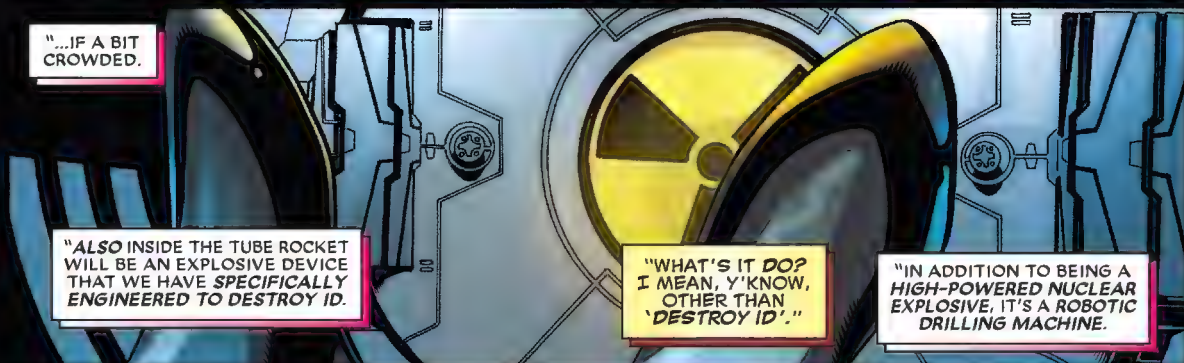
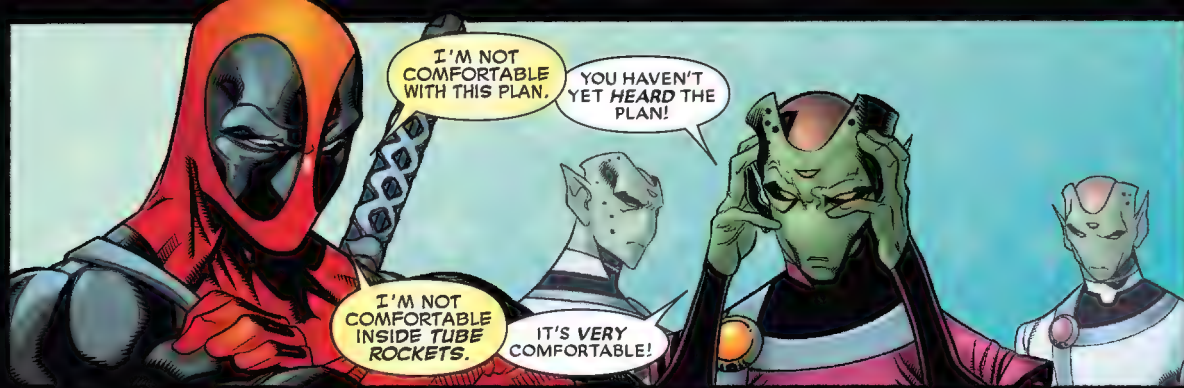
ARE...ARE YOU SERIOUS?!

OF COURSE I'M SERIOUS!

OKAY, OKAY...KEEP GOIN'...



"YOU WILL BE INSIDE THE TUBE ROCKET."



GOOD. THIS SENSOR WILL ALERT YOU WHEN YOU'RE STANDING ON A FAULT LINE. AT THAT POINT, ACTIVATE THE ROBOT, GET BACK TO THE ROCKET AND RETURN TO OUR SHIP. ONCE YOU'RE SAFELY ABOARD, WE'LL RETREAT TO A SAFE DISTANCE AND DETONATE THE EXPLOSIVE.

COOLIO.

HEY, THERE'S ONE THING I WANTED TO ASK YOU, THOUGH...

WHAT?

...WHAT ABOUT THE PEOPLE ON URRULU?



IN ORDER FOR THIS MISSION TO BE **SUCCESSFUL**, WE NEED A SUFFICIENT **DISTRACTION**. THE URRULIANS WILL **PROVIDE** THAT DISTRACTION.

BY GETTING BLOWN UP?!

YES. ONE PLANET WILL DIE, SO THAT COUNTLESS OTHERS MAY LIVE.

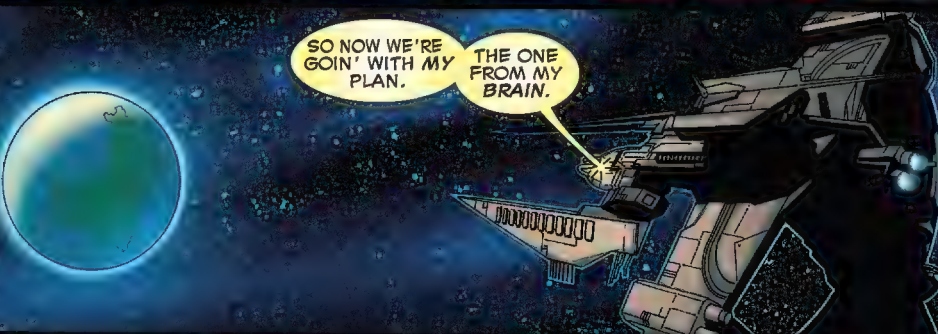


THIS IS NOT A DECISION THAT WAS MADE LIGHTLY.



THIS ONE WAS.





"THERE'S ONLY ONE FORESEEABLE PROBLEM WITH THIS PLAN, THOUGH:"

OKAY, LISTEN UP 'CAUSE I'M ONLY GONNA SAY THIS ONCE!

YOUR PLANET'S ABOUT TO GET BLOWN TO #%% BY AN INSANE MOON WITH ADDICTION PROBLEMS! THAT'S THE BAD NEWS!

GOOD NEWS IS, I'M HERE TO RESCUE YOU SO... I WANT EVERYBODY TO PACK UP WHAT YOU CAN AND GET IN MY SWEET-ASS SPACESHIP. DON'T WORRY, I'LL TAKE YA SOMEPLACE COOL!

COOLER THAN THIS PLACE, ANYWAY...

"CONVINCING THEM."

YYES!

SERIOUSLY?!

DUDE, THIS PLANET SUCKS! OUR GRANDPARENTS WERE THE ONES WHO WANTED TO COLONIZE THIS ROCK, NOT US-- DO YOU THINK WE WANT TO BE FARMERS? HELL, NO!

FARMING IS HARD!

NO MORE WORK! NO MORE WORK! NO MORE WORK!

WELL...

YOU ARE GONNA HAFTA DO A LITTLE MORE WORK BEFORE WE GO...

"YOU GUYS KNOW
HOW TO DO CROP
CIRCLES?"





WHY?
WHY
WHAT?
WHY...
ANTAGONIZE
HIM?



OH.
BECAUSE
I WANTED TO
ANTAGONIZE
HIM.



SO HE'D
CHASE ME.



YOU WANNA
ASK "WHY" AGAIN,
DON'T YOU?

YES.

YOU'LL
SEE WHY.
SOON.



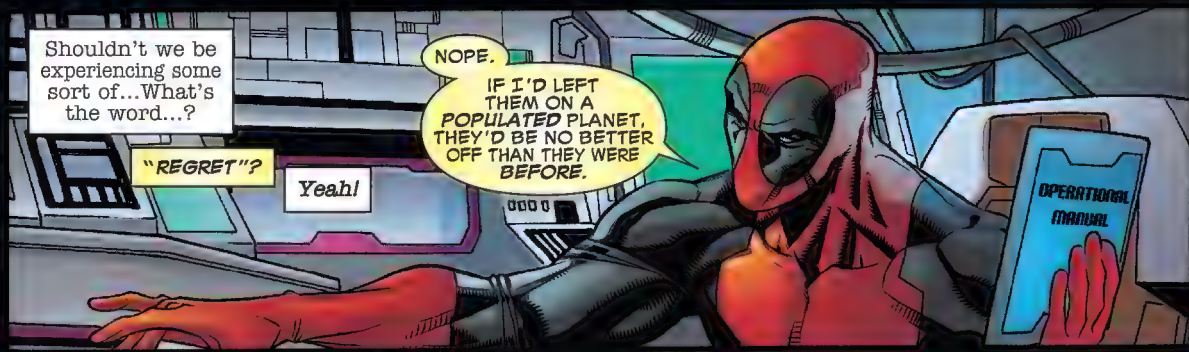
~SIGH~

CAN YOU AT
LEAST TELL ME
WHERE WE'RE
TAKING THE
ORRULIANS?

I DUNNO...
SOMEPLACE
COOL.







Shouldn't we be experiencing some sort of...What's the word...?

"REGRET"?

Yeah!

NOPE.

IF I'D LEFT THEM ON A POPULATED PLANET, THEY'D BE NO BETTER OFF THAN THEY WERE BEFORE.



SEE?

ID'S PASSING THEM BY.

But he's *gaining* on us.



THAT'S GOOD, RIGHT?

THAT'S ALL GOOD.



HEY, SUGAR-SHORTS...

...CAN I ASK YOU TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME?



OH, UH...HI,
ORKSA...



...HEY, YOU
HAVEN'T HEARD
FROM DEADPOOL,
HAVE YOU?

NOPE.

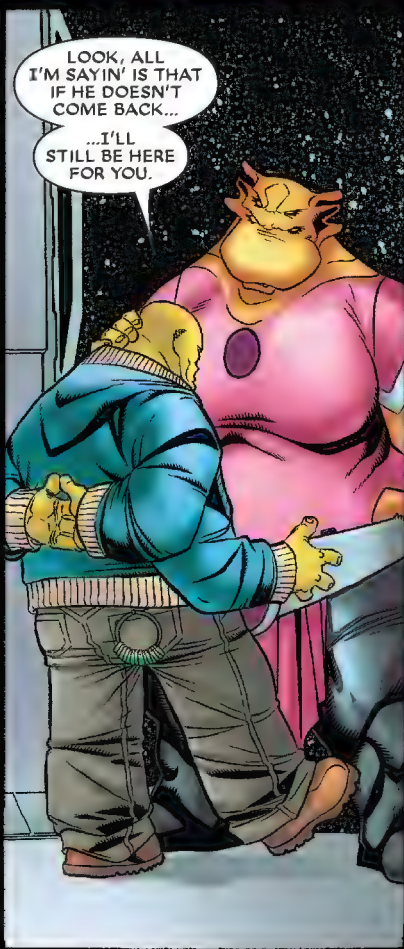
OH.
YEAH,
NEITHER HAS
FUNTZEL...



UMM...YOU DO
KNOW THAT HE
MIGHT NOT COME
BACK, RIGHT?

WHY
DO YOU SAY
THAT?

WELL, BECAUSE...
I MEAN, IT'S KIND OF A
SUICIDE MISSION, Y'KNOW?
ME AN' FUNTZEL, WE
WARNED HIM, BUT...

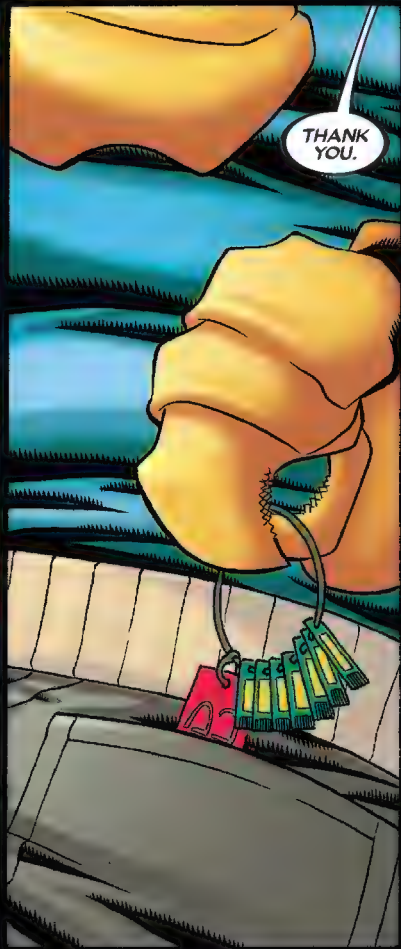


LOOK, ALL
I'M SAYIN' IS THAT
IF HE DOESN'T
COME BACK...

...I'LL
STILL BE HERE
FOR YOU.



THAT'S
VERY SWEET OF
YOU, OBB.



THANK
YOU.



OKAY,
EVERYTHING'S
SET.

ONLY ONE
LAST THING I
GOTTA DO BEFORE
SHOWTIME.

THINK IT'LL BE AS
EASY AS IT WAS
LAST TIME?



"WHAT, CONVINCING
THEM?"



REMEMBER
ME?

"EASIER,
PROBABLY."

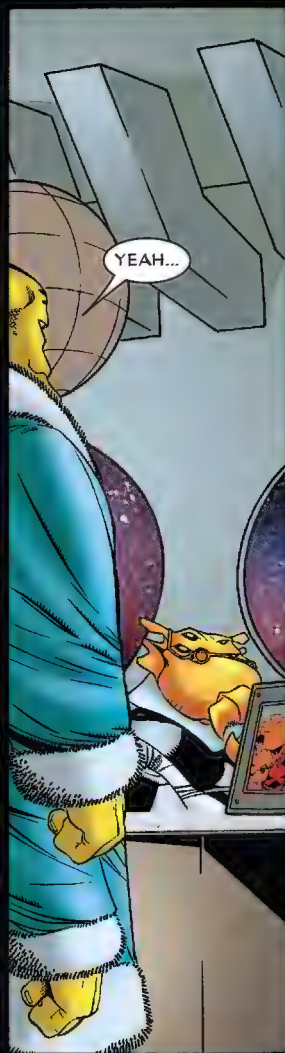
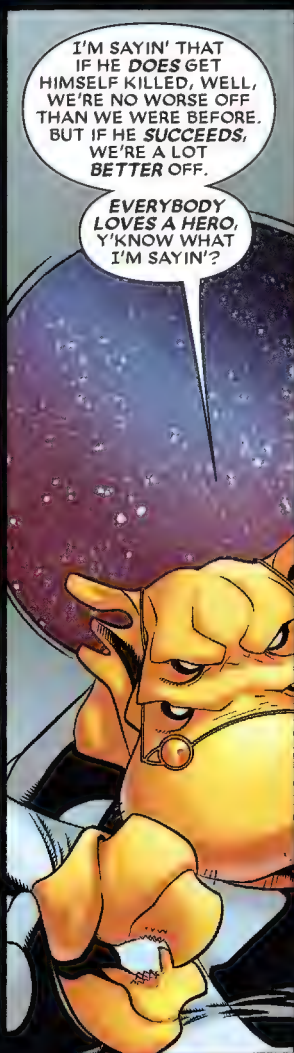
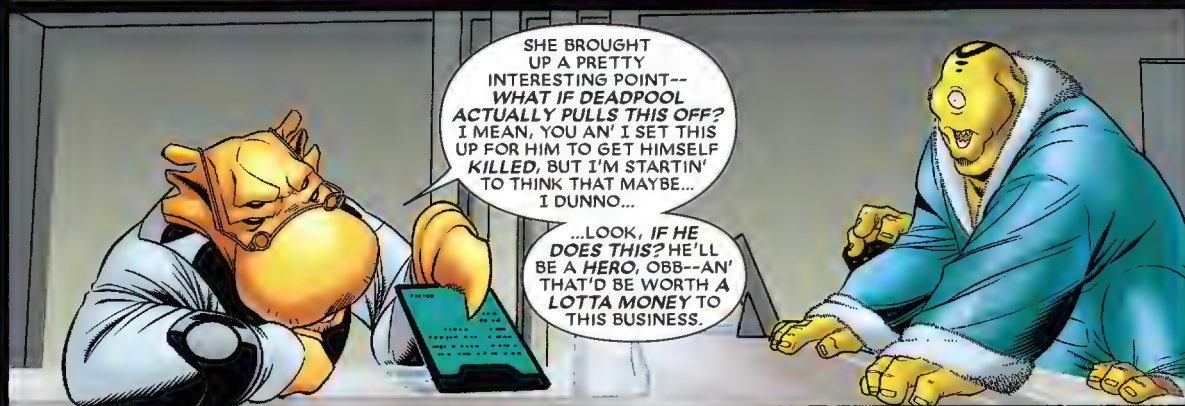
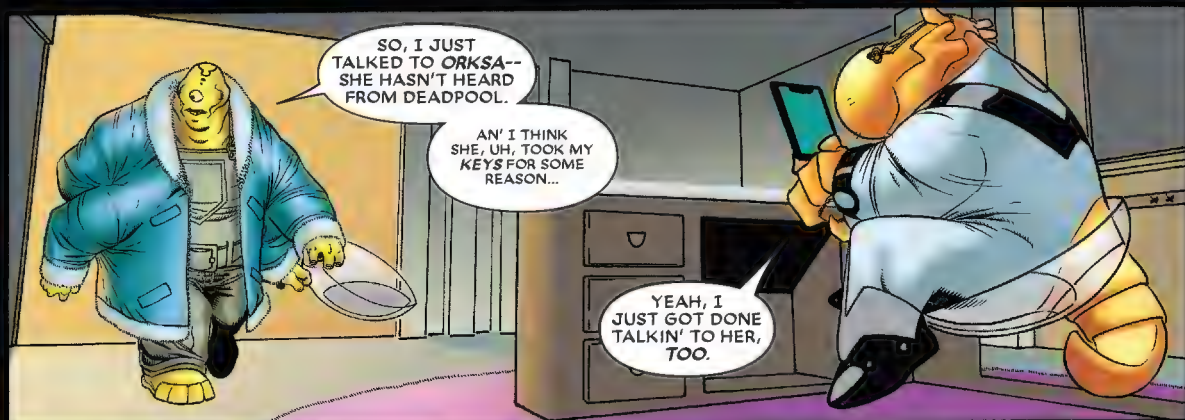


GOOD.

YOU HAVE TEN
MINUTES TO GET
THE MINERS AND
YOURSELVES THE
HELL OFF THIS
PLANET.



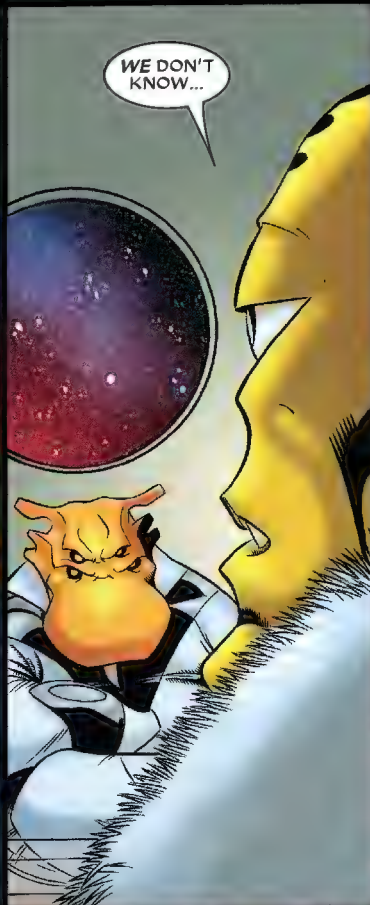






AN' YER
RIGHT--AS A
MATTER OF FACT, I
THINK I SHOULD HELP
DEADPOOL.

SERIOUSLY?
BUT...HOW'RE YA
GONNA DO THAT? WE
DON'T EVEN KNOW
WHERE HE IS.



WE DON'T
KNOW...

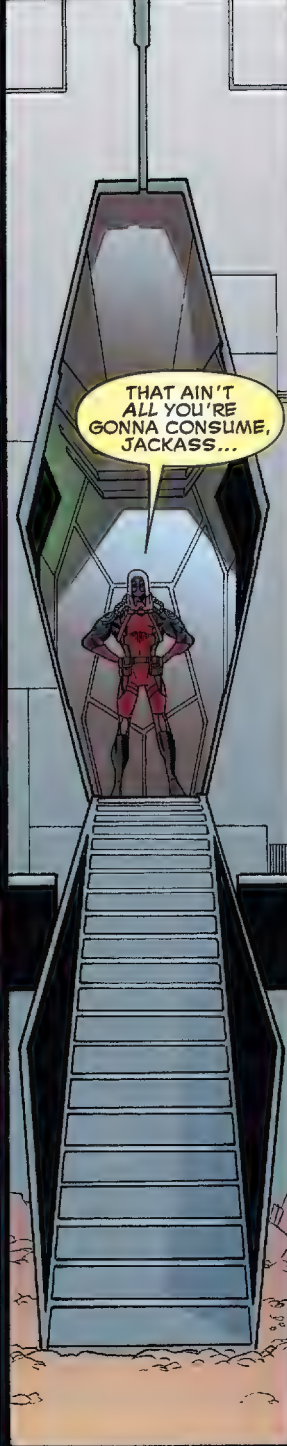


"...BUT I'M
PRETTY SURE
ORKSA DOES.



"MIND IF
I BORROW
YOUR CAR?"

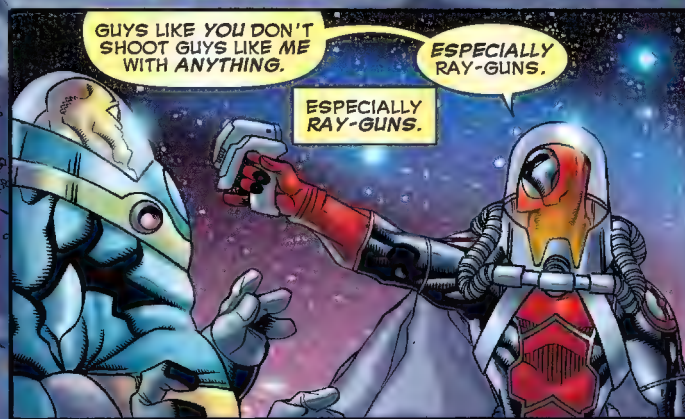
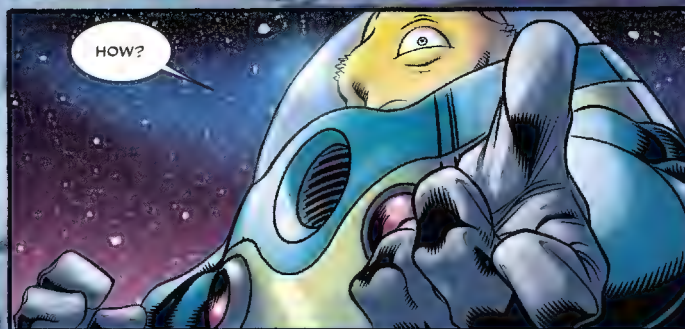
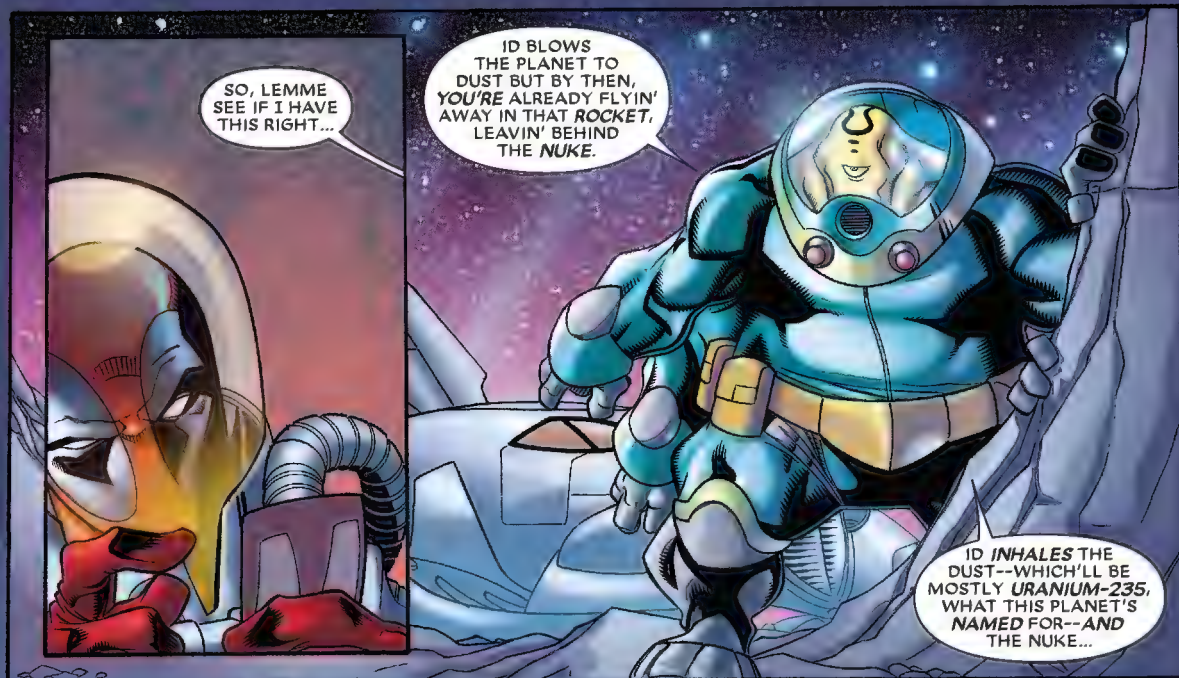




THE BIG BANG SPACE ODDITY CONCLUSION

HOPE YOU
LIKE THE TASTE
OF ONGULIAN DRILL-
BOMB WITH A LITTLE
NUCLEAR FISSION
ON THE SIDE...





NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'M GONNA GET BACK TO MAKING THE BIGGEST, RADDEST NUCLEAR BOMB EVER CREATED...WHICH, BY THE WAY, IS GONNA BLOW IN JUST A FEW MINUTES SO YOU SHOULD PROBABLY GET YOUR BUTT OUTTA HERE AN' GO HOME.

WOW, THAT DRILL IS FAST...

I...I...

...I
SAAAAAN!

HOLY CRAP--ARE YOU CRYING?!

YES, DAMMIT! REAL MEN CRY!

NO! THEY DON'T!

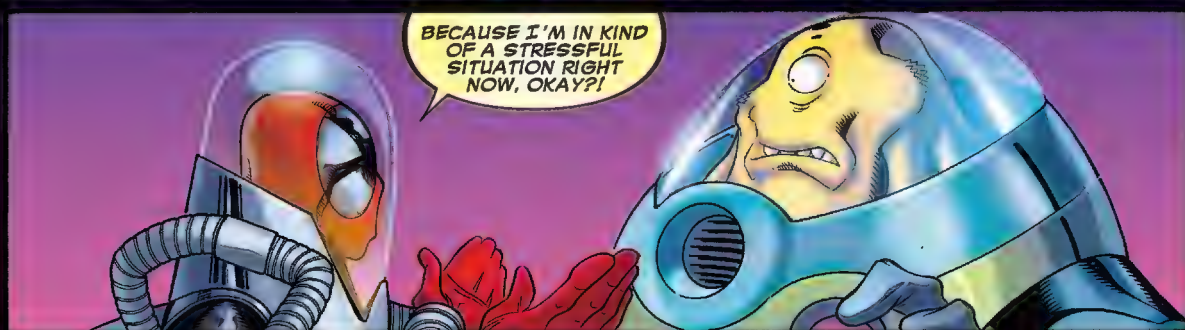
THEY DO WHEN THEY'RE IN LOVE.

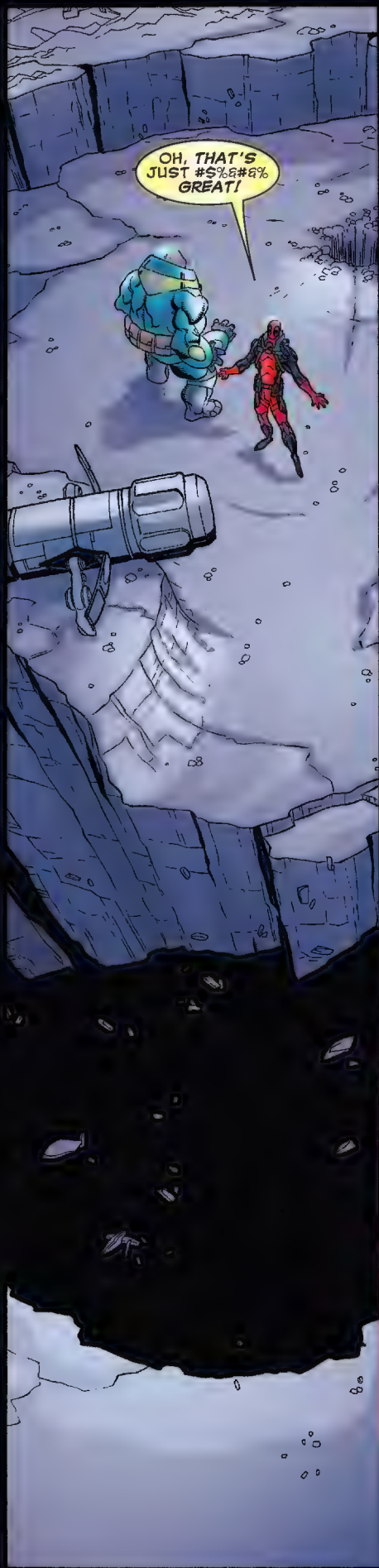
DUDE? I UNDERSTAND THE ATTRACTION BUT, UH...YOU AN' ME?

AIN'T GONNA HAPPEN.

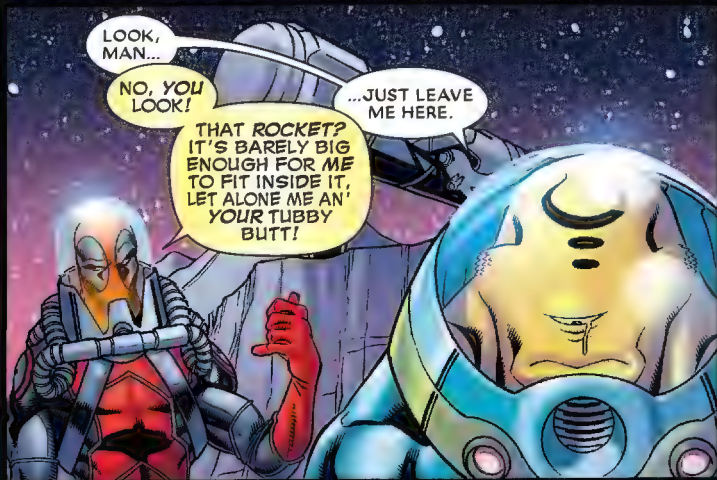
I'M TALKIN' ABOUT ORKSA!

I LOVE HER, MAN...I'VE LOVED HER FOR AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER.





OH, THAT'S
JUST #S%&#&%
GREAT!



LOOK,
MAN...

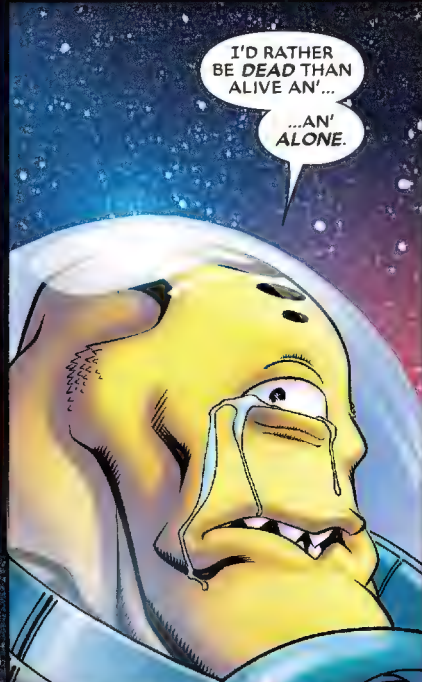
NO, YOU
LOOK!

...JUST LEAVE
ME HERE.

THAT ROCKET?
IT'S BARELY BIG
ENOUGH FOR ME
TO FIT INSIDE IT,
LET ALONE ME AN'
YOUR TUBBY
BUTT!



...WHAT?!



I'D RATHER
BE DEAD THAN
ALIVE AN'...

...AN'
ALONE.

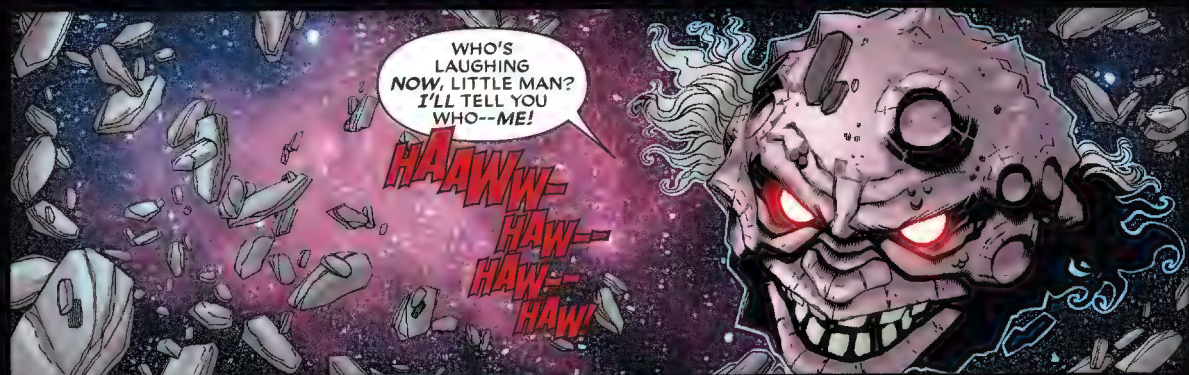


Okay, so,
just to be
sure...

We're not *doing*
the hero thing
anymore...*right?*

"RIGHT."



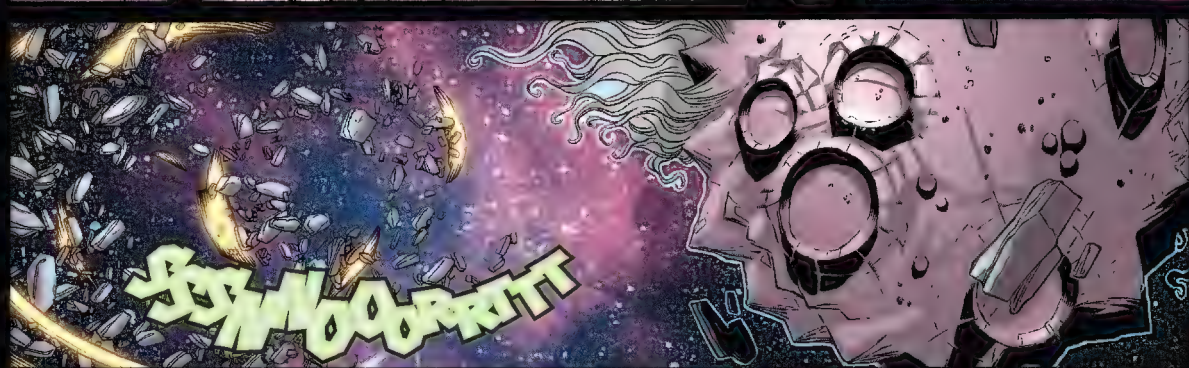


WHO'S
LAUGHING
NOW, LITTLE MAN?
I'LL TELL YOU
WHO--ME!

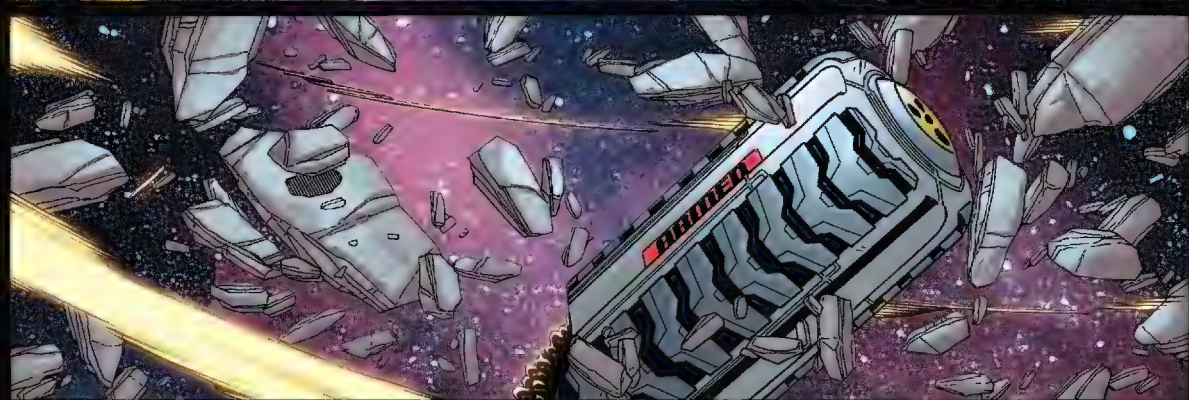
HA--
AW--
HAW--
HAW--
HAW!



NOW
IT'S TIME TO
CELEBRATE...

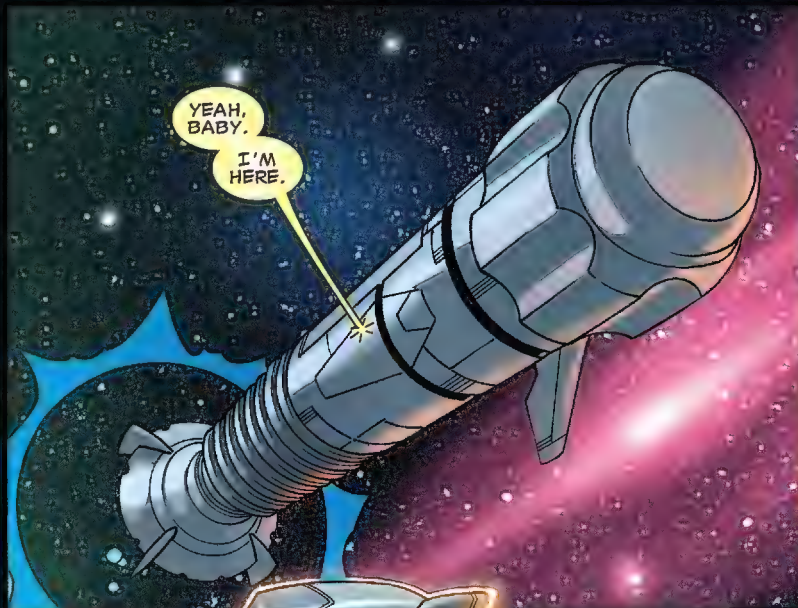


BOOM!



THA'S...
SOME GOOD
#\$\$%...

"DEADPOOL?
BABY, ARE YOU
OUT THERE...?"



YEAH,
BABY.

I'M
HERE.



I SEE
YOU!

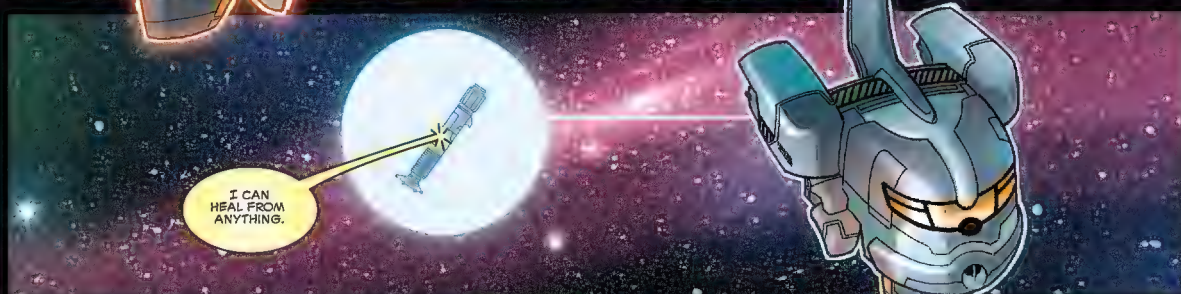
I'LL BE
THERE IN JUST
A SEC!

COOL...



YOU OKAY,
BABY? YOU
SOUND KINDA...
I DUNNO...

I'LL...BE
FINE...



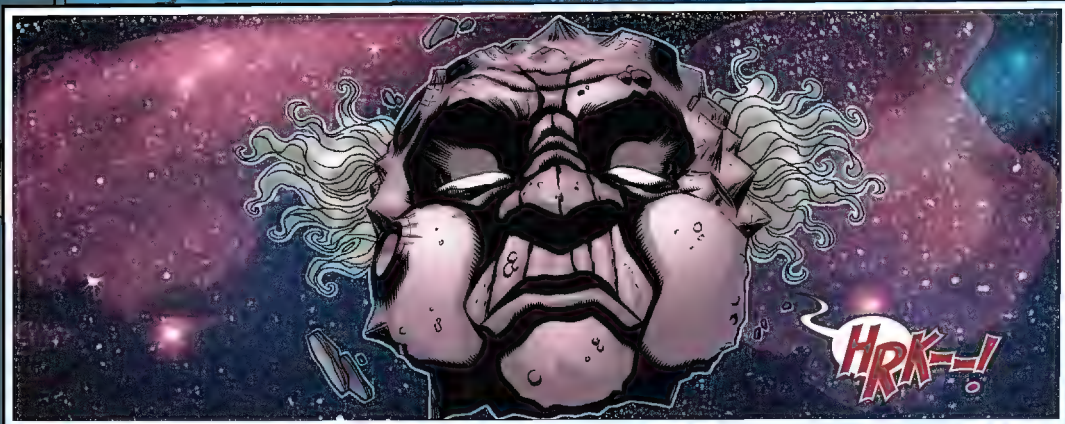
I CAN
HEAL FROM
ANYTHING.

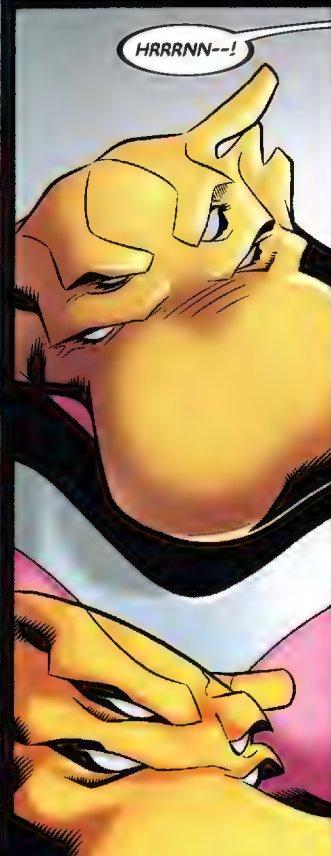


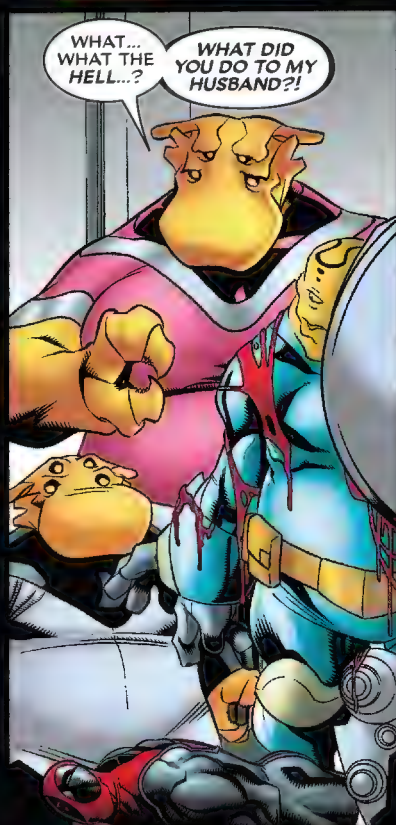
WHY DO
YOU SOUND SO
DEPRESSED, BABY? YOU
SHOULD BE HAPPY! YOU
SHOULD BE PROUD OF
YOURSELF!



DO YOU
THINK ANYONE
ELSE COULD'VE--OR
WOULD'VE--DONE
WHAT YOU
JUST DID?

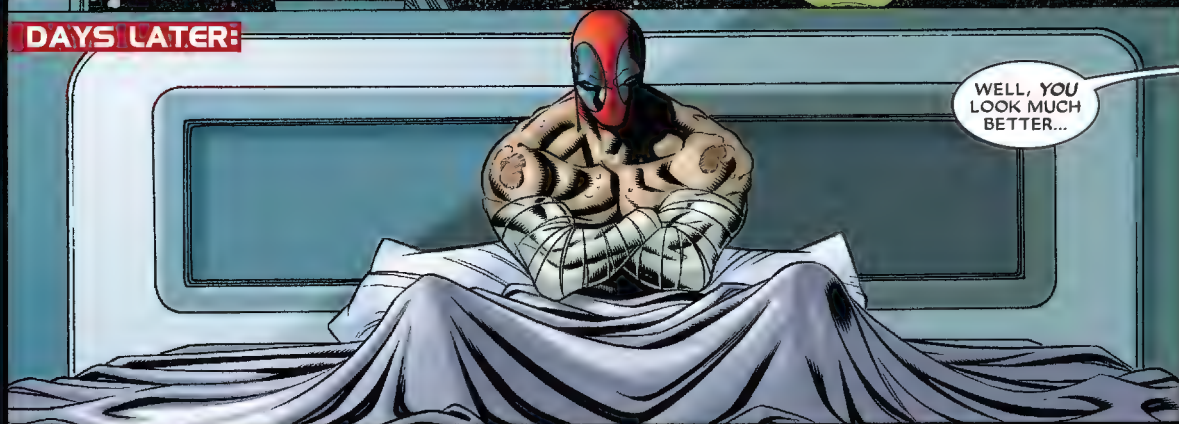




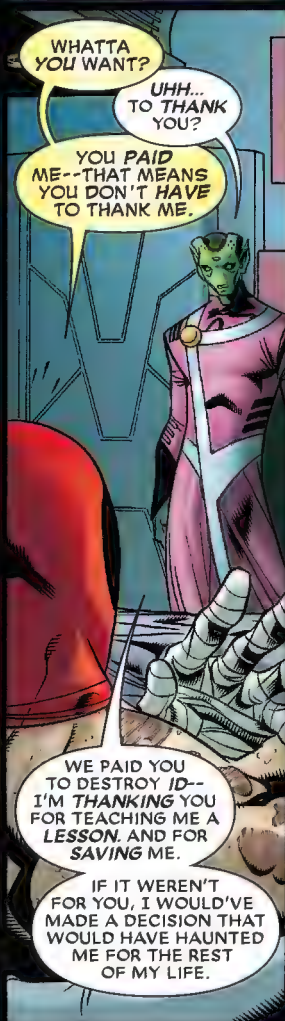




DAYS LATER:



WELL, YOU
LOOK MUCH
BETTER...



WHATTA
YOU WANT?

UHH...
TO THANK
YOU?

YOU PAID
ME--THAT MEANS
YOU DON'T HAVE
TO THANK ME.

WE PAID YOU
TO DESTROY ID--
I'M THANKING YOU
FOR TEACHING ME A
LESSON. AND FOR
SAVING ME.

IF IT WEREN'T
FOR YOU, I WOULD'VE
MADE A DECISION THAT
WOULD HAVE HAUNTED
ME FOR THE REST
OF MY LIFE.



I'VE BEEN OUT
FOR VENGEANCE
FOR SO LONG, I GUESS
I FORGOT WHAT I
WAS AVENGING.

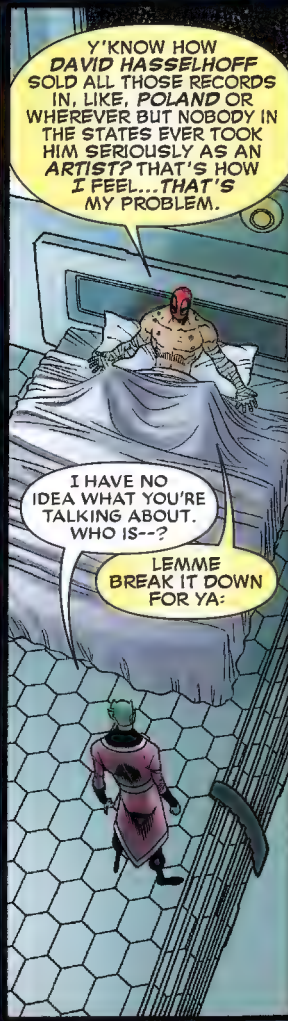
YEAH,
AVENGING'S
TRICKY BUSINESS--
YOU WERE SMART TO
HIRE A **STONE-COLD**
PRO LIKE ME TO
HANDLE IT.



WHICH
I DID. IT'S
DONE.

BYE-BYE.

WHAT'S YOUR
PROBLEM?



Y'KNOW HOW
DAVID HASSELHOFF
SOLD ALL THOSE RECORDS
IN, LIKE, **POLAND** OR
WHEREVER BUT NOBODY IN
THE STATES EVER TOOK
HIM SERIOUSLY AS AN
ARTIST? THAT'S HOW
I FEEL... THAT'S
MY PROBLEM.

I HAVE NO
IDEA WHAT YOU'RE
TALKING ABOUT.
WHO IS--?

LEMME
BREAK IT DOWN
FOR YA:



IN SPACE, NO
ONE CAN HEAR
YOU WIN.

I JUST
SAVED TWO ENTIRE
CIVILIZATIONS, AND WHAT DO
I GET FOR IT? I GET A JOB
AS A POSTER BOY FOR A
REPO BUSINESS, THAT'S
WHAT I GET!

ON EARTH,
I'D BE HUGE
FOR THIS,
MAN!



I'D BE
A HERO!

WELL, I
THINK YOU'RE
A HERO...

SO?!

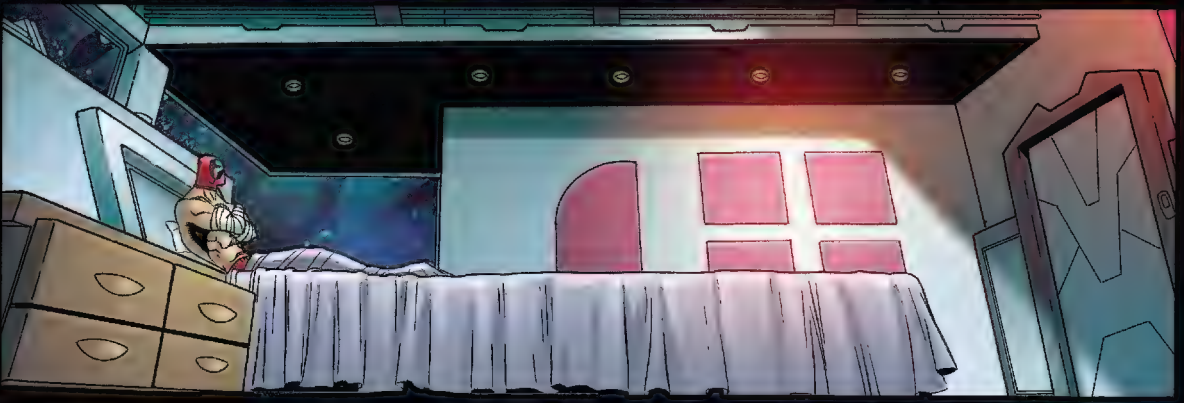
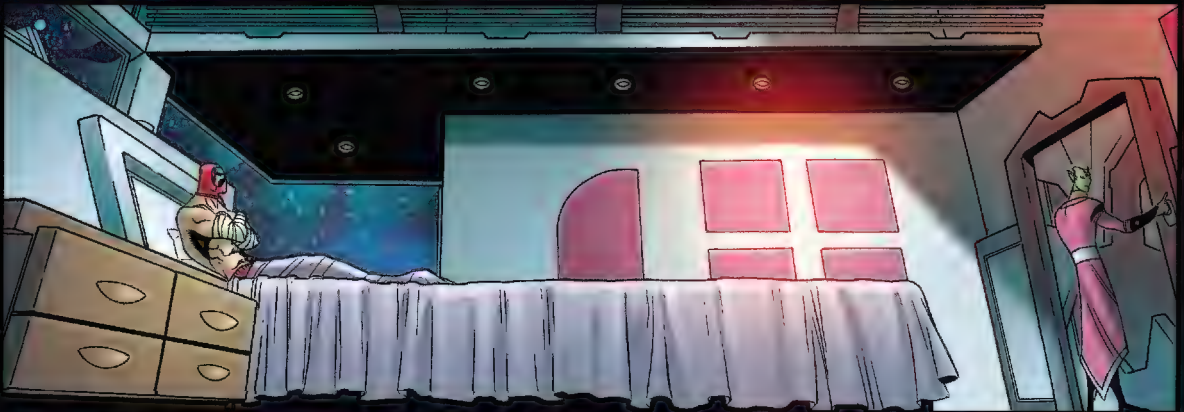


I DON'T
CARE ABOUT
WHAT YOU
THINK!

WHY?
BECAUSE I'M
NOT LIKE
YOU?



THERE'S
NOBODY
LIKE ME.



THE NEXT DAY:

HERE'S THE DEAL--YOU TWO CRAZY KIDS SHOULD BE TOGETHER.

REALLY?!!

I MEAN...

...REALLY?

YEAH. HOW DO WE GET SPACE-DIVORCED?

WELL...FIRST, OBB WOULD HAVE TO KILL YOU...

KINDA ALREADY DID THAT.

...AND AFTER THAT, ALL I'D HAVE TO DO IS KISS HIM.

KINDA ALREADY DID THAT.

...WELL?

KOOL AND THE GANG. I'M OUT.

FUNTZEL? I'M STEALIN' ONE OF YOUR CARS, BUDDY.

THE COOL ONE.

"WHAT?! WHERE'RE
YA GOIN'?!"

ENTER
DESTINATION.

RP
I THINK MY
SPACESHIP KNOWS
WHICH WAY TO
GO-OOO...

AUTOPILOT:
ENGAGED.

So, what're we
gonna do when
we get home?

FIND
OUT NEXT
MONTH!

AW, MAAAN...IT'S
GONNA TAKE A
MONTH TO
GET THERE?!

DUNNO...
MAYBE? WITH
ALL THE DOUBLE-
SHIPS, I KINDA
LOSE TRACK.

END.



Sooo...what
now?

GO TO
EARTH.

HAVE SOME
TACOS.

What about
after we have
tacos?

AFTER TACOS WE
USUALLY HAVE
DIARRHEA.

I DUNNO
WHAT I'M
GONNA DO--I
DUNNO IF I'M
GONNA DO
ANYTHING.

We have to do
something...

DO
WE? I MEAN,
REALLY?

I'VE BEEN
THE BAD GUY. I'VE
BEEN THE GOOD GUY. I
WORKED MY ASS OFF TO
BECOME THOSE THINGS, BUT
NOTHING REALLY CHANGED
FOR ME--SO WHY SHOULD I
DO OR BE ANYTHING AT
ALL? WHY NOT JUST BE
"ME"? PEOPLE
LOVE ME!

UHH... NO.
THEY DON'T.

SURE THEY
DO! HAVE YOU NOT
SEEN HOW MANY
FOLLOWERS I HAVE
ON TWITTER?



RealDeadpool
Follow me on Twitter!

2 minutes ago

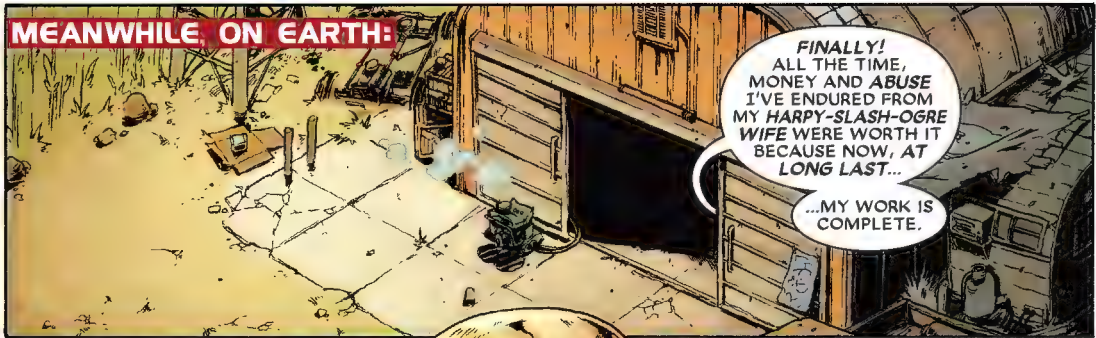
YEAH, BUT...DO
THEY REALLY
LOVE US?

Really, *really*
love us?

HMMM...

ONLY ONE
WAY TO FIND
OUT...

MEANWHILE, ON EARTH:



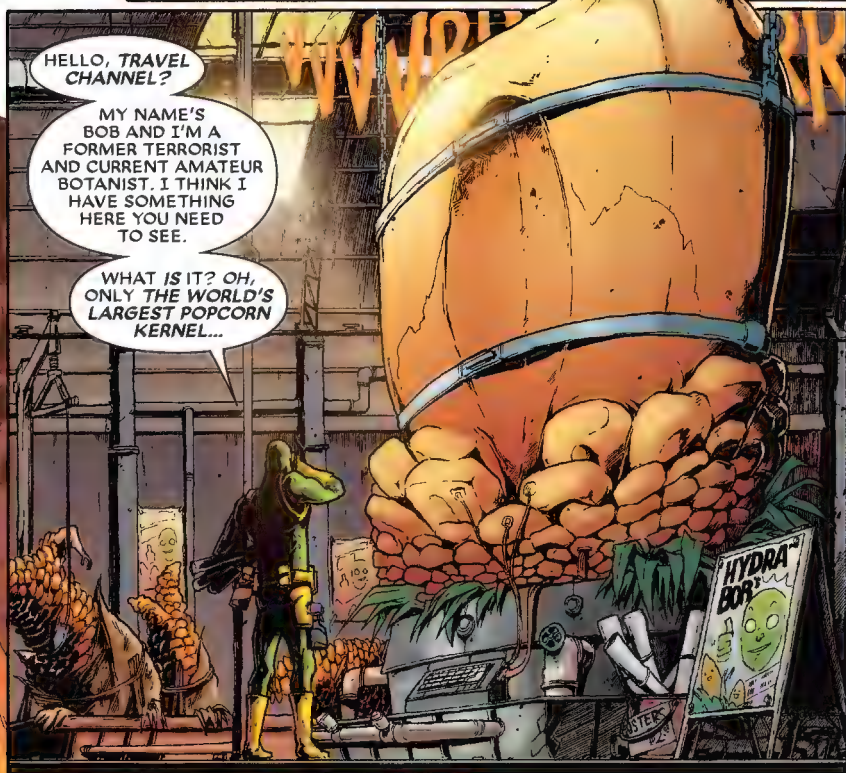
FINALLY!
ALL THE TIME,
MONEY AND ABUSE
I'VE ENDURED FROM
MY HARRY-SLASH-OGRE
WIFE WERE WORTH IT
BECAUSE NOW, AT
LONG LAST...

...MY WORK IS
COMPLETE.

HELLO, TRAVEL
CHANNEL?

MY NAME'S
BOB AND I'M A
FORMER TERRORIST
AND CURRENT AMATEUR
BOTANIST. I THINK I
HAVE SOMETHING
HERE YOU NEED
TO SEE.

WHAT IS IT? OH,
ONLY THE WORLD'S
LARGEST POPCORN
KERNEL...



UH, WHAT?
SORRY, I THINK A
PLANE IS FLYING
OVER MY--





YOU LOVE ME...

...RIGHT, BOB?

DOOB.

THIV
POFFCORN IZH
SHTALE.

MR. WILSON,
MY...FEELINGS
ABOUT YOU ARE VERY...
CONFLICTED...AT THE
MOMENT...

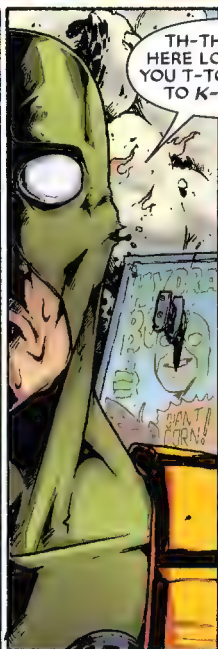
HEY, TAKE
YOUR TIME.

GOT ANYTHING
TO SNACK ON THAT
DOESN'T SUCK?

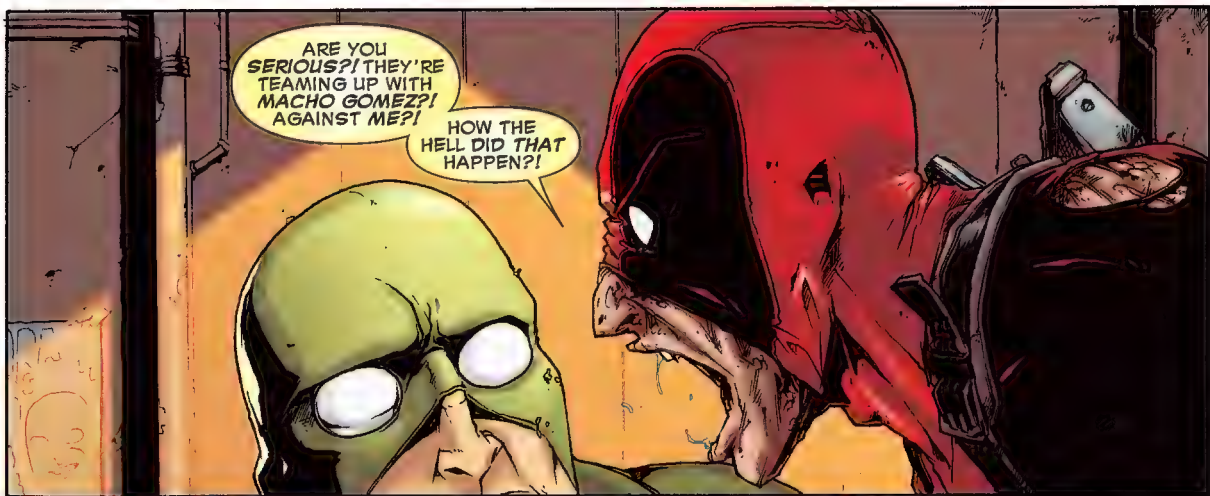
W-WHY ARE
YOU HERE?

WHY AM
I ANYWHERE?
WHY AM I?

THESE ARE
THE QUESTIONS TO
WHICH I SEEK ANSWERS.
AND YOU, MY FRIEND,
ARE GONNA HELP
ME FIND 'EM.







ARE YOU
SERIOUS?! THEY'RE
TEAMING UP WITH
MACHO GOMEZ?!
AGAINST ME?!
HOW THE
HELL DID THAT
HAPPEN?!



CLINK



KREEEEEEEE



OHMYGOD
THANKYOU!



YER WEASEL,
RIGHT?

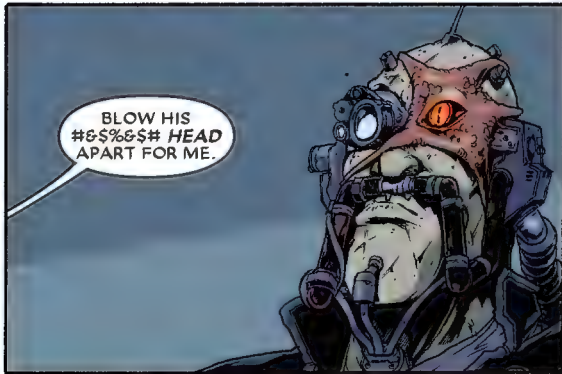
HUNGRY
HUNGRYHUNGRY
GOTTA EAT...

AH'M
LOOKIN' FER
DEADPOOL.



UH-UH.
CAN'T HELP
YA.

BUT
IF YOU FIND
HIM?



BLOW HIS
#&\$%&\$# HEAD
APART FOR ME.

BEEN TRACKIN'
THIS DEADPOOL FELLA
FER A WHILE, NOW--
GETTIN' THE IMPRESSION
HE AIN'T TOO
POPULAR.

OH, I WOULDN'T
SAY THAT--HAVE YOU
SEEN HOW MANY
FOLLOWERS HE HAS
ON TWITTER?



RealDeadpool
Follow me on Twitter!

36 minutes ago

THAT BEING
SAID, THERE ARE
A LOT OF PEOPLE
WHO'D LIKE TO SEE
HIM DEAD...



THOUGHT
YOU TWO WAS
FRIENDS.

SO
DID I.

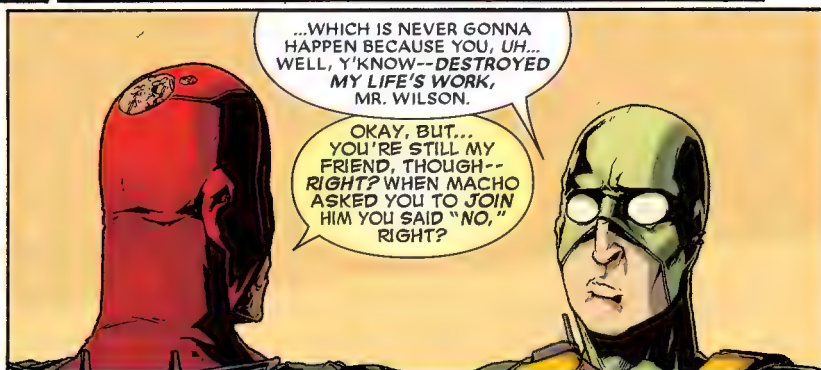
UNTIL HE
STOLE MY JOB,
FRAMED ME FOR
GRAND LARCENY
AND THEN LEFT ME
LOCKED IN THAT
BOX FOR GOD
KNOWS HOW
LONG...



TUP
TUP



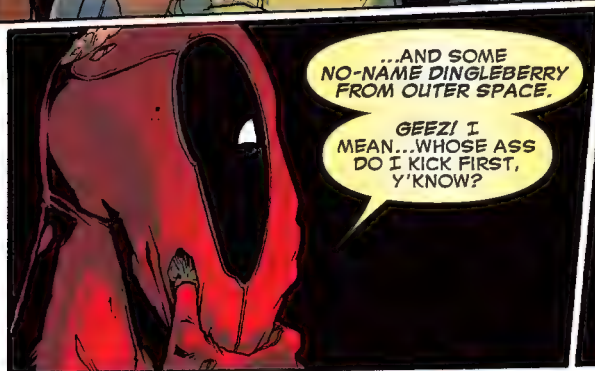
AN' WHERE
WOULD AH FIND
THEM?





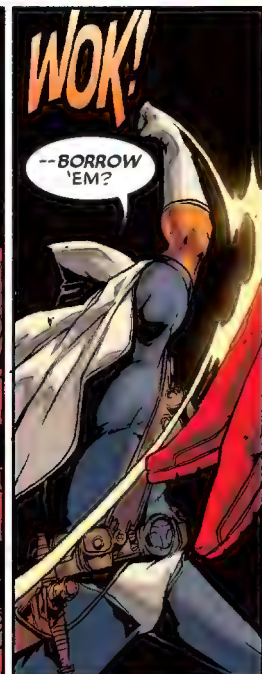
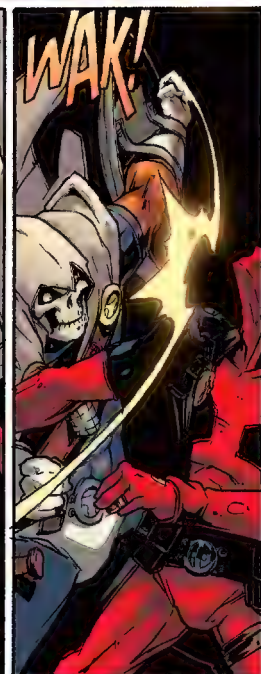
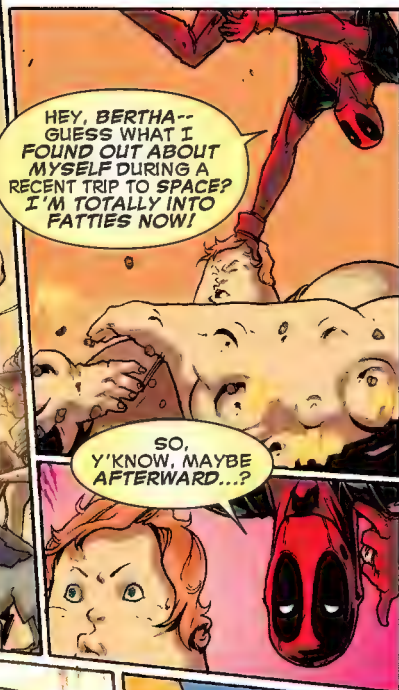


I'll
save you
for last.



LEEEEROOOYYY
JENKINS!!!





LIGHT 'IM
UP, GOMEZ!

GONNA FRY
YOUR ASS,
BOY...

HEY,
MACHO!
GUESS
WHAT?

YOUR SPACE WIFE REALLY
KNOWS HER WAY AROUND
A CRISCO KIDDY POOL, IF
YOU GET MY MEANING!

YOU SON
OF A--

OLDEST TRICK
IN THE BOOK.

What, talking smack
to psych out your
opponent?

NOPE.

SHOOTING THE
FLAMETHROWER'S
FUEL TANK.

AAAAAHHHHH--!

KRASH

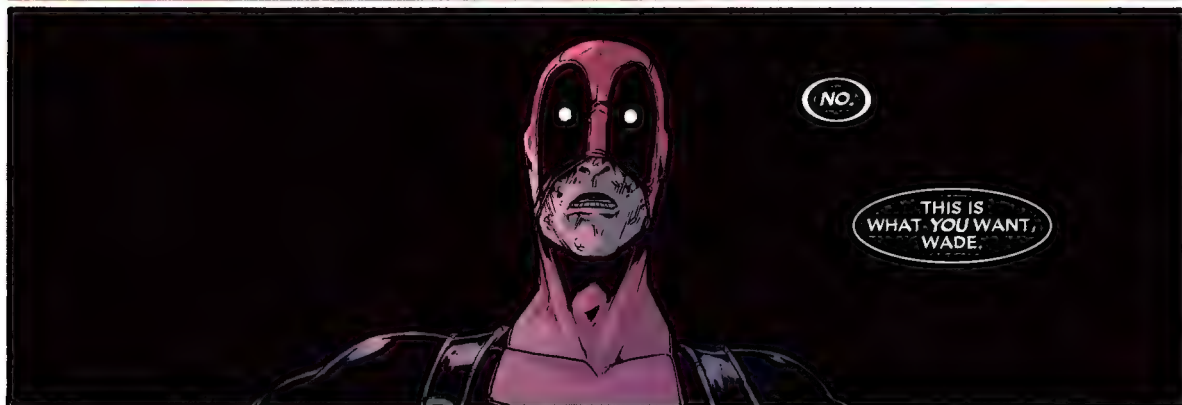
HOLY...
PLEASE...
KILL US...

...WHAT THE
HELL'S BOB BEEN
DOIN' IN HERE?!

CORN WAS
NEVER MEANT TO
BE LIKE THIS...

FSSSS







THIS IS WHAT
YOU'VE ALWAYS
WANTED FROM
YOUR FRIENDS.



NO!
NO--
PLEASE!



"PLEASE COME
BACK!"



H-URRK--!

MR. WILSON!
YOU'RE BACK!



OH, THEY'RE
ALL, UH...GONE,
MR. WILSON.

GUESS THEY,
UH, FIGURED
YOU WERE AS DEAD
AS YOU'RE EVER
GONNA GET,
Y'KNOW?

ARE
YOU...OKAY,
MR. WILSON?



NO, BOB...
I'M NOT.

I THINK
I MIGHT BE
KINDA INSANE,
ACTUALLY...



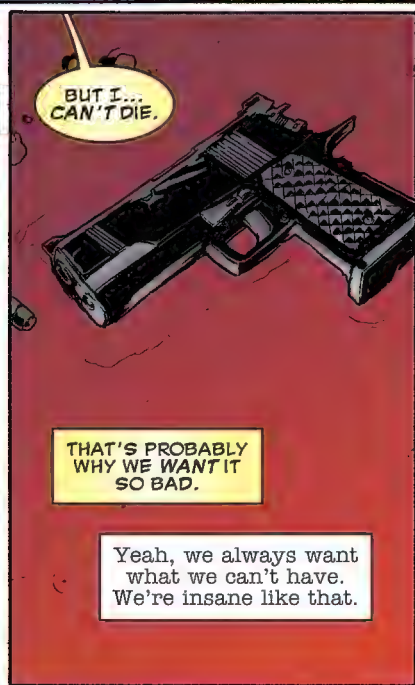
WHO WANTS
THEIR FRIENDS TO
KILL THEM?!

We do.

WE TOTALLY
DO.

BUT
WHY?!

BECAUSE
WE WANNA
DIE.



BUT I...
CAN'T DIE.

THAT'S PROBABLY
WHY WE WANT IT
SO BAD.

Yeah, we always want
what we can't have.
We're insane like that.

BUT...WHY
GET MY FRIENDS
INVOLVED?



Because that
would mean
they care.

OKAY, SO...
WHAT I'M LOOKIN'
FOR IS *FRIENDS*--
WHICH I'LL NEVER
HAVE...

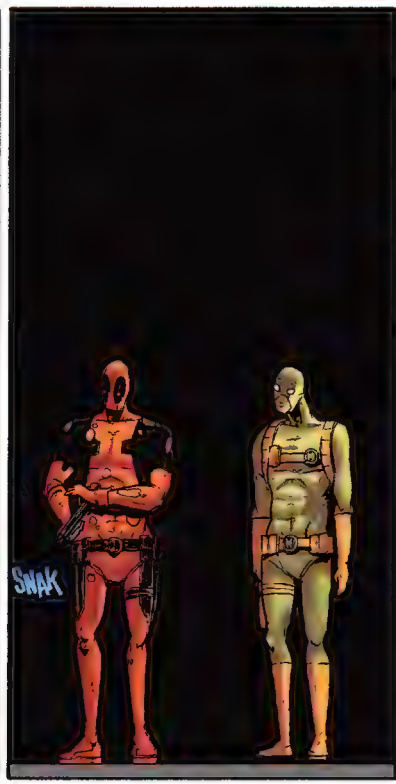
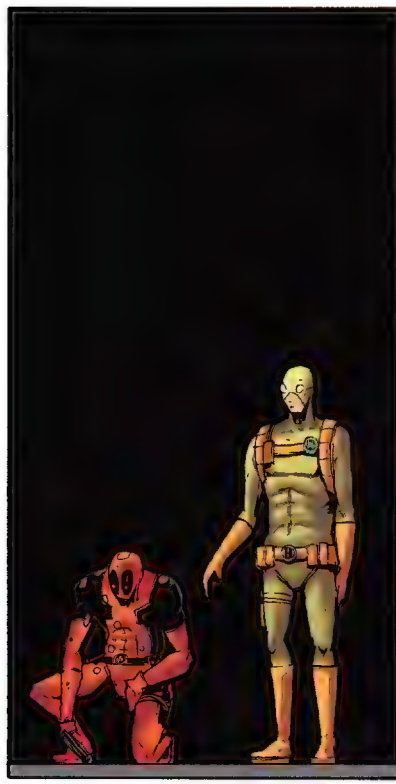
...THAT'LL
KILL ME--WHICH'LL
NEVER HAPPEN...

...BECAUSE I
WANT SOMEBODY
TO CARE
ABOUT ME.

EXCEPT
NO ONE EVER
WILL.



I CARE
ABOUT YOU, MR.
WILSON.



AAAUUGGHHH--!



TO
FIND BETTER
FRIENDS.







AAAAHH...

THIS IS PERFECT.

NO, WADE...

...THIS IS A DREAM.

DAMN STRAIGHT, BABY.

A DREAM THAT'S GONNA COME TRUE.

FNG

HOW, WADE?

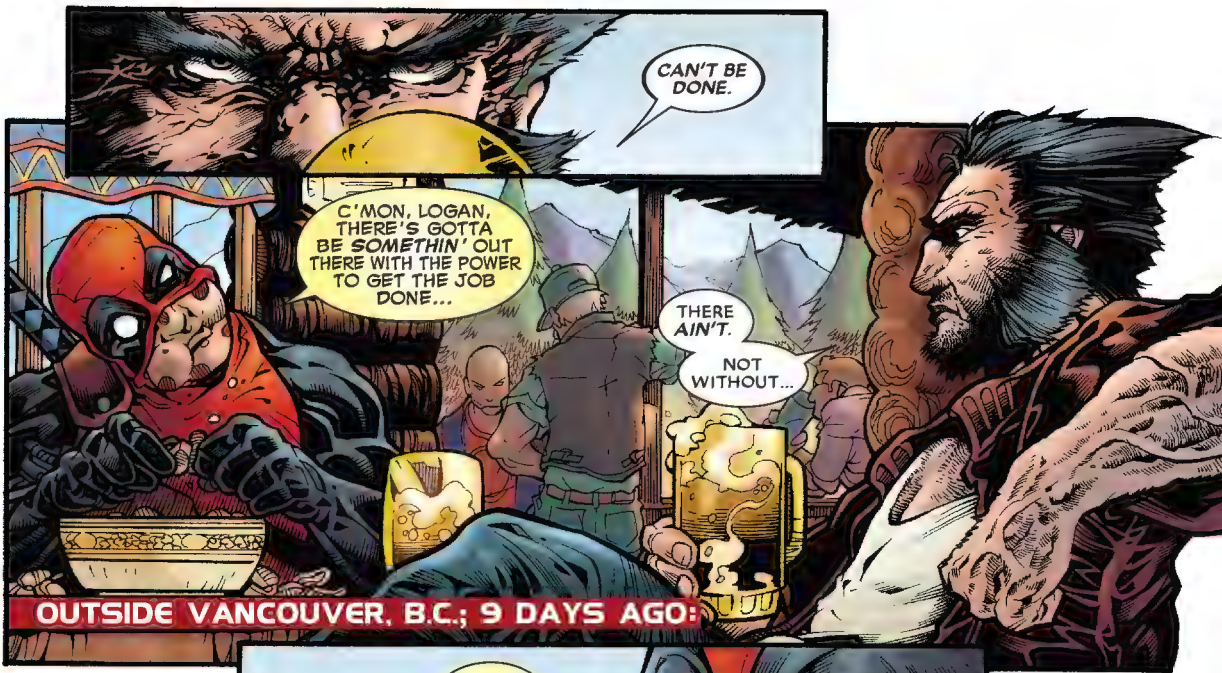
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT--JUST KNOW THAT I'VE GOT IT ALL UNDER CONTROL.

THIS IS HAPPENING, BABY. FOR REAL.



OPERATION: ANNIHILATION

PART ONE: JOURNADA DEL MUERTO



CAN'T BE DONE.

C'MON, LOGAN, THERE'S GOTTA BE SOMETHIN' OUT THERE WITH THE POWER TO GET THE JOB DONE...

THERE AIN'T.

NOT WITHOUT...

OUTSIDE VANCOUVER, B.C.; 9 DAYS AGO:

NOT WITHOUT WHAT?



HEY! WHERE YOU GOIN'?!

YOU AN' ME ARE DONE.

NUH-UH! DUDE, YOU #\$\$%\$#8 OWE ME!



EVEN AFTER YOU USED ME TO FIND YOUR KID*, I STILL HELPED YOU OUT WITH THAT PLAN** TO--!

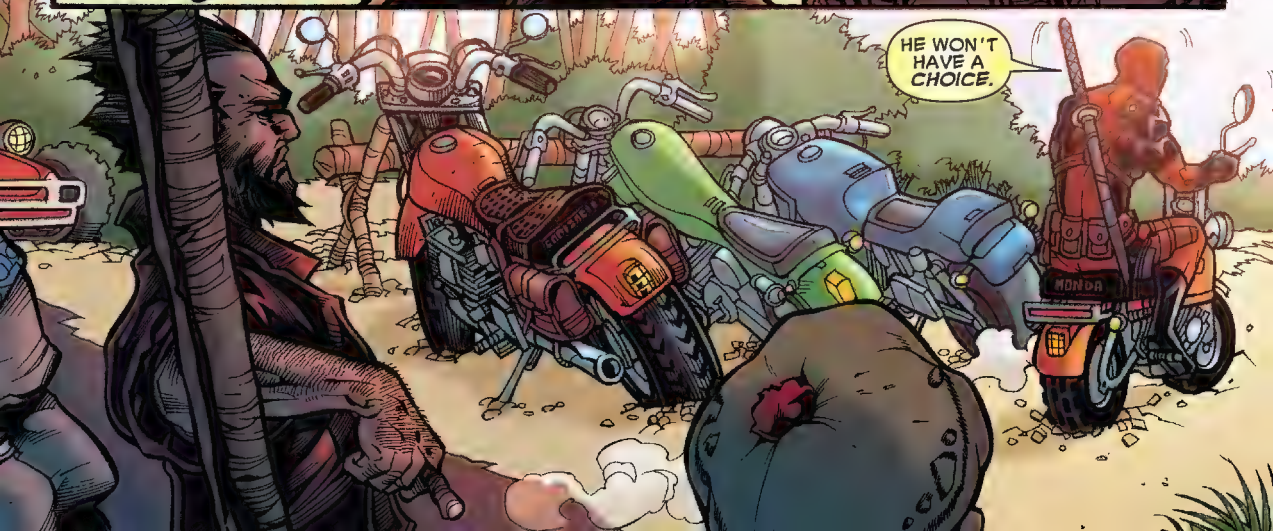
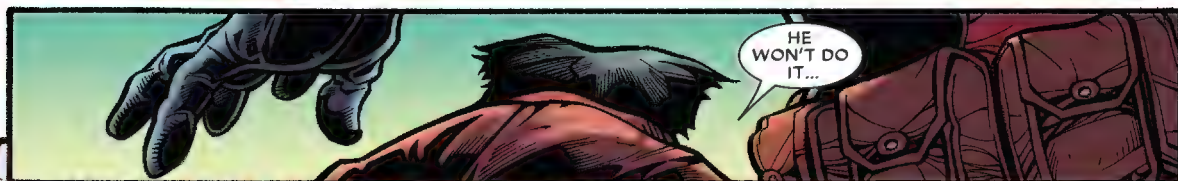
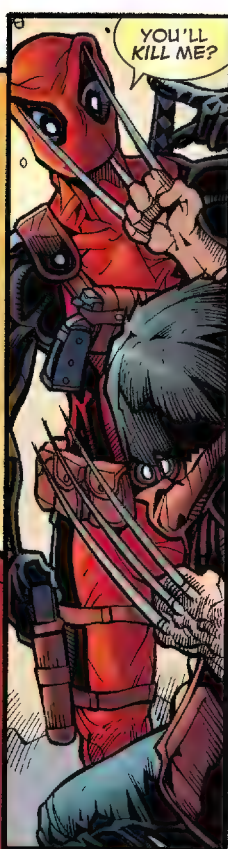
* IN WOLVERINE: ORIGINS #24

** IN WOLVERINE: ORIGINS #45

HOLY #\$\$%\$#8.

I JUST FIGURED IT OUT.





VLADIVOSTOK, RUSSIA; 5 DAYS AGO:

HELLO AGAIN,
FRIEND!

SO GLAD TO
SEE YOU, OUR BEST
CUSTOMER. WE BRING
FORKLIFT, LIKE YOU ASK--
TELL ME, WHAT IS OUR
BUSINESS HERE
TODAY?

I'M LOOKIN'
FOR AS MANY OF
THESE AS YOU
CAN GET.

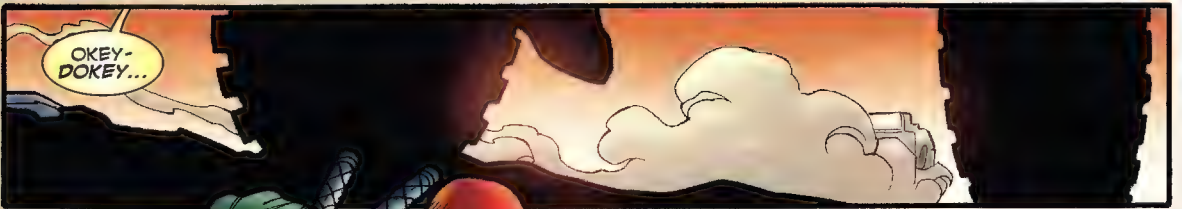
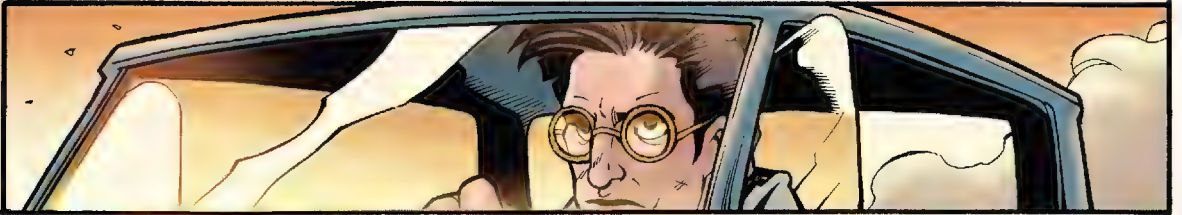
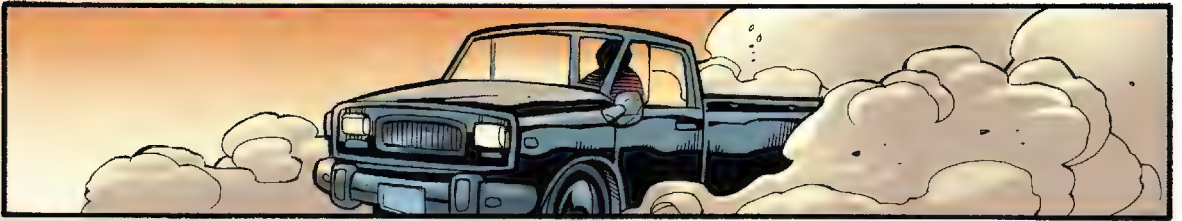
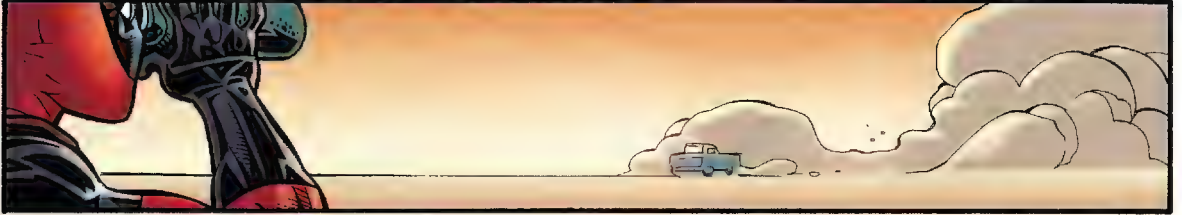
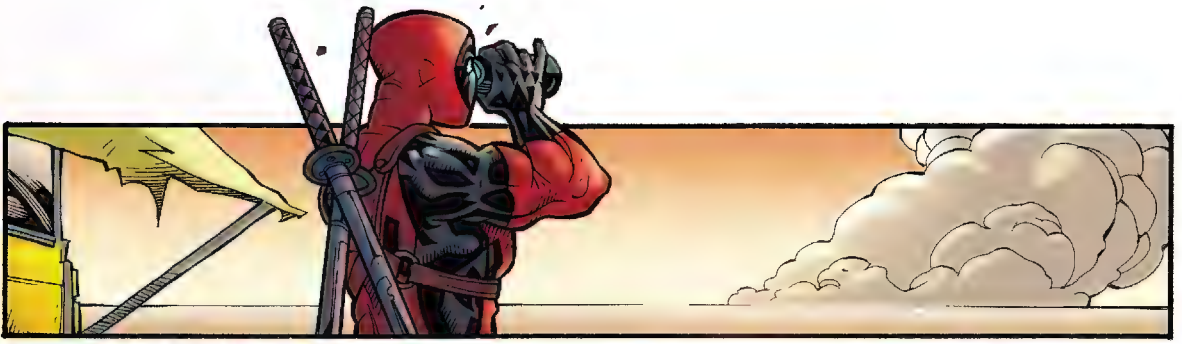
THESE ARE...
VERY DIFFICULT TO
OBTAIN. VERY RARE AND
MANY...RESTRICTIONS,
YOU UNDERSTAND?

I UNDERSTAND
COMPLETELY.

RYAN

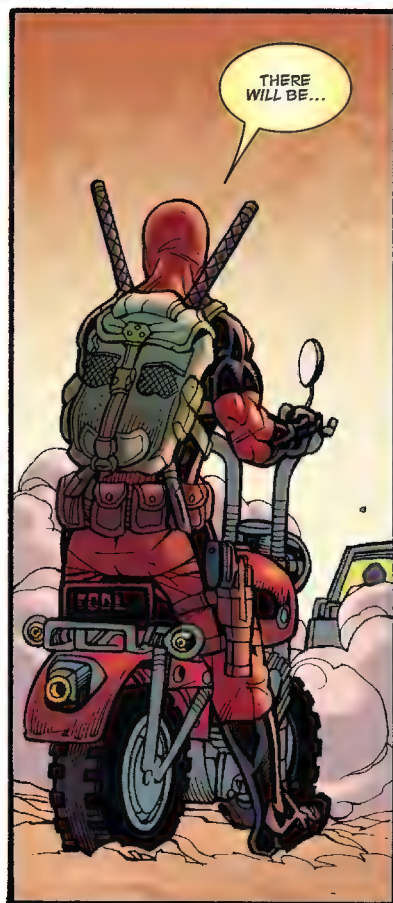
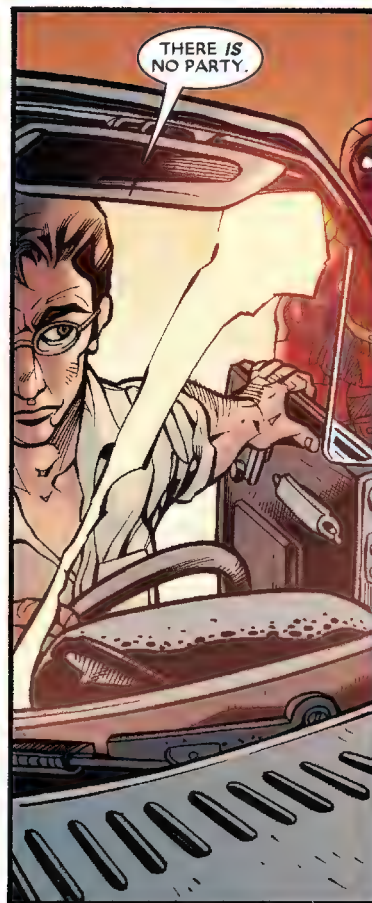
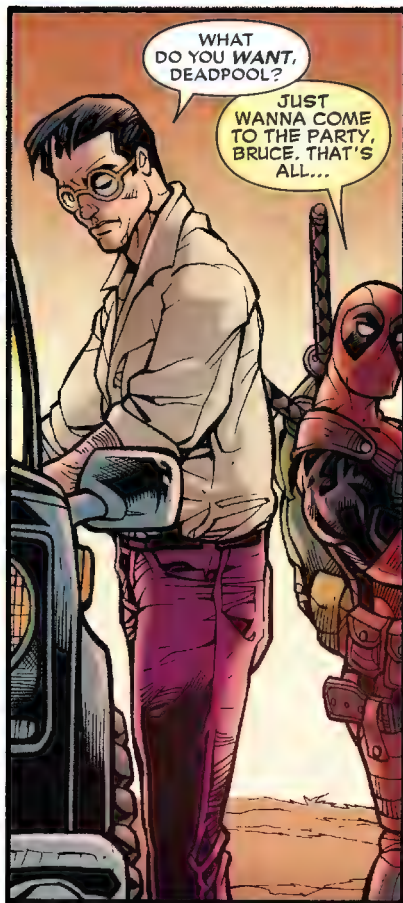
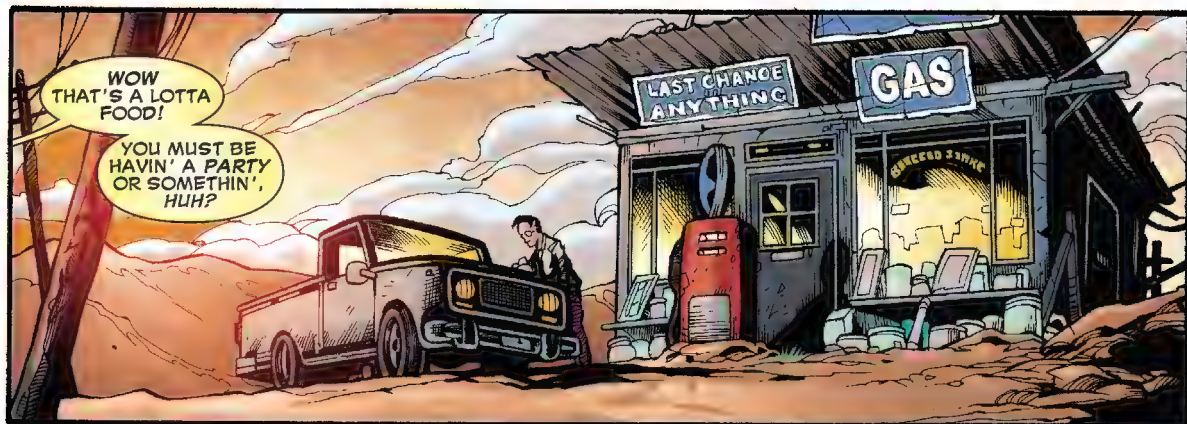
AND NOW
YOU UNDERSTAND
WHY YOU BROUGHT
THE FORKLIFT.

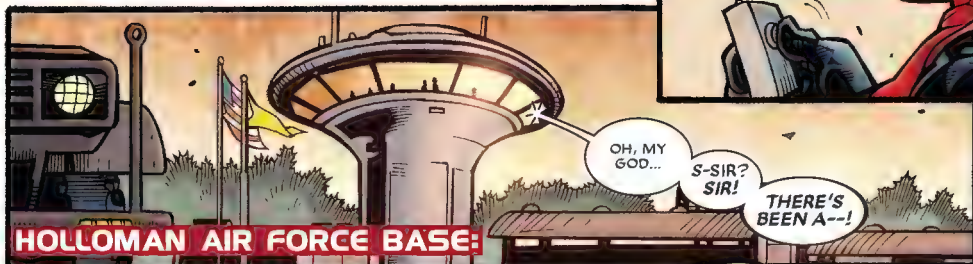
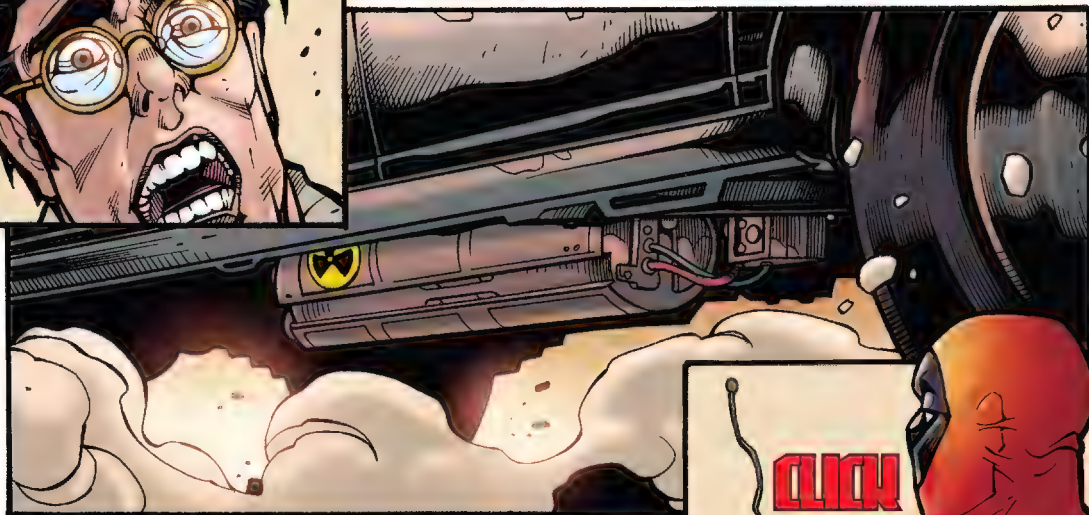
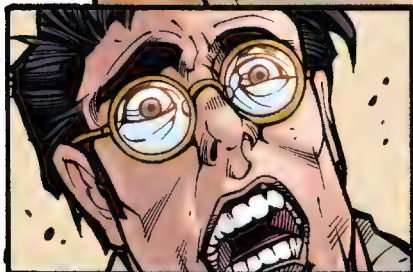
DELIVERY IN
THREE DAYS.

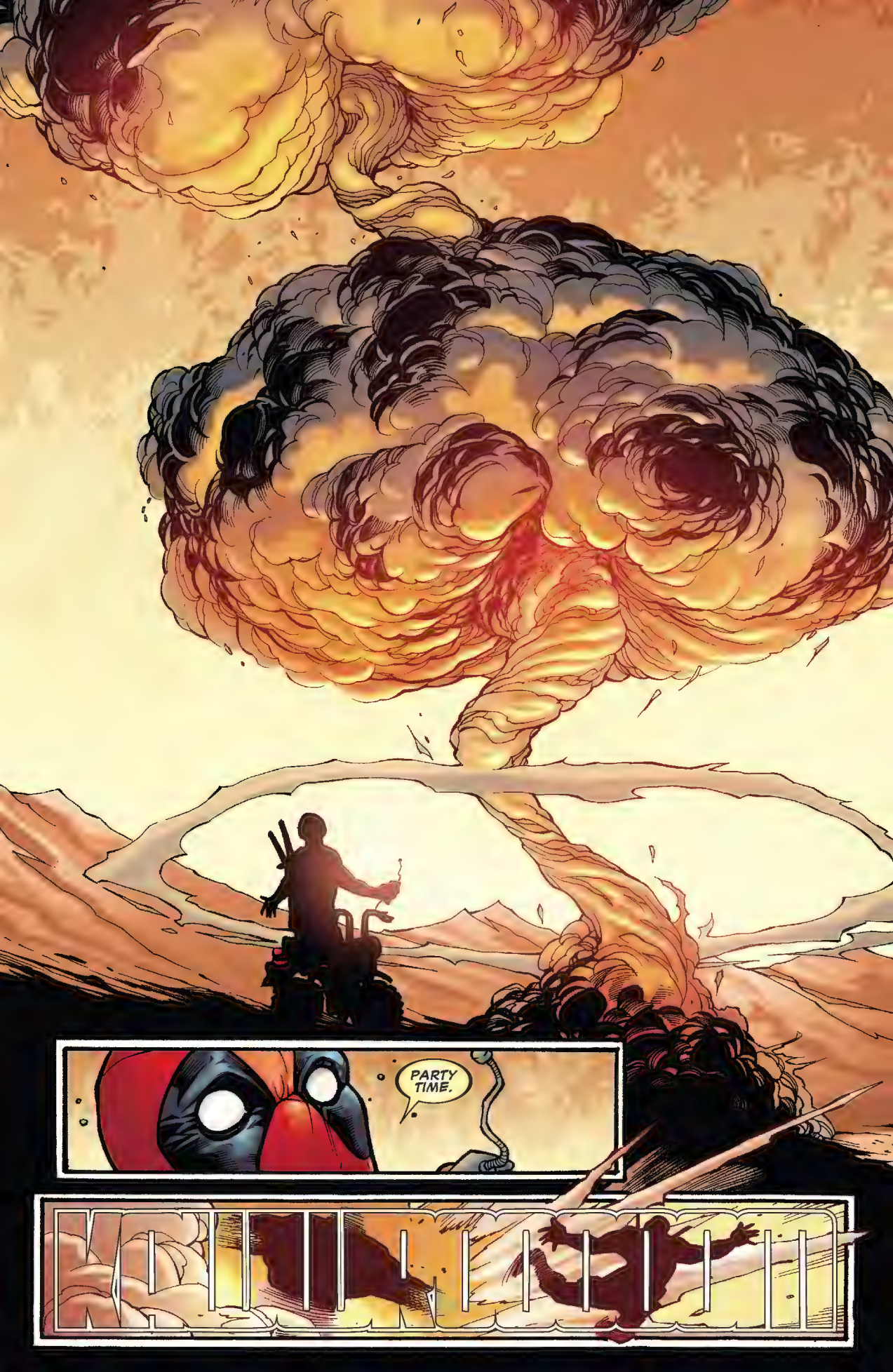


NEW MEXICO; TODAY:





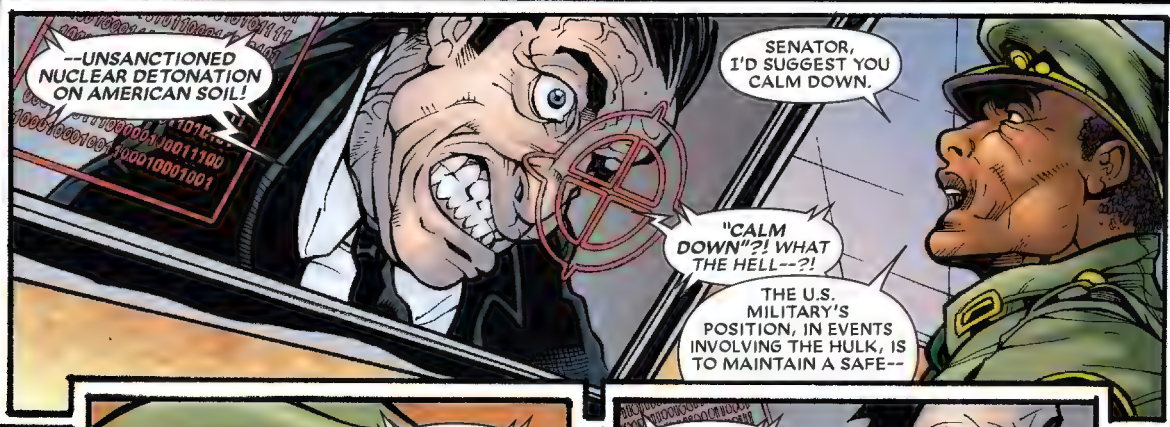


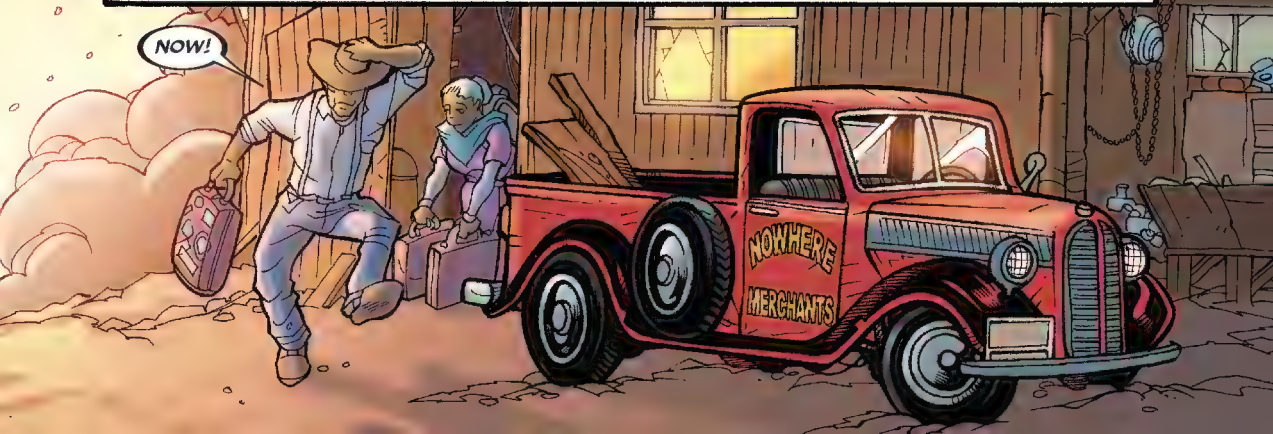
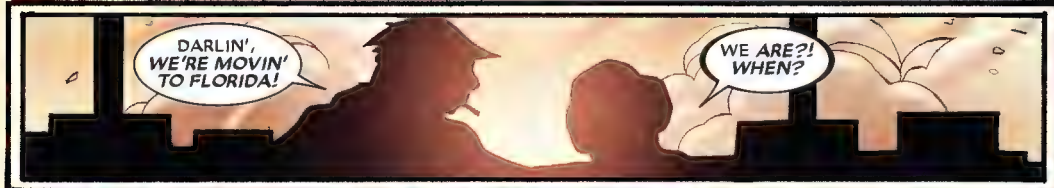
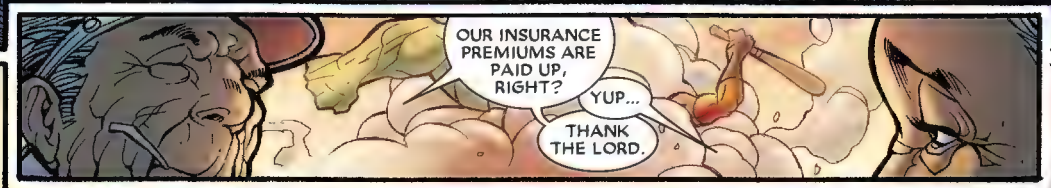
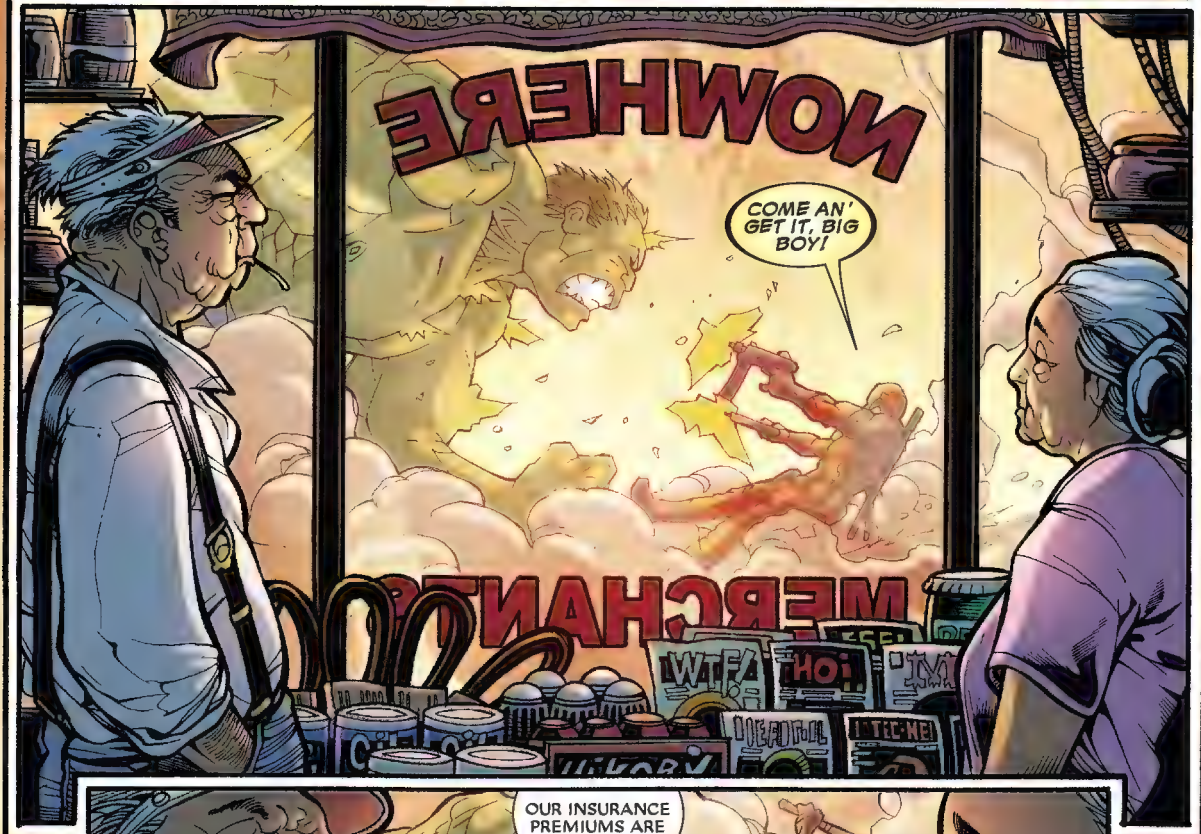
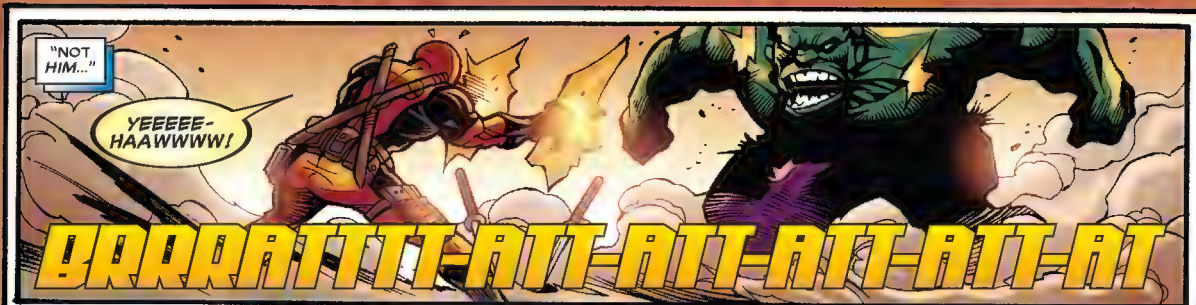


**YOU WANTED
HULK?**

**YOU GOT
HULK!**









HRRR-
RAAAHH!

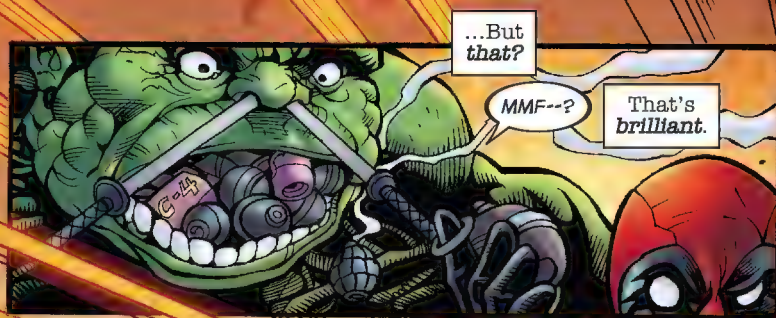
Maybe we should
talk *smack* about
him while we're
doing this?

YEAH, GET
HIM REALLY
RILED UP!

SMACK

AAAAHHH!!!

Or we could
do that...
That's good...



...But
that?

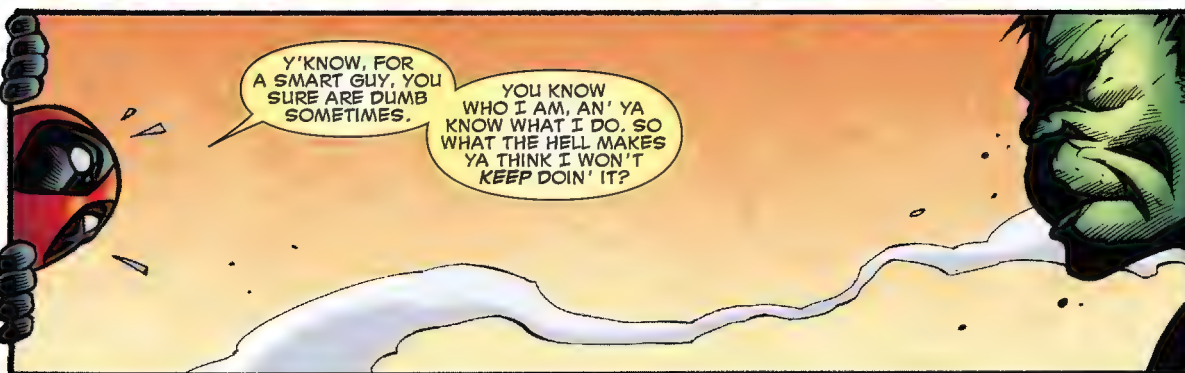
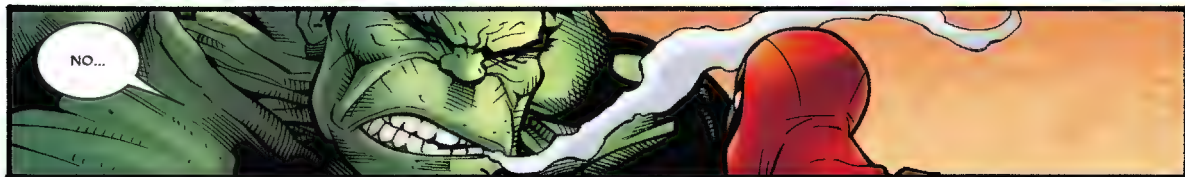
MMF--?

That's
brilliant.

BWAAAM

THANKS.

THAT MEANS
A LOT COMING
FROM ME.





UNITL
YOU DO...

...EXACTLY
WHAT I WANT
YOU TO DO.



I'M A 2,000-
POUND RADIOACTIVE
MONSTER.

I ONLY DO
WHAT I WANT
TO DO.



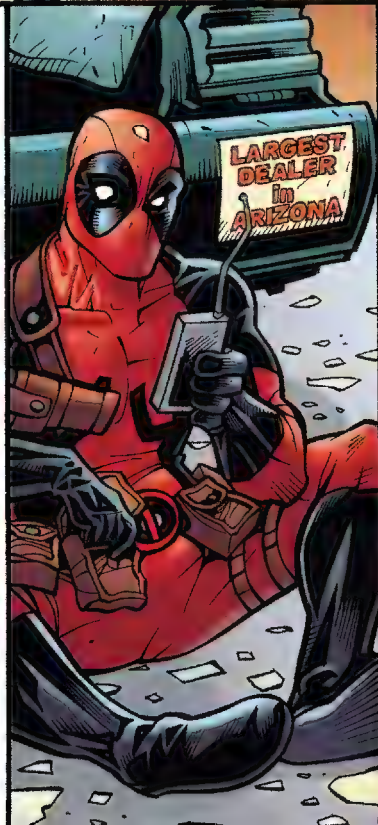
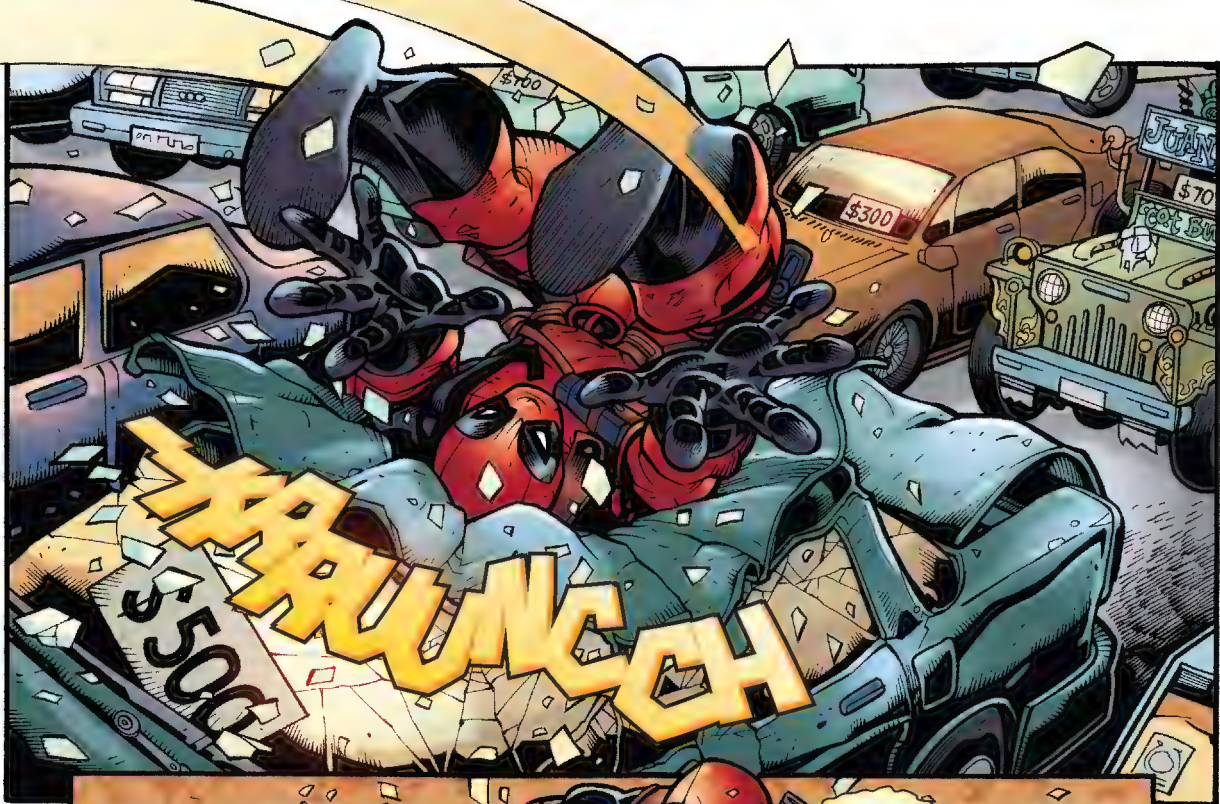
WELL, HOW
'BOUT THAT--THE
"GENIUS" FIGURED
IT OUT.

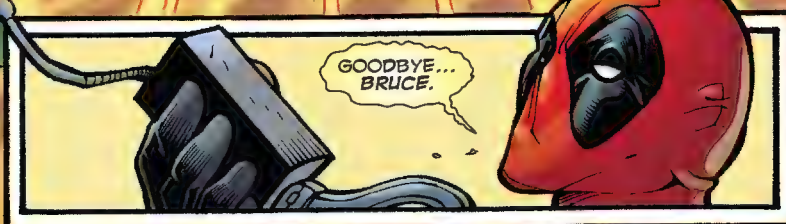
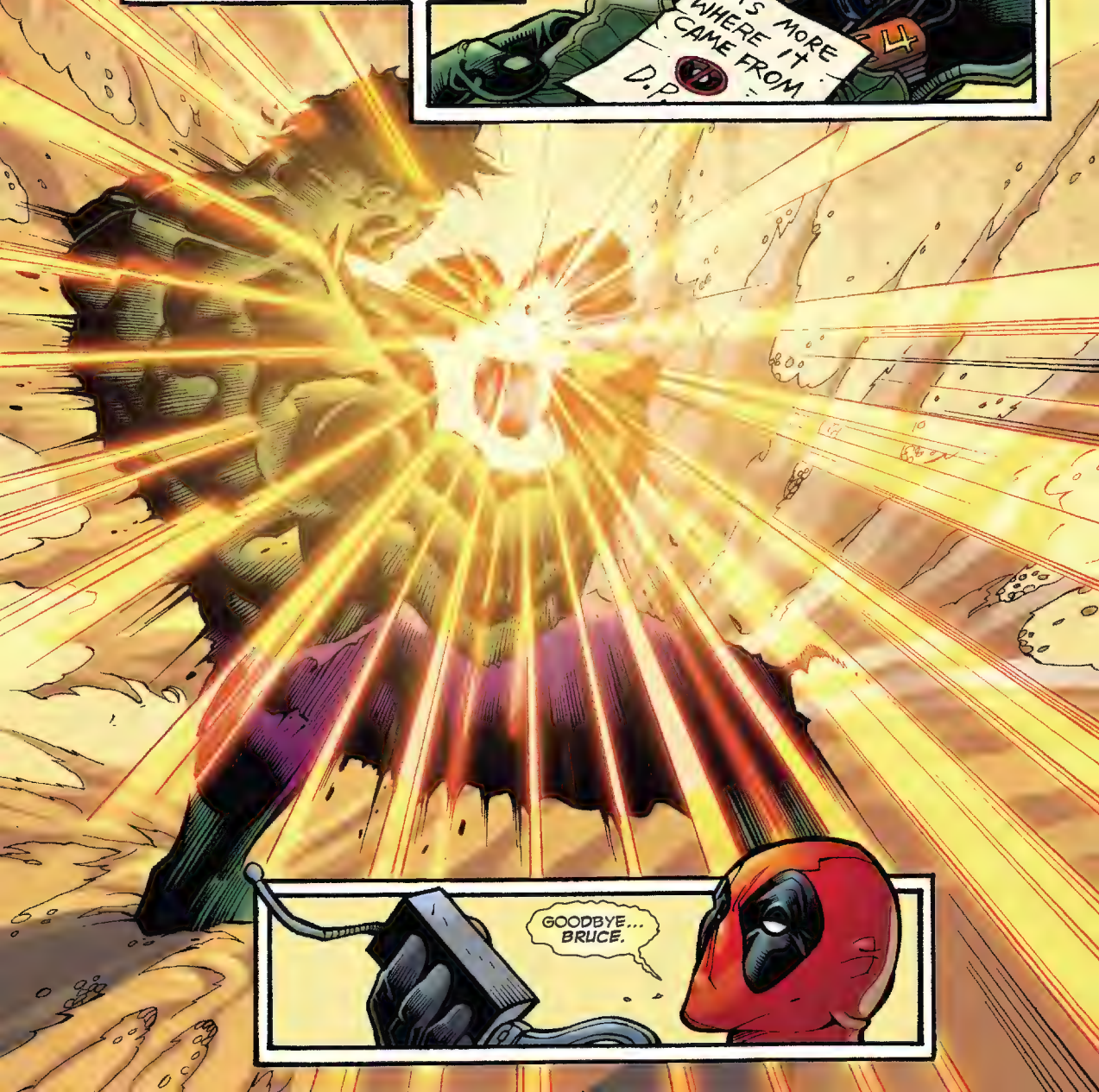
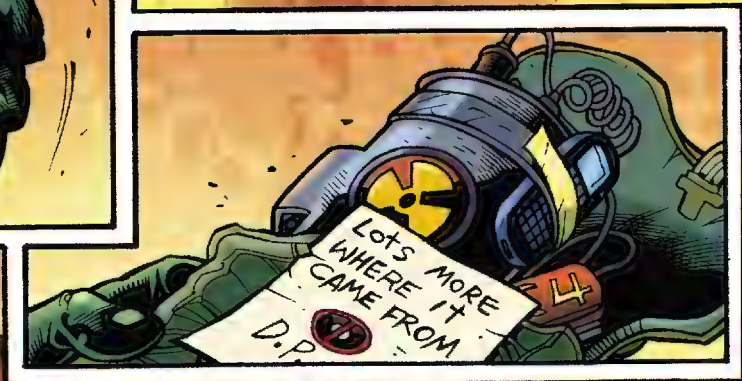
OF COURSE,
I HAD TO LEAD
HIM BY THE
SS#\$% NOSE
BEFORE HE--



GOODBYE,
WADE.

Flick









JOHNSON

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA:

--NO, THAT
WOULD MAKE
US LIARS.

WHAT I'M SAYING
IS THAT WE SAY DEADPOOL
FORCIBLY INFILTRATED OUR
PLANNED NUCLEAR DETONATION
TEST--WHICH WAS BEING CONDUCTED
UNDER STRICT SAFETY GUIDELINES
AND WHICH WAS PERFECTLY LEGAL
UNDER SOME OBSCURE MILITARY
CODE--AND MADE OFF WITH AN
UNDISCLOSED NUMBER OF
PORTABLE, NUCLEAR-
GRADE WEAPONS.

OH, 6##\$%...
DO WE HAVE TO
SAY THAT?

YES, SENATOR,
WE HAVE TO SAY
THAT--IF WE DON'T,
WE WON'T GET THE
RESOURCES
WE NEED.

WHAT
DO YOU
NEED?

EVERYTHING.

EVERY SOLDIER WE CAN
GET A PAIR OF BOOTS
ON. AND WE NEED
'EM NOW.

FLAGSTAFF NEEDS
TO BE EVACUATED
IMMEDIATELY.

OKAY,
I'LL, UH, DO
MY BEST.

NOW...THE
HULK.

"HE'S ON OUR
SIDE...RIGHT?"

"PRAY THAT HE
IS, SENATOR."

HRR
RA
AA
AA
A
HH
HH
HH

OPERATION: ANNIHILATION

PART TWO: CLEAR AND PRESENT ANGER



HEY--YOU MISSED!

He's holding back. Why?

WHERE...

HE'S TRYING TO INTERROGATE US.

...ARE THE NUKES?

That's not what we want.

NO, THAT'S NOT WHAT WE WANT AT ALL.

Y'KNOW WHAT?

I DON'T THINK I SHOULD SAY.

Yeah, especially since we don't have any more nukes...

DON'T SAY THAT OUT LOUD!

HERE'S WHAT I WILL SAY, THOUGH...

NOOOO--!



SOMEWHERE
IN THIS THRILLING
BODY OF MINE,
THERE'S A *TIINY* LITTLE
TRANSMITTER THAT I
HAD SURGICALLY
IMPLANTED.



EVERY HOUR, STARTING NOW,
IT'S GOING TO SEND OUT A
PULSE THAT'LL TRIGGER
A RANDOMLY PLACED
TACTICAL NUKE.

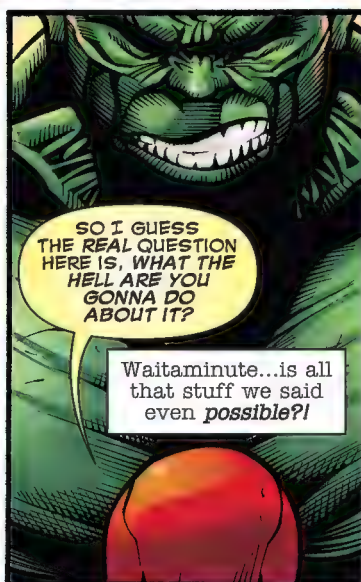
AND Y'KNOW
WHAT THE COOLEST
PART IS?

That none of that is
true, and that we made
it all up on the spot?



THE TRANSMITTER?
IT'S POWERED BY MY
BODY'S NATURAL
ELECTRICAL
CURRENT.

Wow, that
is cool!



SO I GUESS
THE REAL QUESTION
HERE IS, WHAT THE
HELL ARE YOU
GONNA DO
ABOUT IT?

Waitamminute...is all
that stuff we said
even *possible*?!



YOU'RE THE
MEGA-BRAINY
SCIENTIST--FIGURE
IT OUT.



What's he doing?
Thinking?



YEAH.



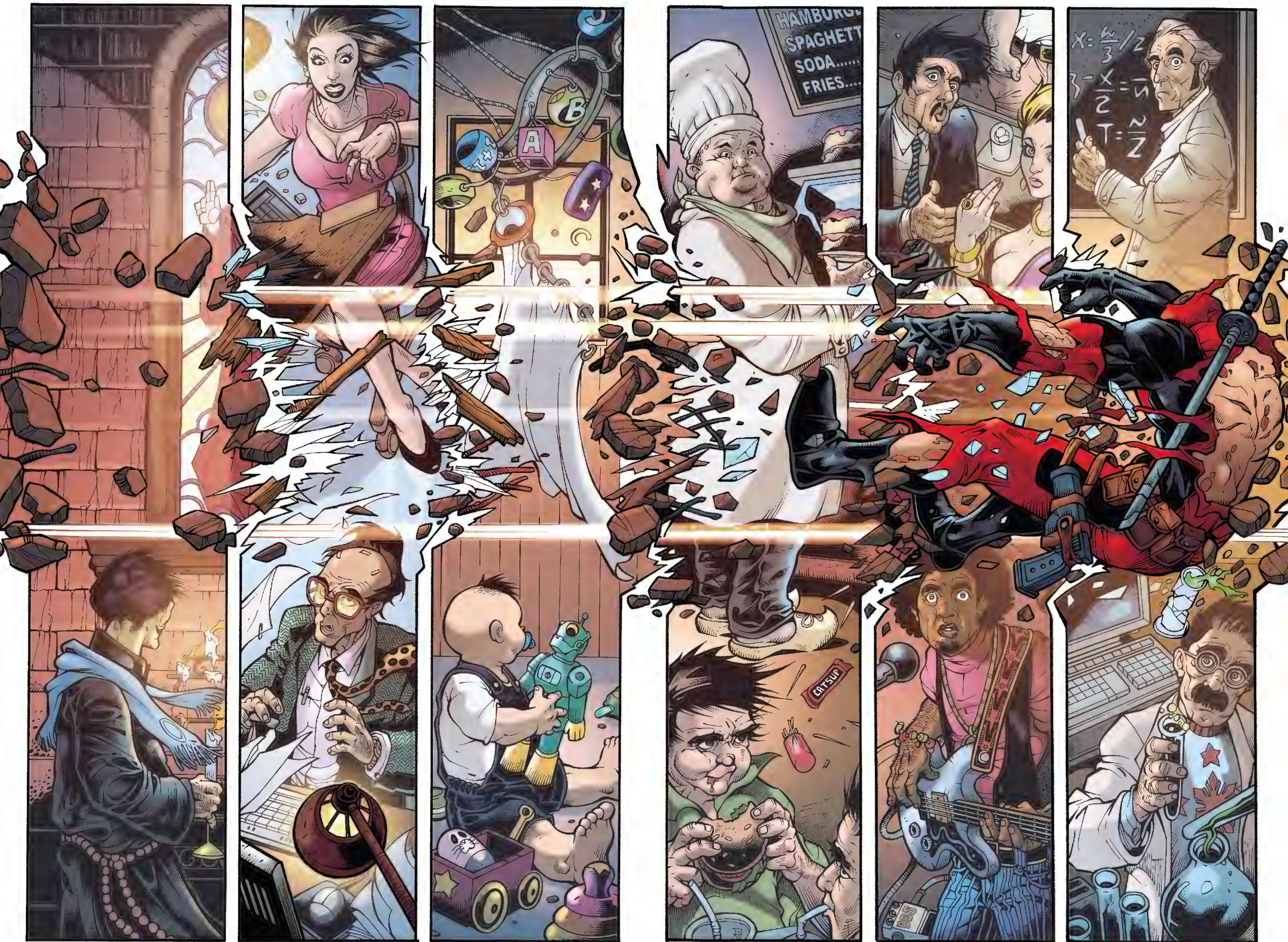
AND HE'S,
UH...

...GETTING
BIGGER?

YOU'RE A
MONSTER.

TAKES
ONE TO KNOW
ONE.

YEAH.







DID IT
WORK?
I MEAN,
AM I....?

DEAD?



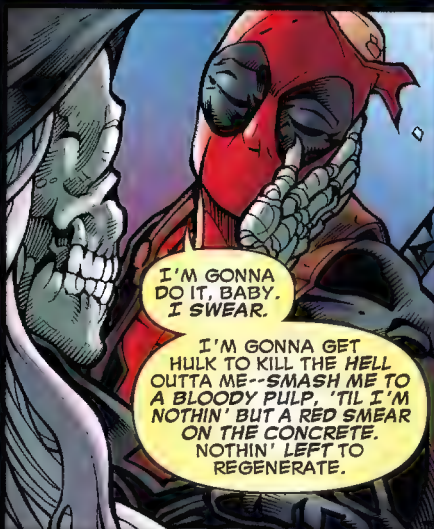
YES, BUT ONLY
MOMENTARILY.

DAMMIT--
DAMMIT--
DAMMIT!!

SOON, YOUR
HEALING FACTOR
WILL DRAG YOU BACK
INTO THE WORLD
OF THE LIVING...

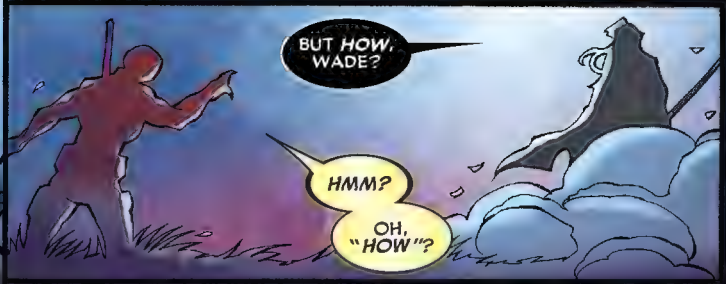


...AND
BEYOND MY
REACH.



I'M GONNA
DO IT, BABY.
I SWEAR.

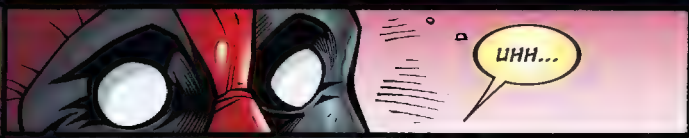
I'M GONNA GET
HULK TO KILL THE HELL
OUTTA ME--SMASH ME TO
A BLOODY PULP, 'TIL I'M
NOTHIN' BUT A RED SMEAR
ON THE CONCRETE.
NOTHIN' LEFT TO
REGENERATE.



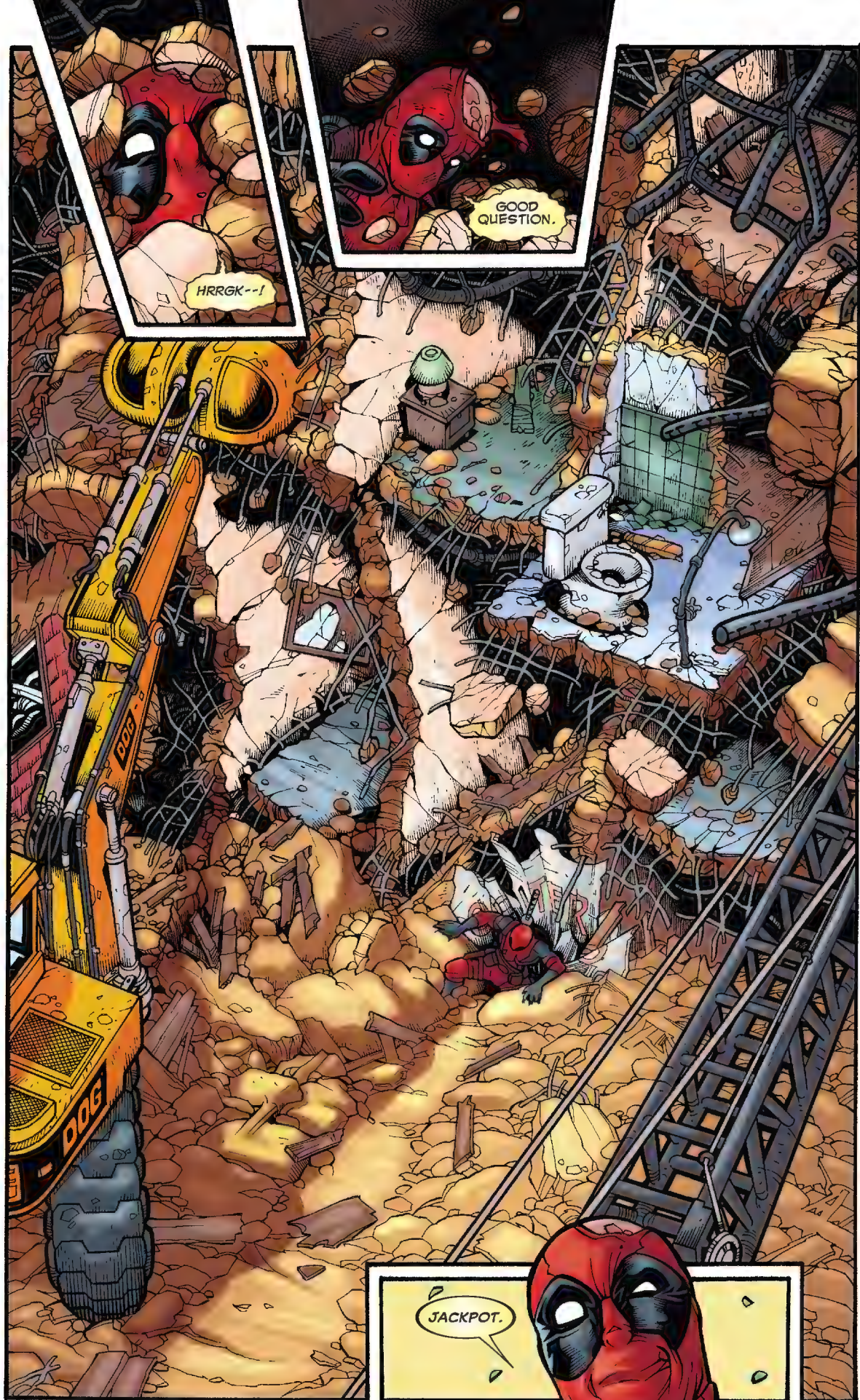
BUT HOW,
WADE?

HMM?

OH,
"HOW"?



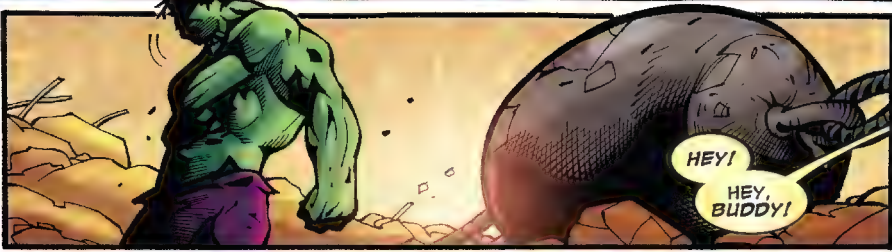
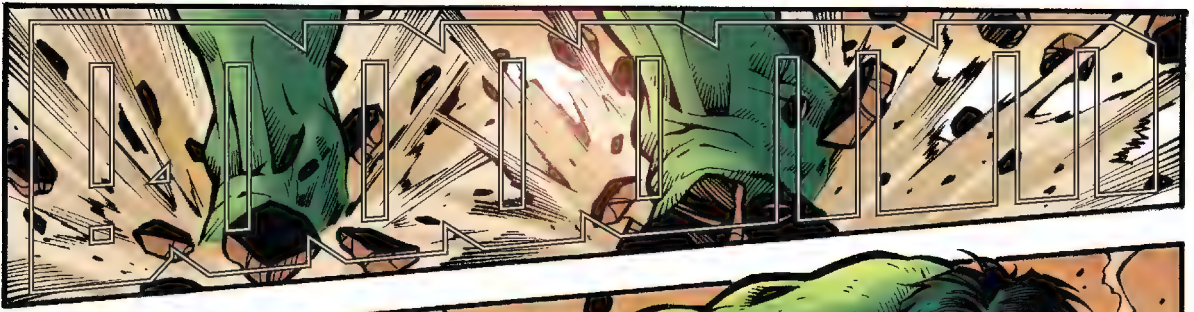
UHH...



HRRGK--!

GOOD
QUESTION.

JACKPOT.





YEAH...
RIGHT.

THERE
YA GO...

PLANT
THOSE FEET
AAAAND...

HHHHRRRRRR--!

"...BINGO."

KCHUNK

WAAAAAAAAAAAAA

-ZIP

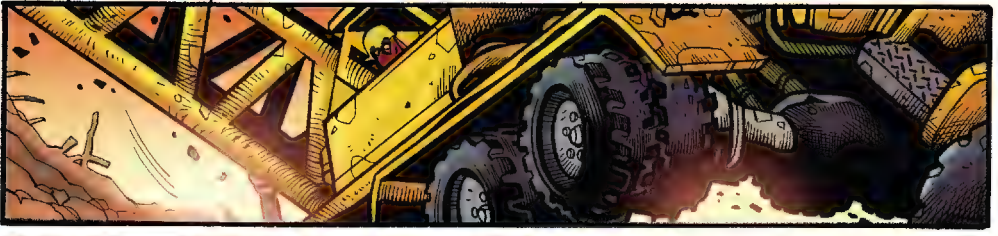


WHAT THE HELL...?



"WHAT THE HELL IS DEADPOOL
THINKING? THAT'S NOT
GONNA HURT HULK--IT'S JUST
GONNA MAKE HIM Madder...
AND STRONGER."

"PRETTY DAMN
STUPID SINCE,
SOONER OR
LATER..."



"...HE'S GOTTA
LET 'IM GO."





THIS IS GONNA WORK! THIS...THIS IS WORKING! HE'S TOTALLY BERSERK!

YEAH. I KNOW.

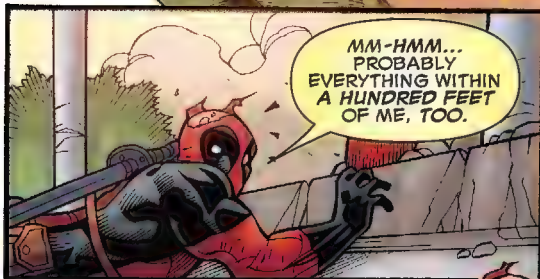
#WINNING

Wow, look at that guy!

His rage-o-meter is totally maxed-out!

I'M HALLUCINATING THAT PART, I THINK.

Well, *yeah*, but...the Hulk part is real! He's gonna *mega smash* us into, like, *sub-atomic particles*!



MM-HMM... PROBABLY EVERYTHING WITHIN A HUNDRED FEET OF ME, TOO.



IT'S GONNA BE...

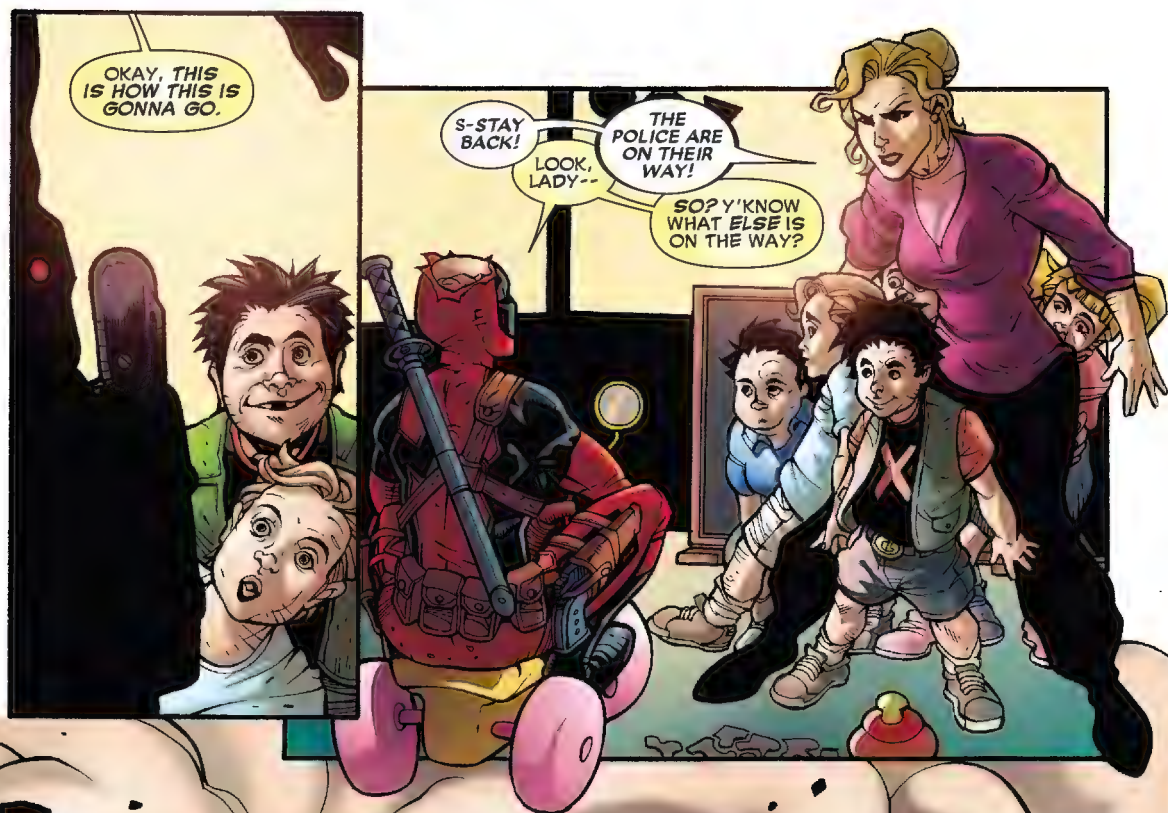


EPIC...



39

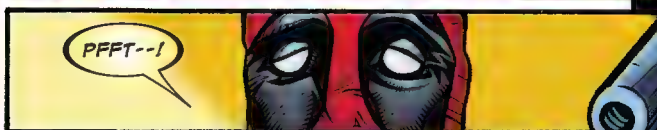
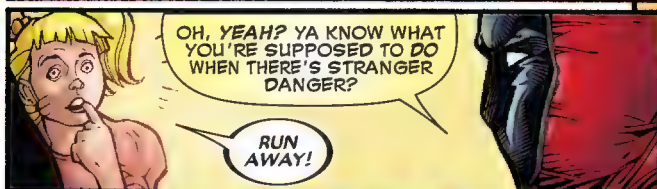




"ABOUT TWO THOUSAND POUNDS OF GAMMA-POWERED STRANGER DANGER!"

OPERATION: ANNIHILATION

PART THREE: WOMEN & CHILDREN FIRST



YO!

IN
HERE!

HRRRAAAAAHHHH!

Wonder where
they went?

THE KIDS? PROBABLY
HOLED UP SOMEWHERE
IN THE BUILDING.

What if the building
comes down? 'Cause
that seems like a *really*
good possibility...

AH,
CRAP.



NO,
LIEUTENANT.
HULK'S
LOST IT.

"HULK'S
LOSING IT."



OR RATHER,
BANNER'S
LOST IT...

YOU DON'T
THINK HE'S
CONTROLLING
IT ANYMORE?

I THINK HE'S
CHECKED OUT
COMPLETELY.

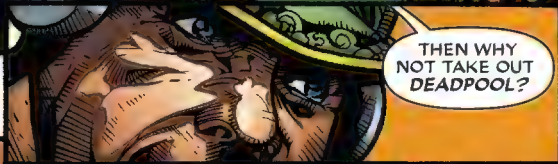


SHOULD WE
CALL IN THE
AVENGERS?

I'M SURE
THEY ALREADY KNOW
ABOUT IT. THEY'RE PROBABLY
KEEPING THEIR DISTANCE FOR
THE SAME REASON
WE ARE.

BECAUSE
ATTACKING HULK
WOULD ONLY MAKE
HIM STRONGER?

YEAH. AND MORE
DESTRUCTIVE.



THEN WHY
NOT TAKE OUT
DEADPOOL?



WE ALREADY
HAVE HIM ON
SATELLITE--ALL
WE'D HAVE TO DO
IS DIAL HIM IN AN'
DROP A SMART
BOMB ON HIM.

WITH DEADPOOL
OUTTA THE PICTURE,
THERE'S NOTHING FOR
HULK TO RAGE ABOUT,
SO...HE'LL CALM
DOWN, RIGHT?



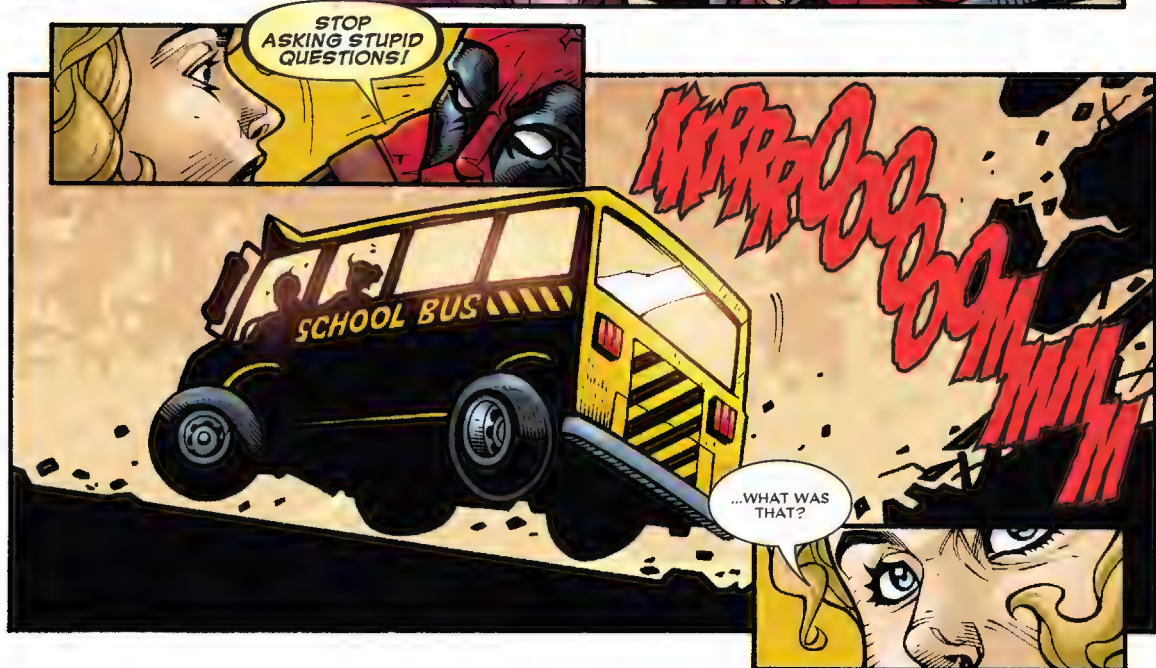
THAT'S...
NOT A BAD
IDEA.

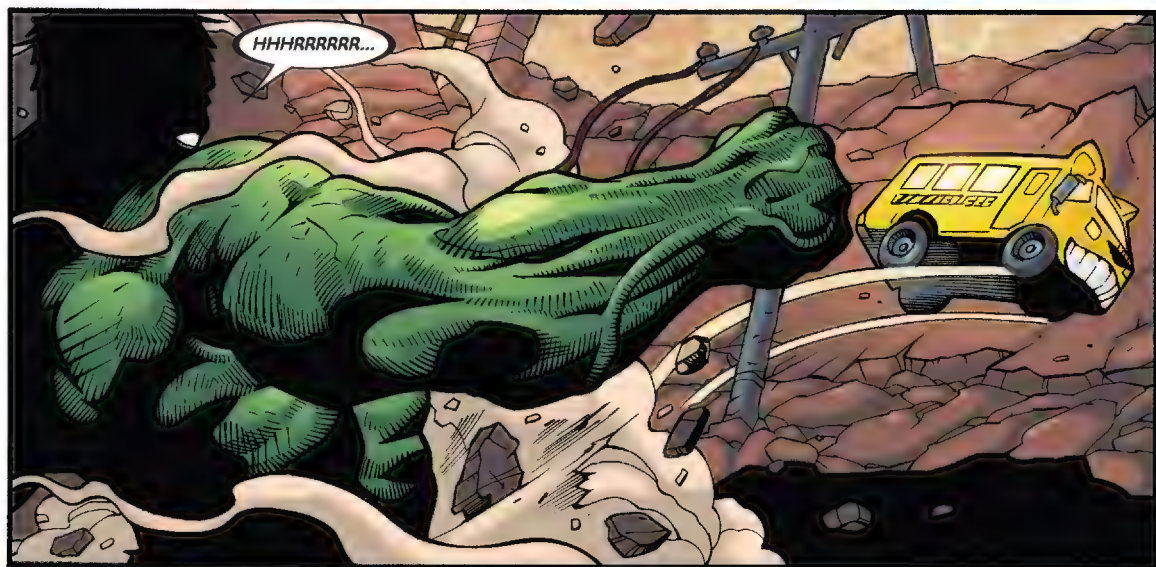
LOCK
DEADPOOL'S
SIGNATURE
WHILE I CALL
INTO--

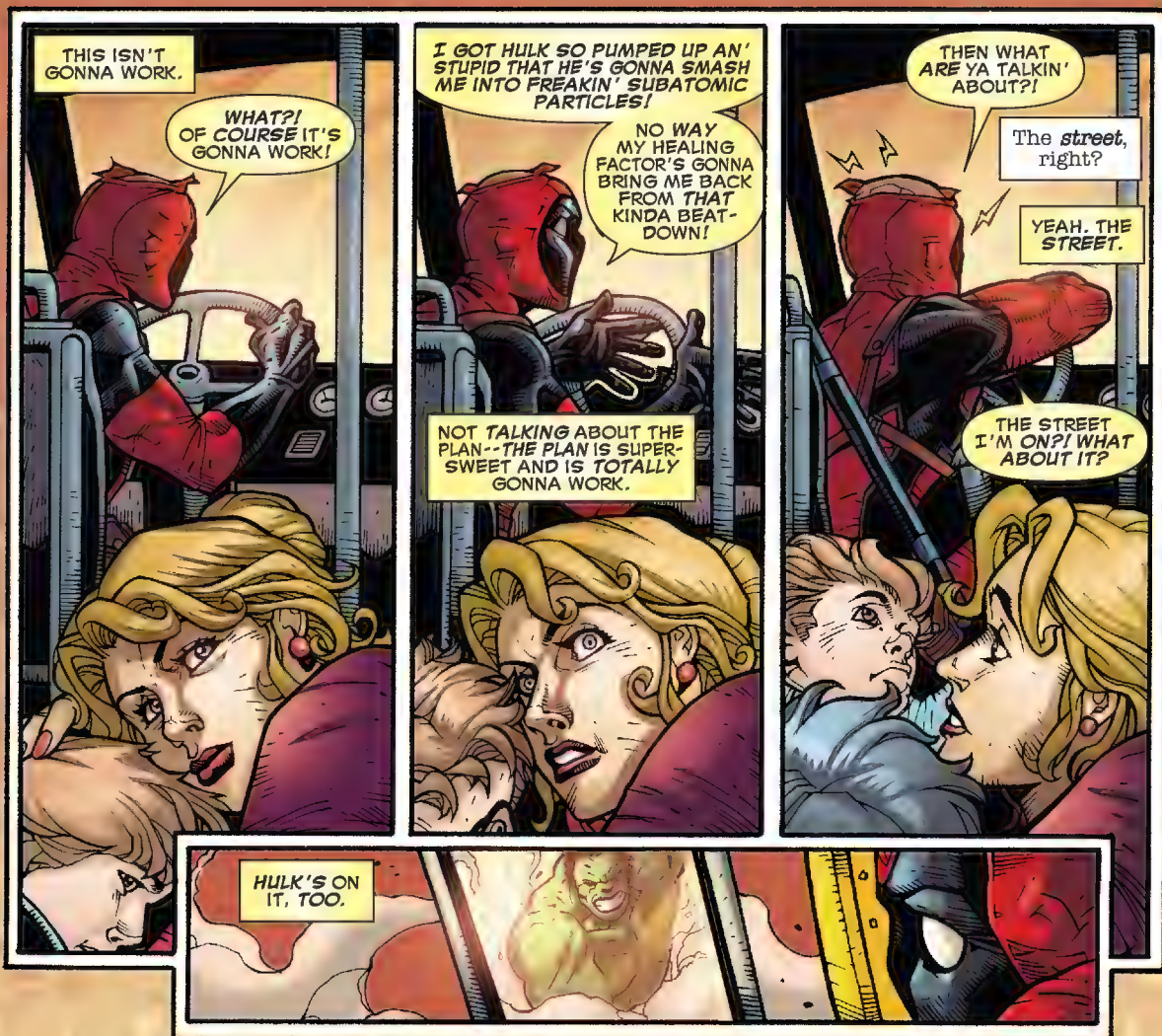
OH,
#&%\$...

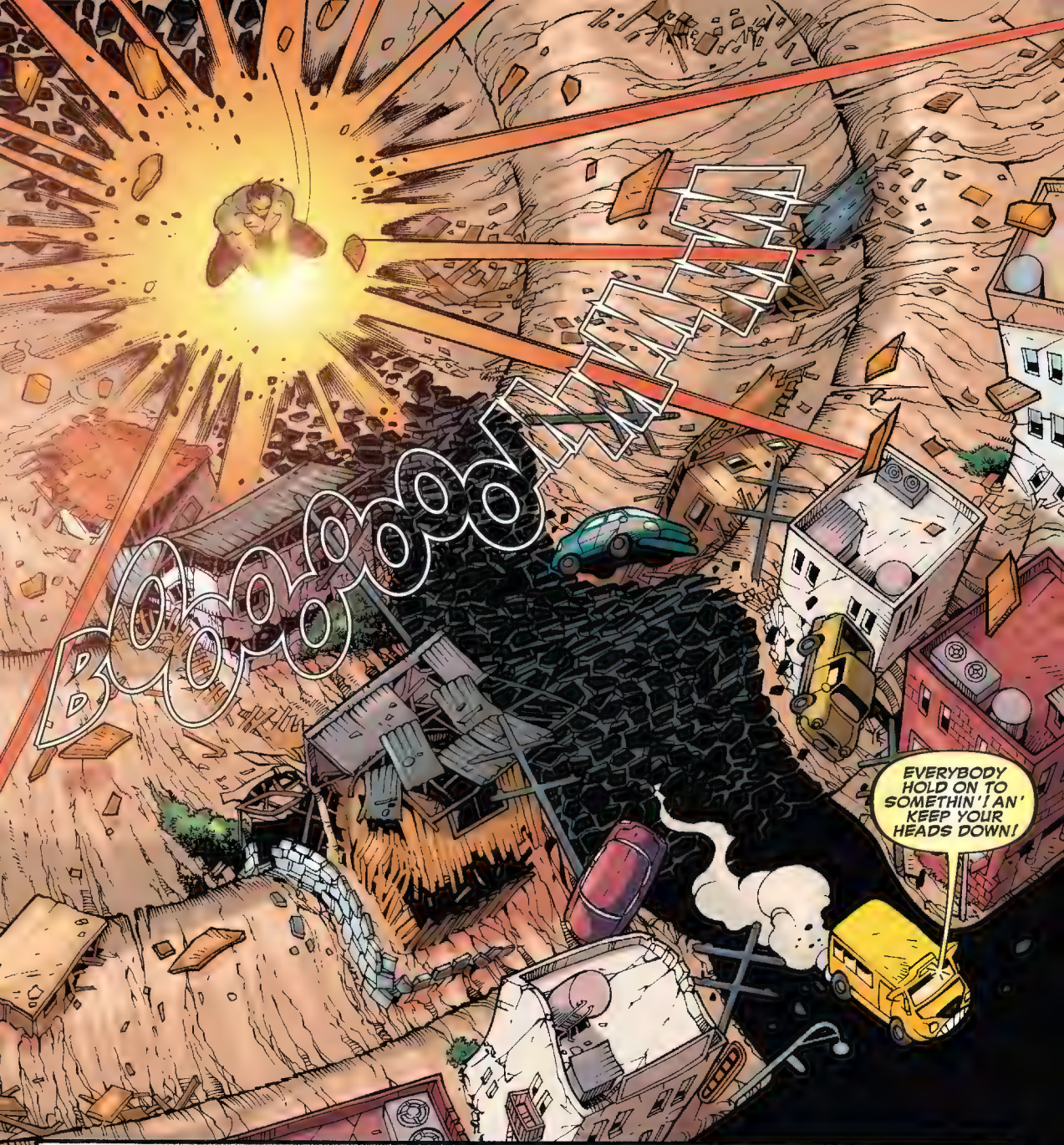


IT IS A
BAD IDEA,
SIR.







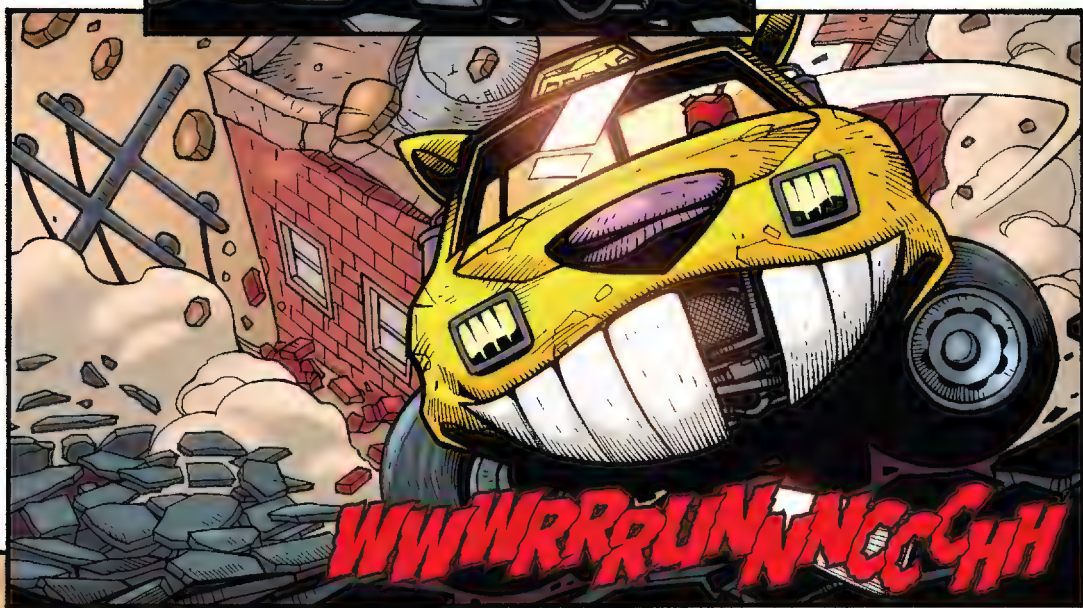
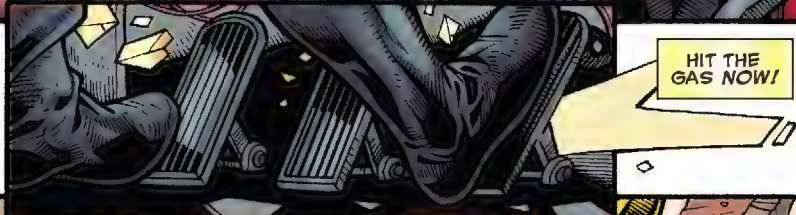
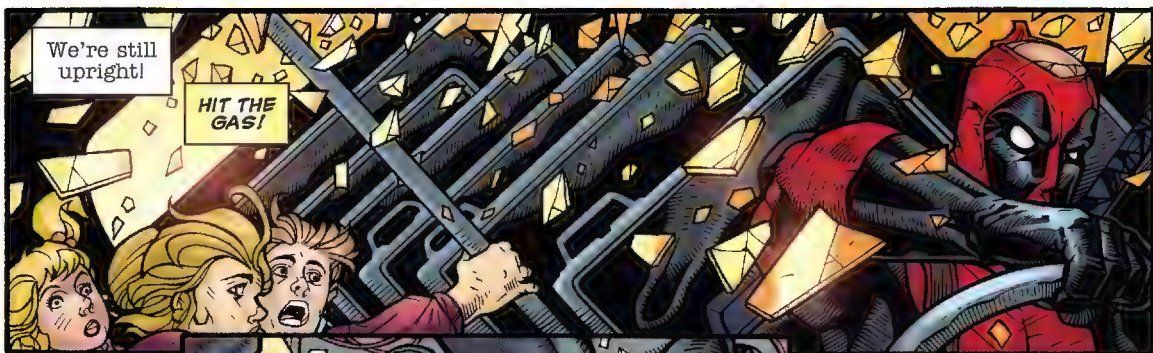


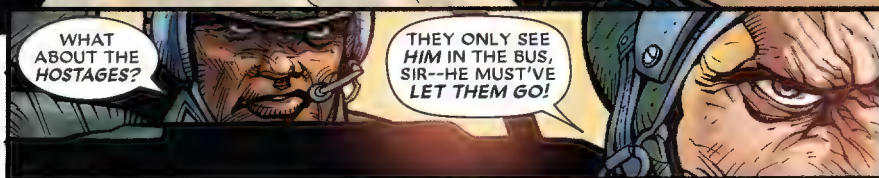
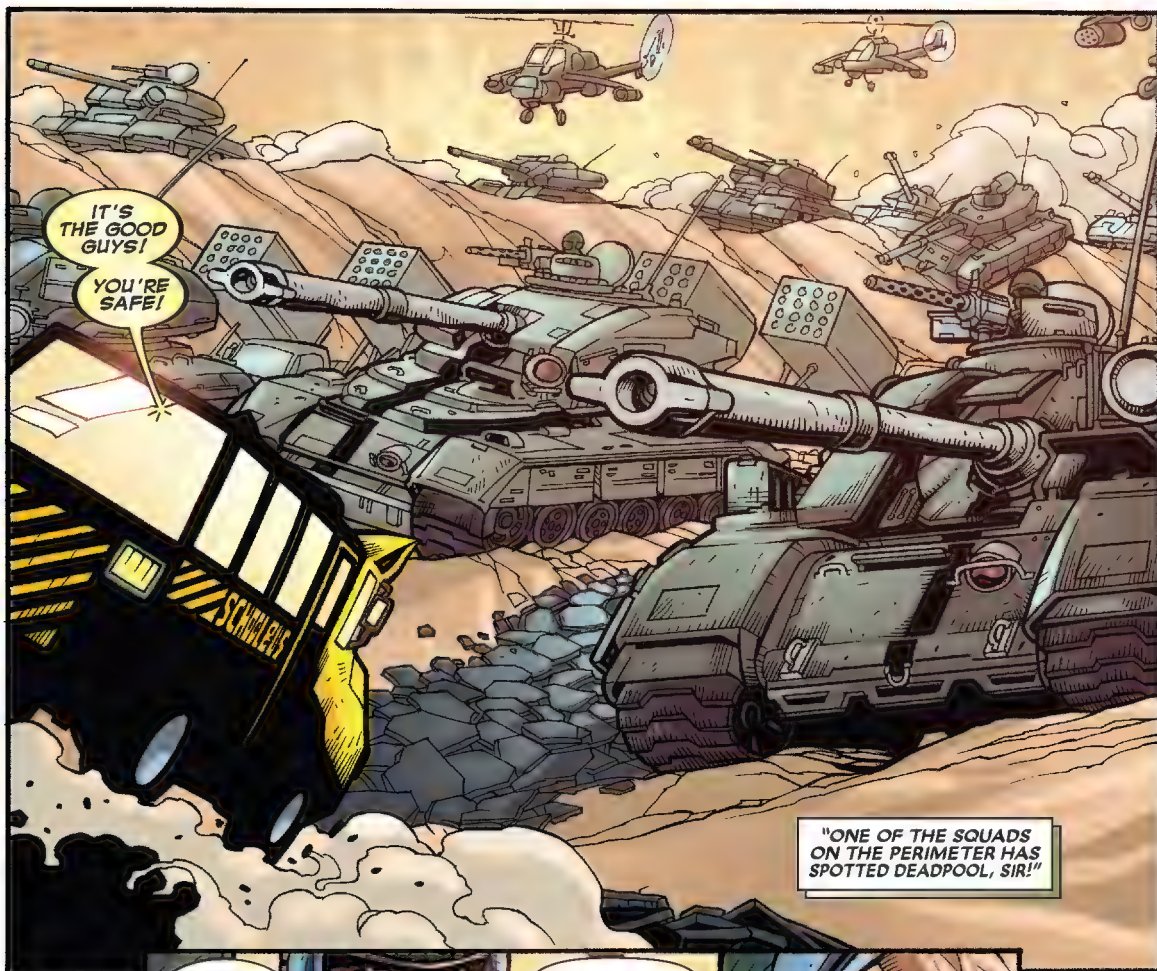
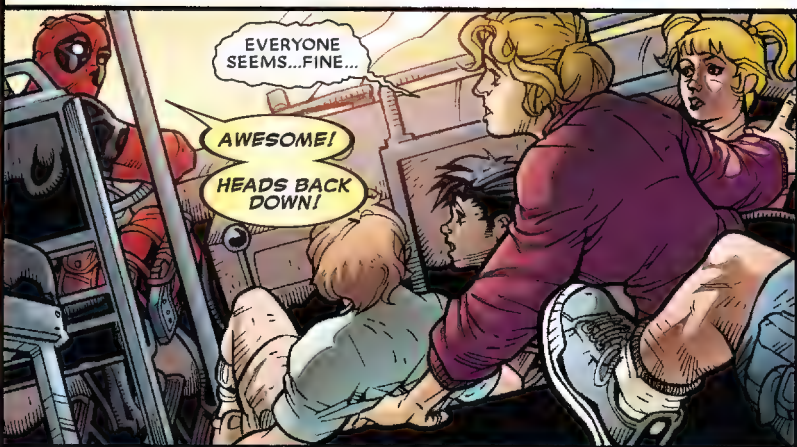
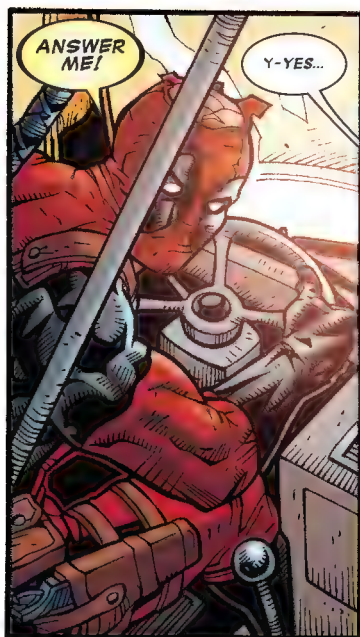
EVERYBODY
HOLD ON TO
SOMETHIN'! AN'
KEEP YOUR
HEADS DOWN!

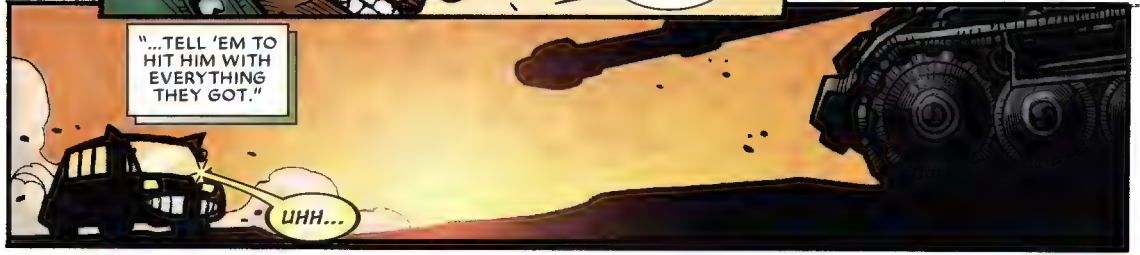


SKRRREEEEEEEECHHHH











B-TWO OMM

OH,
THAT'S JUST
GREAT!

NOW
HULK'S GONNA
GO AFTER THE
ARMY GUYS!

IT'S NOT
FAIR!

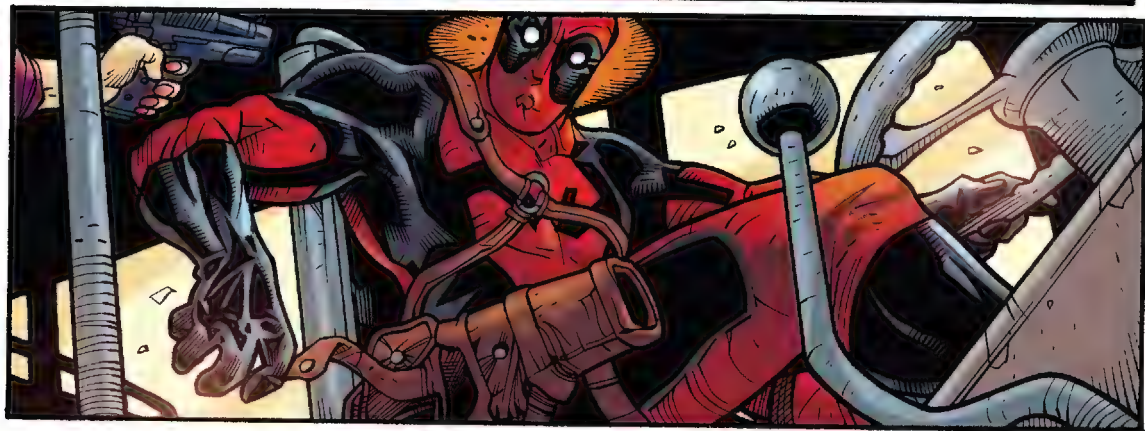
"ALL THEY DID WAS
SHOOT 'IM ONCE
BY ACCIDENT!"

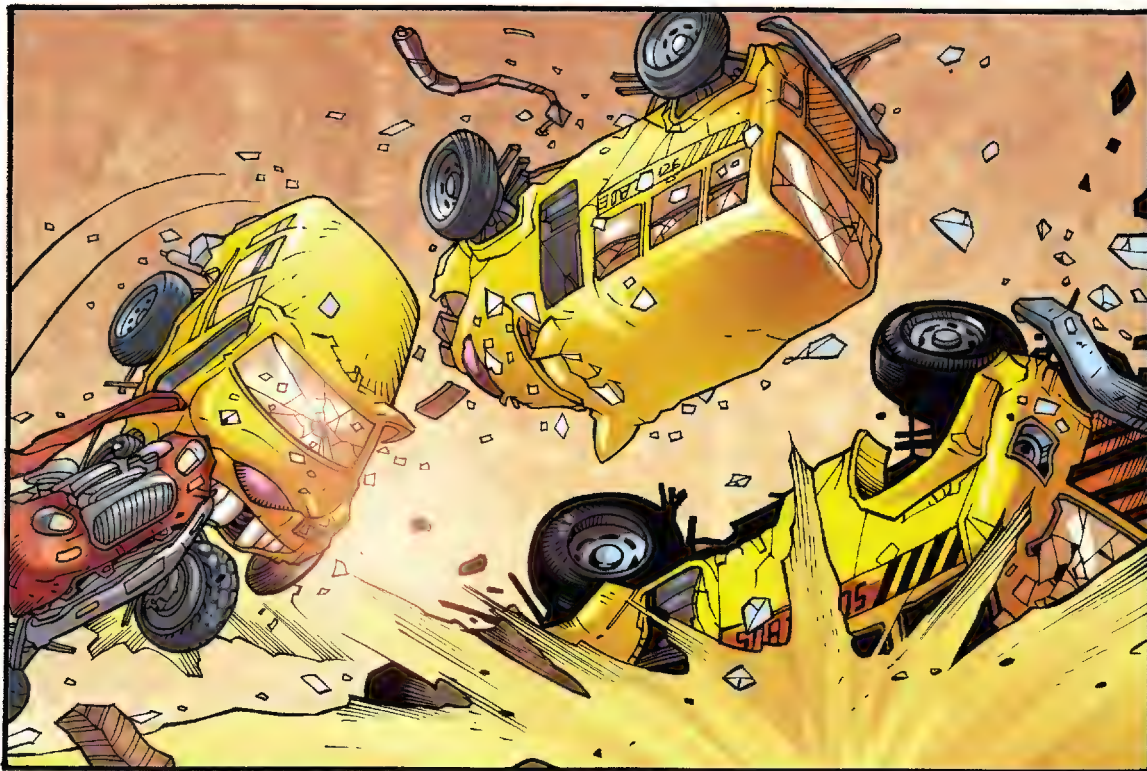
"I NUKED
HIS GREEN
ASS TWICE!"

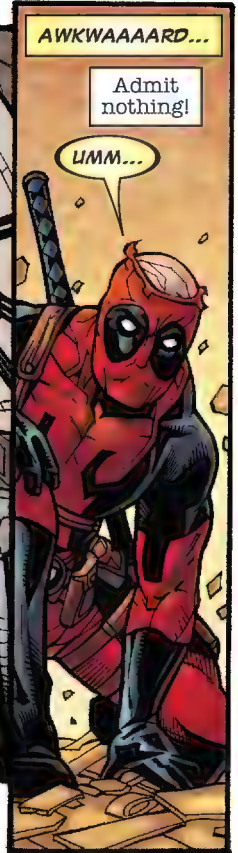
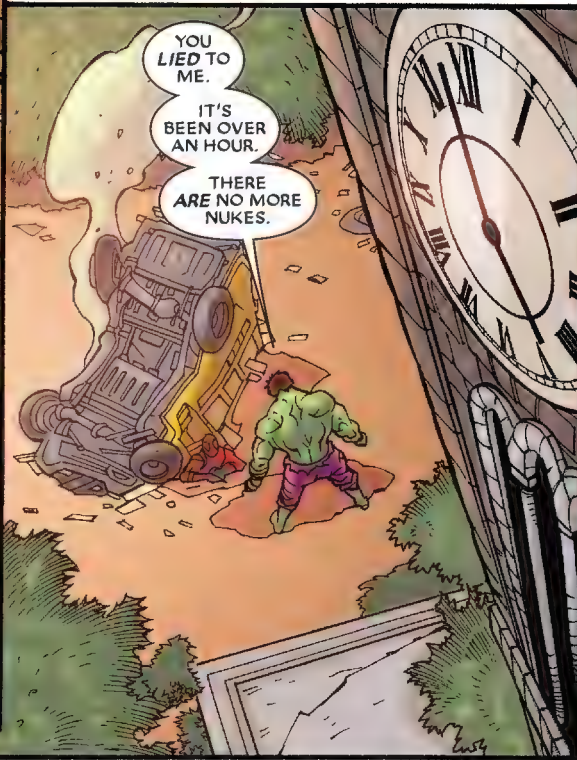
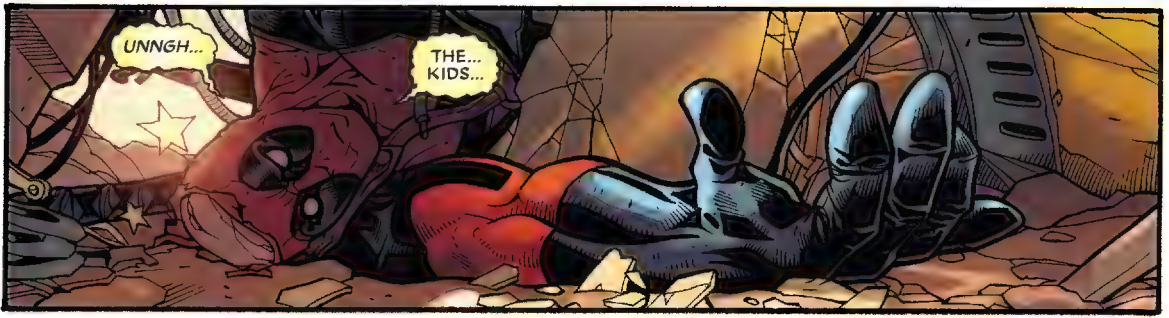
"ON
PURPOSE!"



THEN IT'S
YOUR LUCKY
DAY.









WELL,
YOU CAN STILL
KILL ME!

C'MON!
I DESERVE
IT!



IS THAT
WHAT THIS
WAS ALL ABOUT?
THIS WAS...A
PLOY?

WHAT'S
A PLOY?

Like a *plan*,
only *more*
smarter.

TO GET
ME TO KILL
YOU?



UH,
YEAH?!

IT'S NOT
LIKE I CAN
JUST, Y'KNOW,
GET SHOT IN THE
HEAD AN' THAT'S
IT...I GOT THIS
NUTTY HEALING
FACTOR,
MAN!

AND YOU
THOUGHT I
COULD--



SMASH!



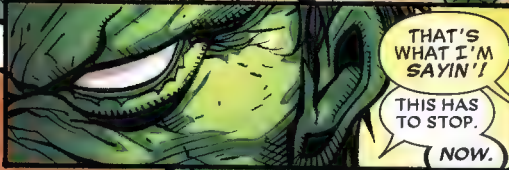
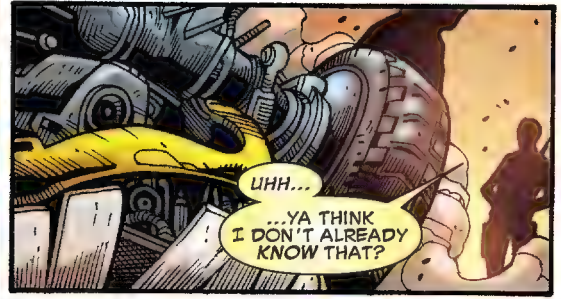
NOTHING
LEFT. NOTHING
TO COME BACK
FROM.

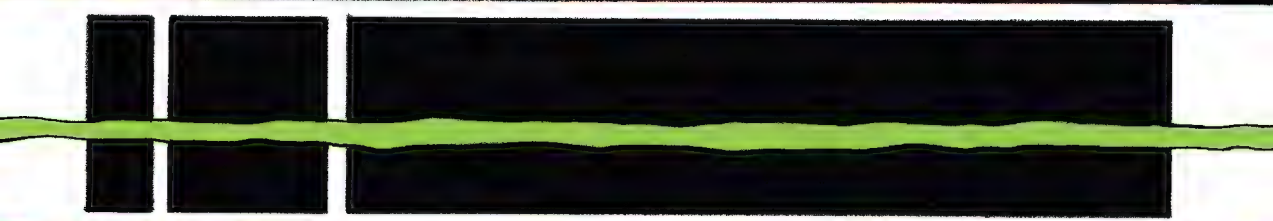
TOTAL
ANNIHILATION.



SO...

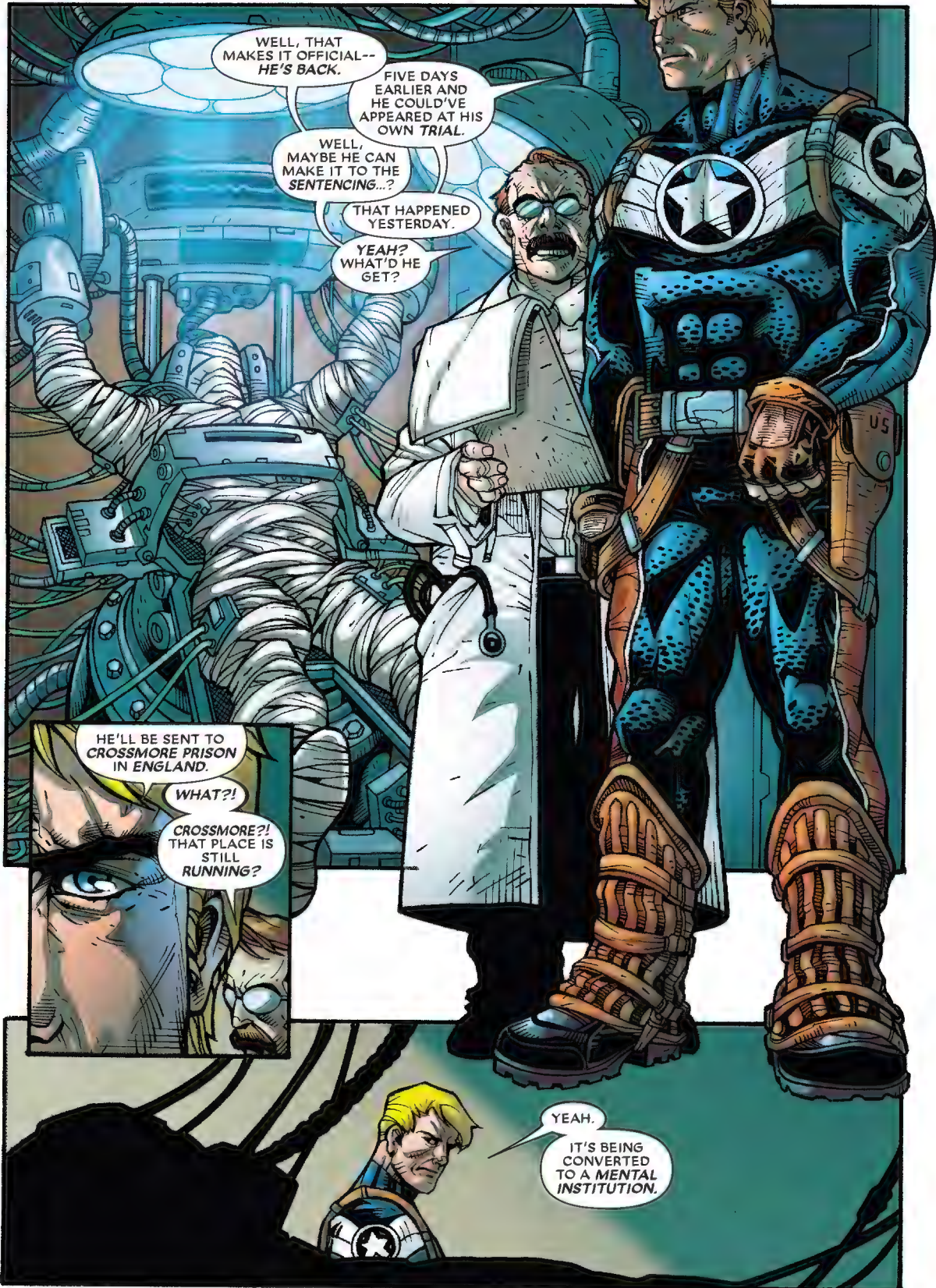
...WHATTA
YA SAY?





BIP

BIP



WELL, THAT
MAKES IT OFFICIAL--
HE'S BACK.

FIVE DAYS
EARLIER AND
HE COULD'VE
APPEARED AT HIS
OWN TRIAL.

WELL,
MAYBE HE CAN
MAKE IT TO THE
SENTENCING...?

THAT HAPPENED
YESTERDAY.

YEAH?
WHAT'D HE
GET?

HE'LL BE SENT TO
CROSSMORE PRISON
IN ENGLAND.

WHAT?!

CROSSMORE?!
THAT PLACE IS
STILL
RUNNING?

YEAH.

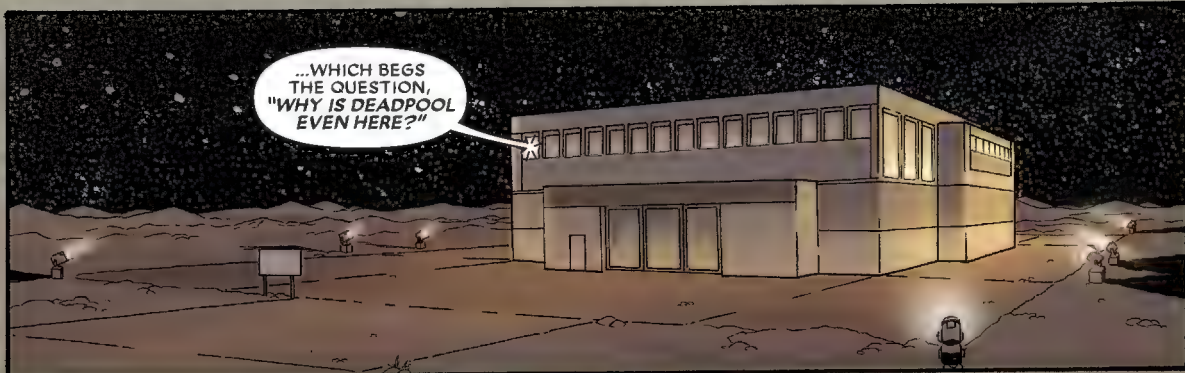
IT'S BEING
CONVERTED
TO A MENTAL
INSTITUTION.



**I'M NOT
CRAZY!!!**



INSTITUTIONALIZED
PART ONE



...WHICH BEGS
THE QUESTION,
"WHY IS DEADPOOL
EVEN HERE?"

CROSSMORE PRISON, CENTRAL ENGLAND:



I SHOULD
THINK *THE RAFT*
WOULD BE A MUCH
MORE *SUITABLE*
ENVIRONMENT...

AND I'D AGREE
WITH YOU, *WARDEN*
AIMES...HOWEVER, THERE
ARE TWO RATHER *POWERFUL*
WOMEN WHO'VE SUCCESSFULLY
PETITIONED THE AMERICAN
COURTS TO FIND
OTHERWISE.



THE *FIRST*,
OF COURSE, BEING
DEADPOOL'S LEGAL
COUNSEL...

JENNIFER
WALTERS, APPEARING
FOR THE DEFENSE,
YOUR HONOR.





YOUR HONOR, THE GOVERNMENT'S INSISTENCE ON LOCKING UP MY CLIENT IN THE RAFT PRISON IS SIMPLY AN OVERZEALOUS ATTEMPT TO COVER UP A MESS WHICH THEY, THEMSELVES, CREATED.

OH, PLEASE... YOUR HONOR?

MS. WALTERS, THIS COURT ISN'T INTERESTED IN HEARING CONSPIRACY THEORIES-- THIS IS A SENTENCING HEARING.

YOUR CLIENT HAS BEEN CONVICTED OF **NUMEROUS VILLAINOUS ACTS**, INCLUDING THE USE OF **WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION** ON AMERICAN SOIL.

IF THERE IS A COMPELLING ARGUMENT TO BE MADE WHY I SHOULD RECONSIDER GOING ALONG WITH THE PROSECUTION'S SENTENCING RECOMMENDATIONS, I'D SUGGEST YOU PRESENT IT IN YOUR MOST COMPELLING MANNER.

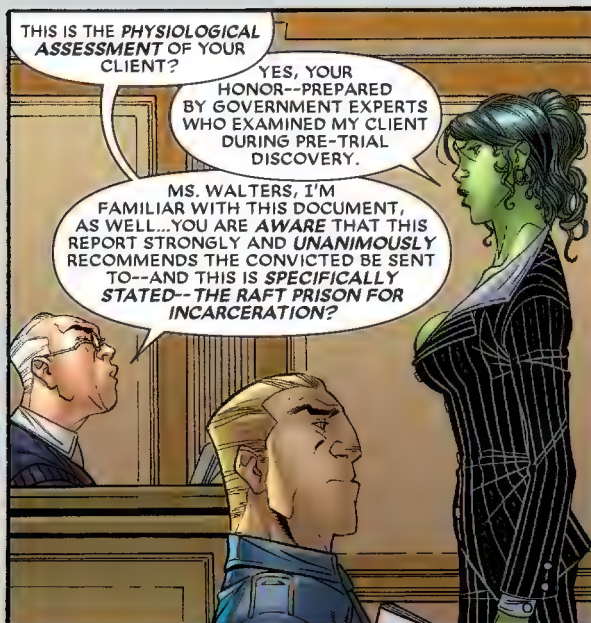
YOUR HONOR, I HAVE HERE THE FILED DRAFT OF THE APPROPRIATION REQUEST, PREVIOUSLY APPROVED BY THIS COURT AND BEARING YOUR SIGNATURE, FOR THE INITIAL ESTABLISHMENT OF THE RAFT PRISON.

HERE IN THE PREAMBLE ON PAGE ONE, PARAGRAPH ONE, THE RAFT PRISON IS DEFINED AND DESIGNATED AS, AND I QUOTE, "...A FACILITY IN WHICH TO HOUSE THOSE SPECIFIC INMATES POSSESSED OF 'SUPER-POWERS' WHICH CANNOT OTHERWISE BE HOUSED ELSEWHERE."

SHE'S BURYING HERSELF...

YES, MS. WALTERS, I'M QUITE FAMILIAR WITH THE DOCUMENT...

YOUR HONOR, I'D NOW LIKE TO PRESENT **EXHIBIT 33-H**, PREVIOUSLY ENTERED IN TO EVIDENCE BY THE PROSECUTION DURING MY CLIENT'S TRIAL.



THIS IS THE **PHYSIOLOGICAL ASSESSMENT** OF YOUR CLIENT?

YES, YOUR HONOR--PREPARED BY GOVERNMENT EXPERTS WHO EXAMINED MY CLIENT DURING PRE-TRIAL DISCOVERY.

MS. WALTERS, I'M FAMILIAR WITH THIS DOCUMENT, AS WELL...YOU ARE AWARE THAT THIS REPORT STRONGLY AND **UNANIMOUSLY** RECOMMENDS THE CONVICTED BE SENT TO--AND THIS IS **SPECIFICALLY STATED--** THE RAFT PRISON FOR INCARCERATION?



YES, YOUR HONOR.

HOWEVER, THE REPORT ALSO STATES, AND I'M REFERRING TO THE "**FINDINGS**" SECTION, THAT MY CLIENT **HAS NO SUPER-POWERS**; ONLY A **BIOLOGICAL ABERRATION** DIRECTLY CAUSED BY EXPERIMENTATION UPON MY CLIENT BY AGENTS OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT, THE DETAILS OF WHICH ARE--DEPENDING UPON WHICH GOVERNMENTAL AGENCY YOU ASK--EITHER CLASSIFIED OR, MYSTERIOUSLY, "**LOST.**"



YOU'LL NOT BE WARNED AGAIN ABOUT THE CONSPIRACY THEORIES, MS. WALTERS...

YOUR HONOR, IT'S **OBVIOUS** WHERE THE DEFENSE IS GOING WITH THIS, AND IT'S **OUTRAGEOUS.**



THE COURTS HAVE LONG UPHELD THE DEFINITION OF "**SUPERHUMAN**" TO INCLUDE--

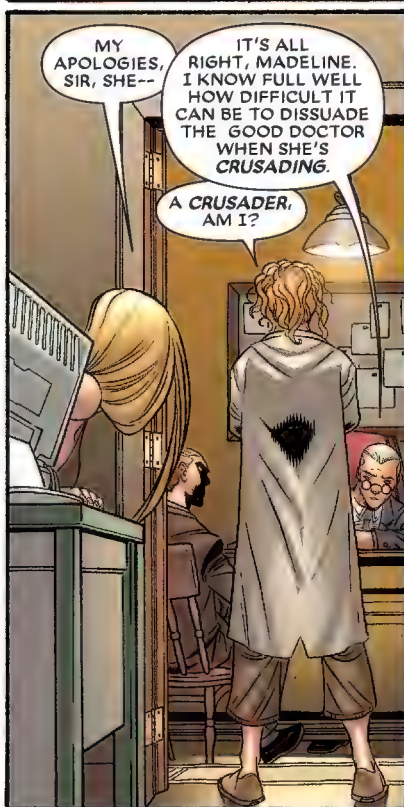
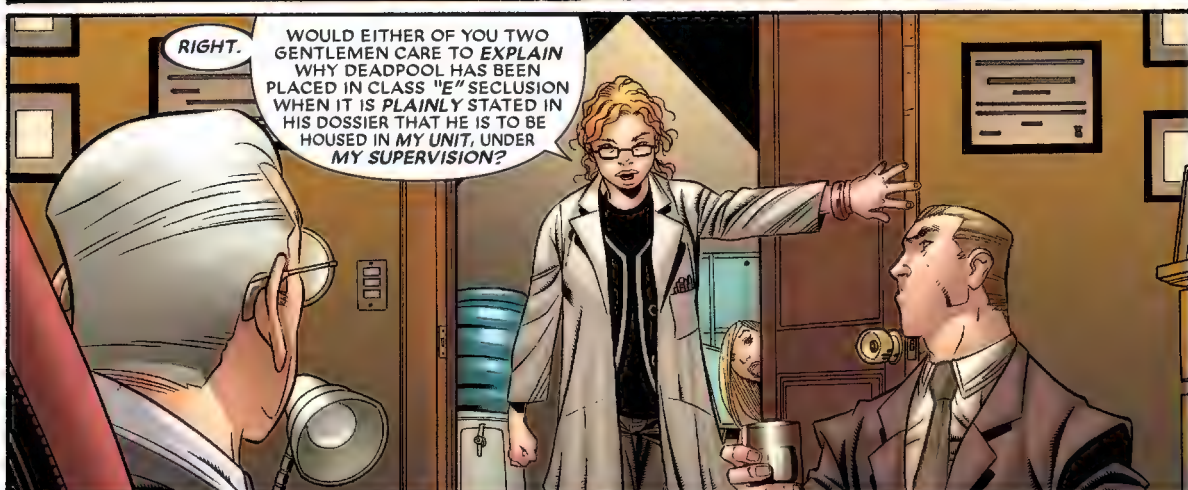
THE TERM IN QUESTION IS "**SUPER-POWERS**," NOT "**SUPERHUMAN.**"

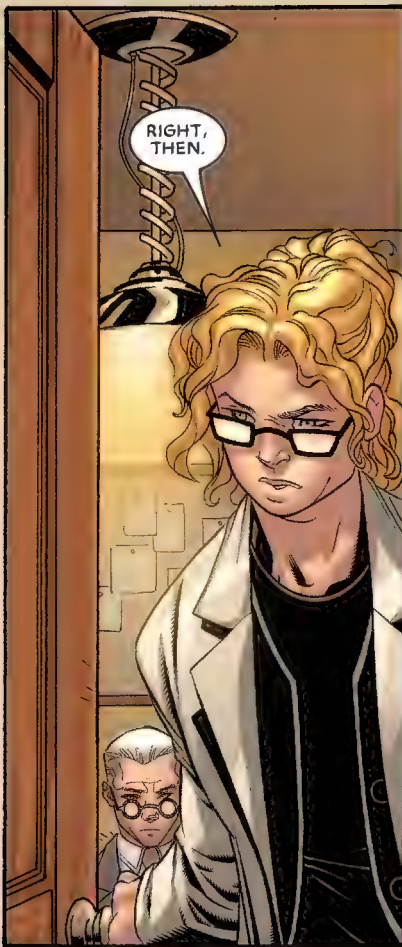


THIS SAYS "**SUPER-POWERS.**"

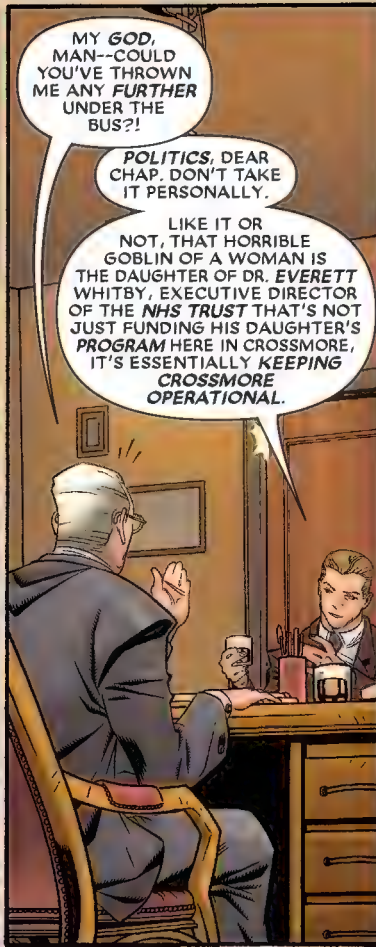


%&#&\$...





RIGHT, THEN.



MY GOD, MAN--COULD YOU'VE THROWN ME ANY FURTHER UNDER THE BUS?!

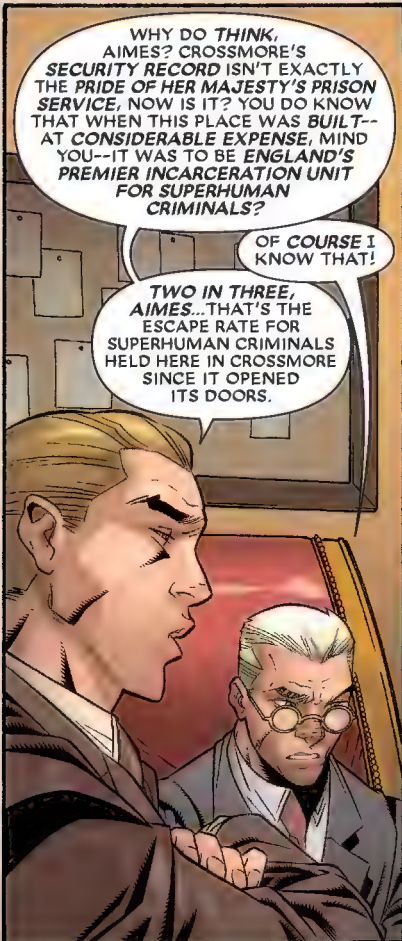
POLITICS, DEAR CHAP. DON'T TAKE IT PERSONALLY.

LIKE IT OR NOT, THAT HORRIBLE GOBLIN OF A WOMAN IS THE DAUGHTER OF DR. EVERETT WHITBY, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR OF THE *NHS TRUST* THAT'S NOT JUST FUNDING HIS DAUGHTER'S PROGRAM HERE IN CROSSMORE, IT'S ESSENTIALLY KEEPING **CROSSMORE** OPERATIONAL.



I...I HAD NO IDEA...

OUR FUNDING HAS BEEN CUT? BUT...WHY?



WHY DO YOU THINK, AIMES? CROSSMORE'S SECURITY RECORD ISN'T EXACTLY THE PRIDE OF HER MAJESTY'S PRISON SERVICE, NOW IS IT? YOU DO KNOW THAT WHEN THIS PLACE WAS BUILT--AT CONSIDERABLE EXPENSE, MIND YOU--IT WAS TO BE ENGLAND'S PREMIER INCARCERATION UNIT FOR SUPERHUMAN CRIMINALS?

OF COURSE I KNOW THAT!

TWO IN THREE, AIMES...THAT'S THE ESCAPE RATE FOR SUPERHUMAN CRIMINALS HELD HERE IN CROSSMORE SINCE IT OPENED ITS DOORS.



BUT...BUT THAT'S BECAUSE OUR SECURITY FEATURES ARE OUTDATED! IF WE WERE TO BE GRANTED ADDITIONAL FUNDING INSTEAD OF--!

WARDEN AIMES!



:-SIGH:-

YOU HAVE BEEN GRANTED ADDITIONAL FUNDING.

"UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU,
IT CAME IN THE WHOLLY
UNPLEASANT FORM OF
DR. ELLA WHITBY."

"IF HER PSYCHOLOGICAL TREATMENT
PROGRAM FOR VIOLENT SUPERHUMANS
CAN BE PROVEN A *SUCCESS*, NOT ONLY
WILL CROSSMORE'S REPUTATION BE
RESTORED, BUT ITS BUDGET, AS WELL."

"IN THE MEANTIME, GIVE
THE LITTLE TROLL WHAT
SHE WANTS AND FOR
GOD'S SAKE..."

"...DO NOT
LET DEADPOOL
ESCAPE."

COR! WOT'S
'E--?!
KTHU-KK!

WWWRRREEEE-OOOOO

OUTTA THE
WAY, YA DIRTY
SCREWS!

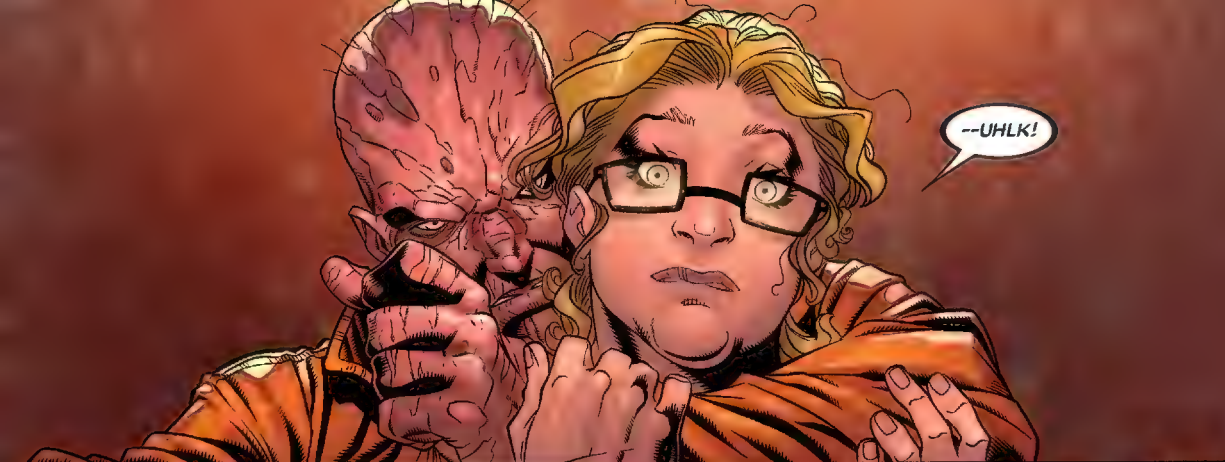
KRAKK

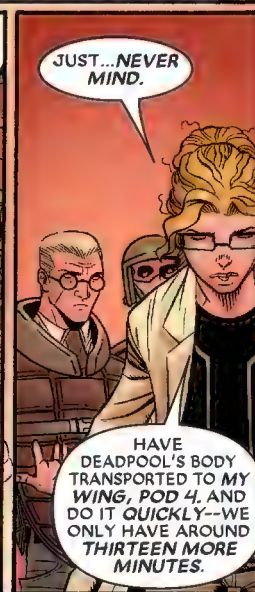
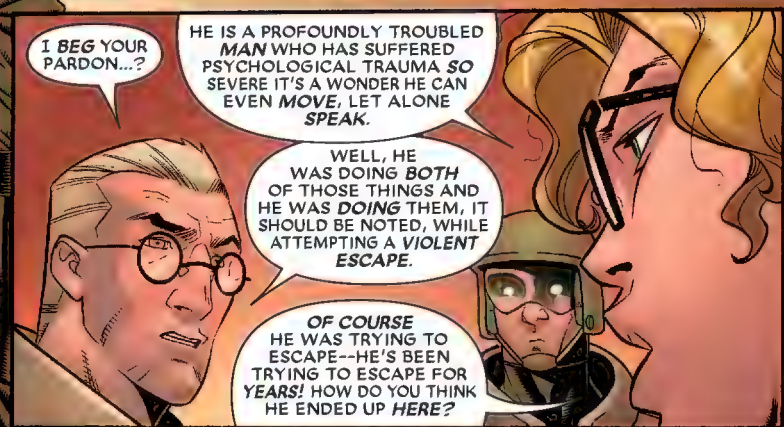
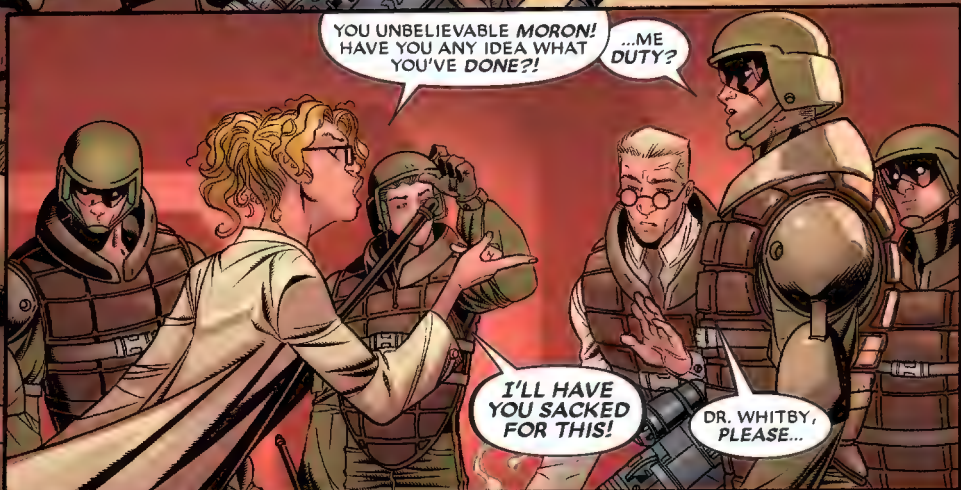
I'M
GOIN' OVER
THE WALL!

MY
GOD...

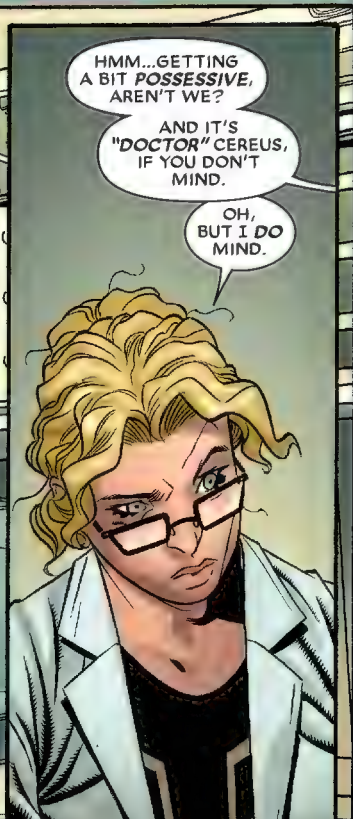
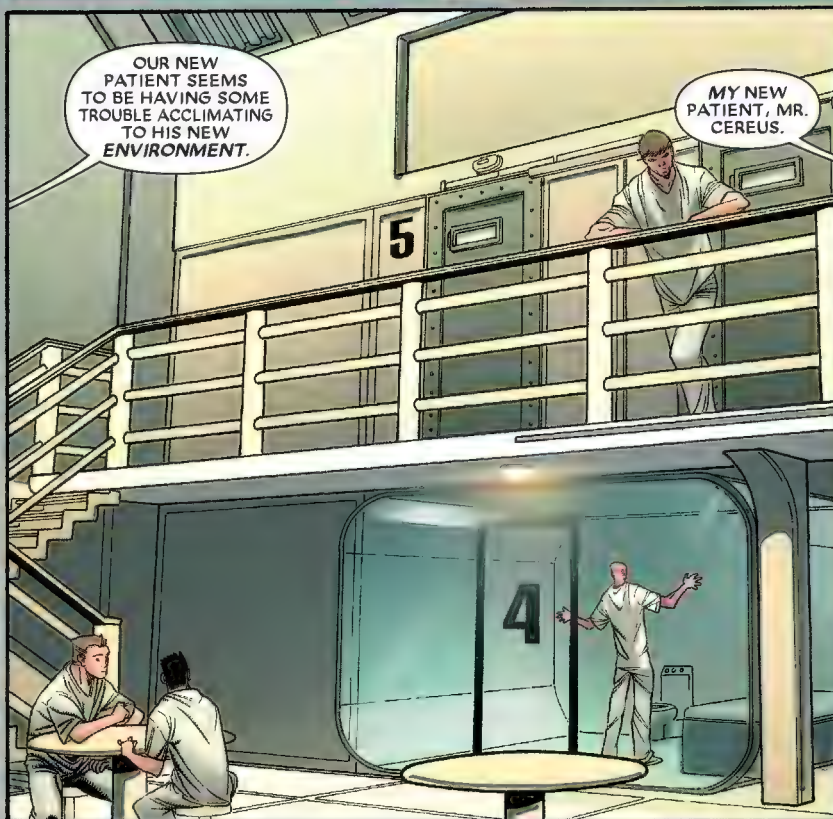
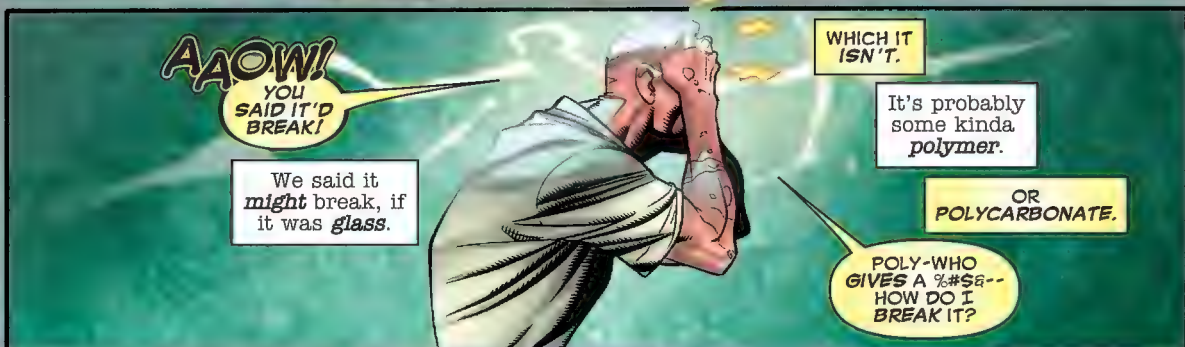


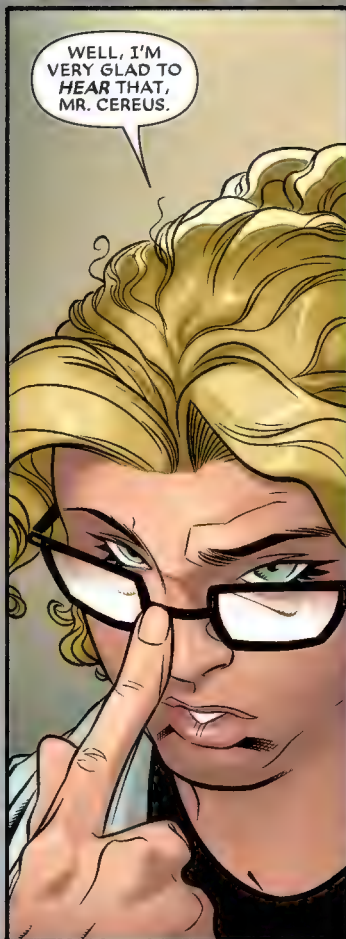


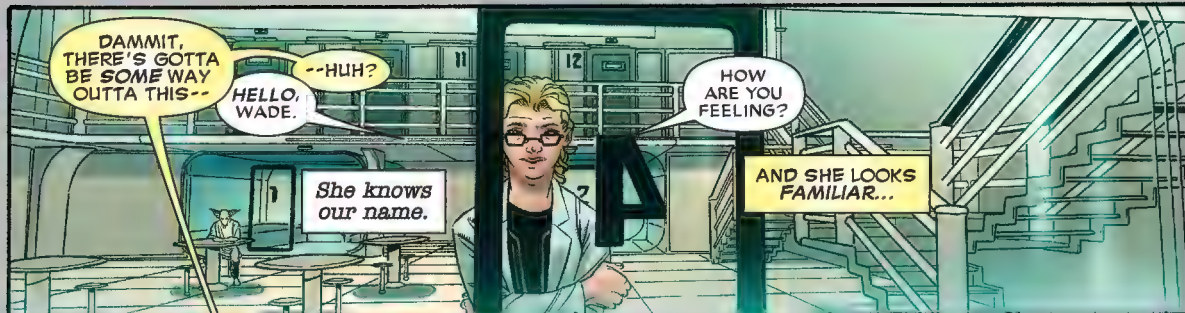




THIRTEEN MINUTES LATER...







DAMMIT,
THERE'S GOTTA
BE SOME WAY
OUTTA THIS--

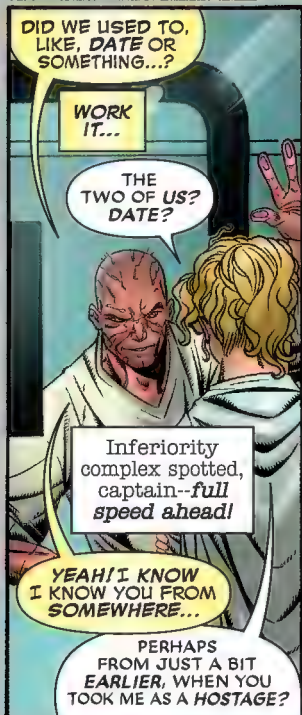
HELLO,
WADE.

--HUH?

HOW
ARE YOU
FEELING?

*She knows
our name.*

AND SHE LOOKS
FAMILIAR...



DID WE USED TO,
LIKE, DATE OR
SOMETHING...?

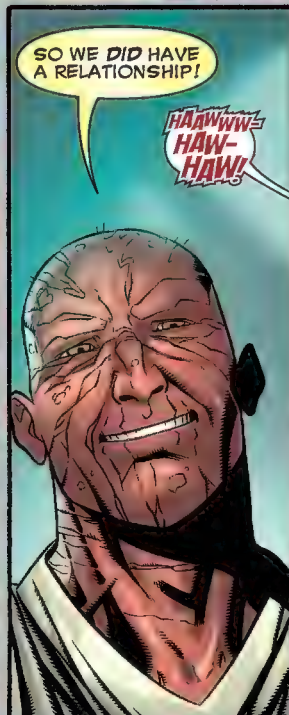
WORK
IT...

THE
TWO OF US?
DATE?

Inferiority
complex spotted,
captain--full
speed ahead!

YEAH/I KNOW
I KNOW YOU FROM
SOMEWHERE...

PERHAPS
FROM JUST A BIT
EARLIER, WHEN YOU
TOOK ME AS A HOSTAGE?



SO WE DID HAVE
A RELATIONSHIP!

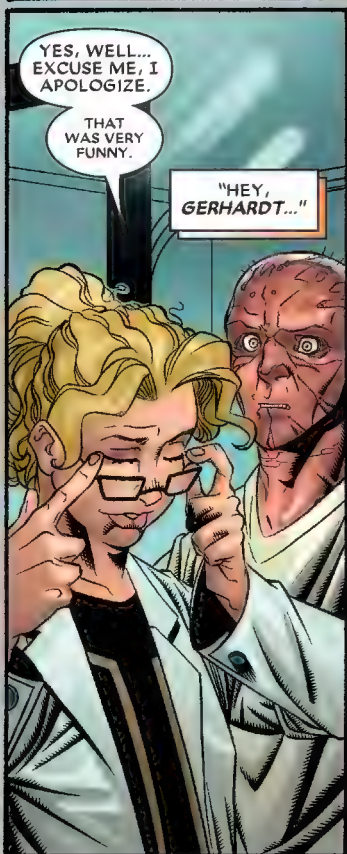
**HAAWWW
HAW-
HAW!**



-SNORT!-

HOLY CRAP THIS
CHICK IS UGLY--
LOOK AT THAT
FACE! AND THE
SNORTING--!

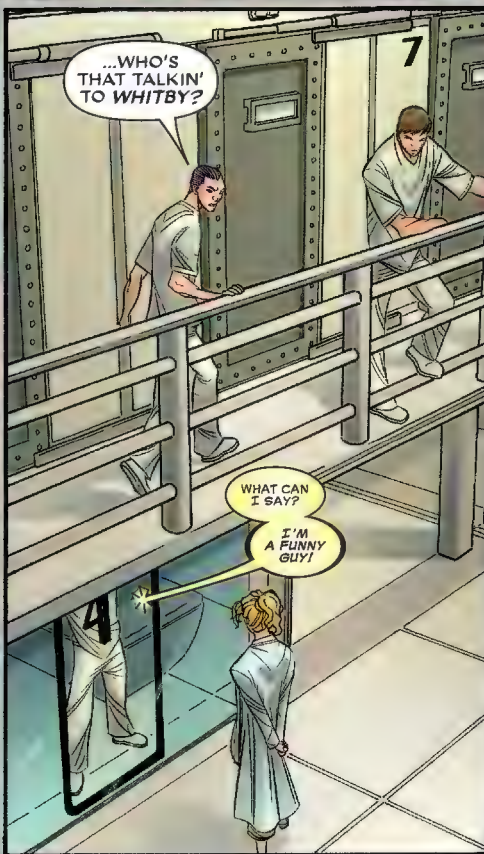
*Choke it back! She
might be our only
way outta here! Keep
playin' it smooth!*



YES, WELL...
EXCUSE ME, I
APOLOGIZE.

THAT
WAS VERY
FUNNY.

"HEY,
GERHARDT..."



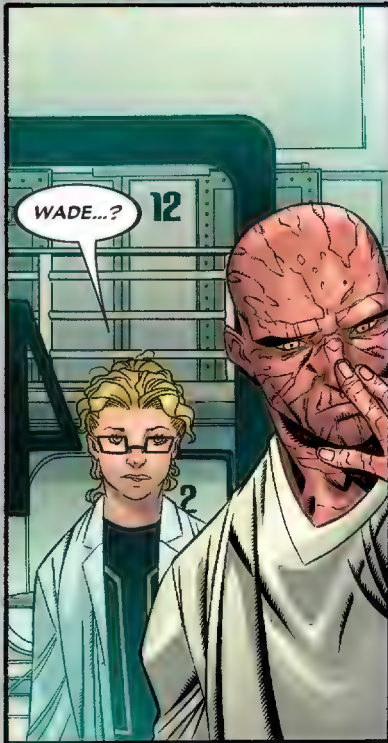
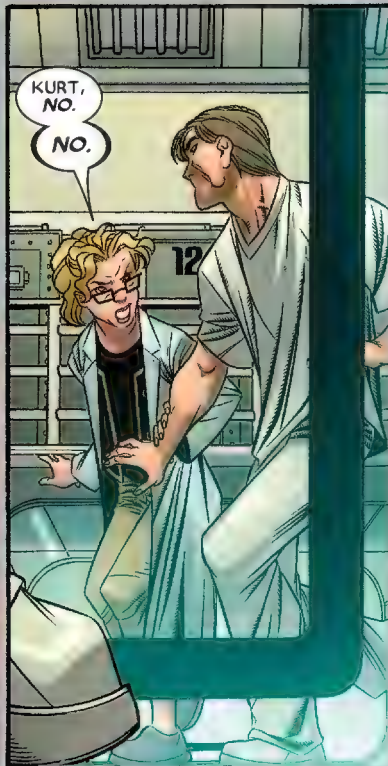
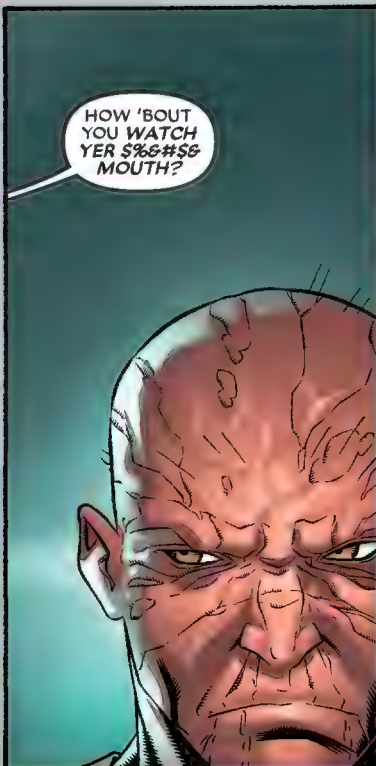
...WHO'S
THAT TALKIN'
TO WHITBY?

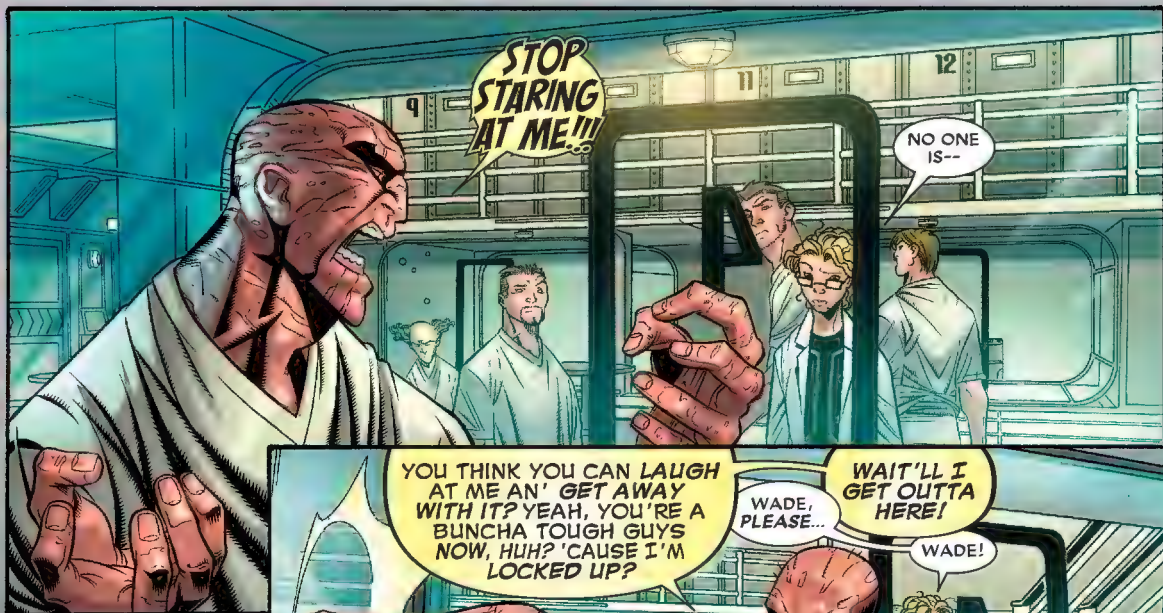
WHAT CAN
I SAY?

I'M
A FUNNY
GUY!



HE'S A
FOOL.





STOP
STARING
AT ME!!!

NO ONE
IS--

YOU THINK YOU CAN LAUGH
AT ME AN' GET AWAY
WITH IT? YEAH, YOU'RE A
BUNCHA TOUGH GUYS
NOW, HUH? 'CAUSE I'M
LOCKED UP?

WAIT'LL I
GET OUTTA
HERE!

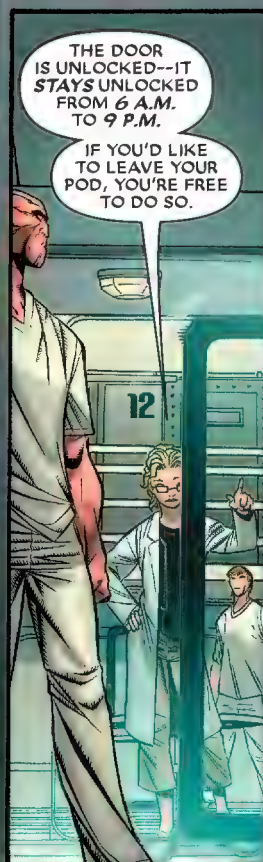
WADE,
PLEASE...

WADE!



I'M GONNA
LAY WASTE TO
EVERY SINGLE
ONE O' YOU
MOTHER--!

DEADPOOL!



THE DOOR
IS UNLOCKED--IT
STAYS UNLOCKED
FROM 6 A.M.
TO 9 P.M.

IF YOU'D LIKE
TO LEAVE YOUR
POD, YOU'RE FREE
TO DO SO.



...REALLY?

YES.
ABSOLUTELY!



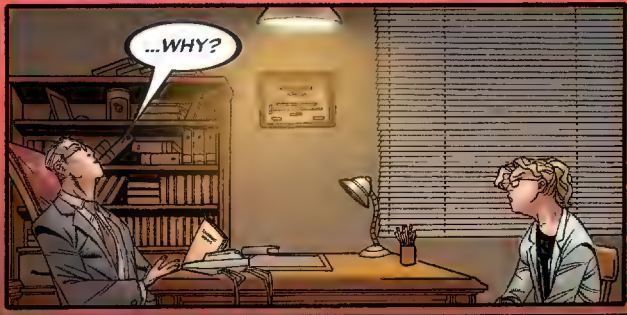
BETTER,
THEN?

MM-
HMM...

...MUCH
BETTER.



K-KRAK



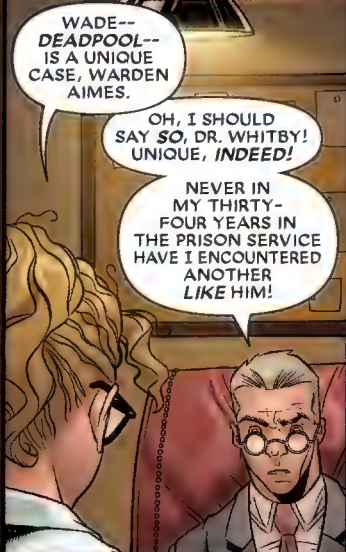
AS I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU, HE WAS HAVING A **PSYCHOTIC EPISODE** BROUGHT ON BY A **PARANOID DELUSION**— HE THOUGHT HE WAS BEING MADE A **SPECTACLE** OF, AND I WANTED HIM TO KNOW THAT I WOULD NEVER DO SUCH A THING.

IN ORDER FOR ME TO TREAT HIM, HE MUST FIRST **TRUST** ME. WHY IS THAT SO DIFFICULT FOR YOU TO **UNDERSTAND**?



DR. WHITBY, HERE AT CROSSMORE WE HAVE A **TIME-TESTED PROCEDURE** FOR DEALING WITH INMATES WHO ARE HAVING SUCH EPISODES, AND ONE OF THE FIRST **STEPS** IN THAT PROCEDURE IS TO LOCK THE INMATE IN AN OBSERVATION CELL...

...NOT TO LET THEM OUT!



WADE-- DEADPOOL-- IS A UNIQUE CASE, WARDEN AIMES.

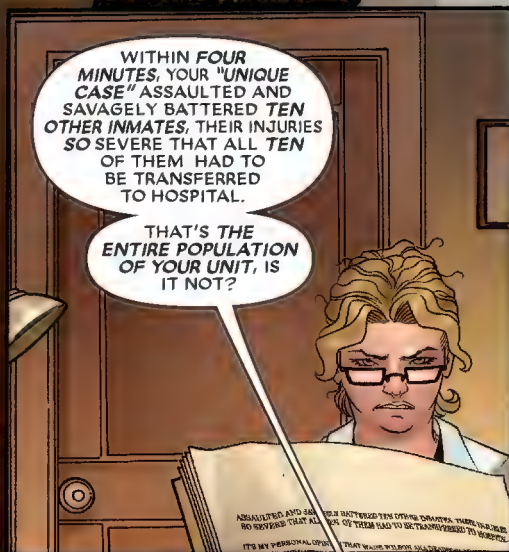
OH, I SHOULD SAY SO, DR. WHITBY! UNIQUE, INDEED!

NEVER IN MY THIRTY-FOUR YEARS IN THE PRISON SERVICE HAVE I ENCOUNTERED ANOTHER LIKE HIM!



ONE FOR THE RECORD BOOKS, I'D SAY...

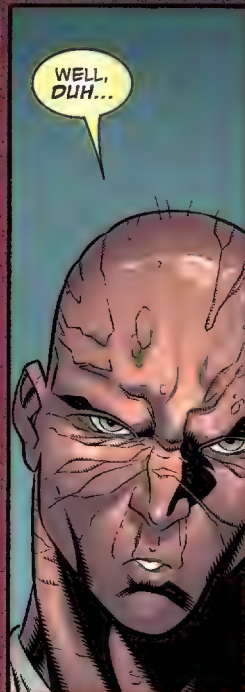
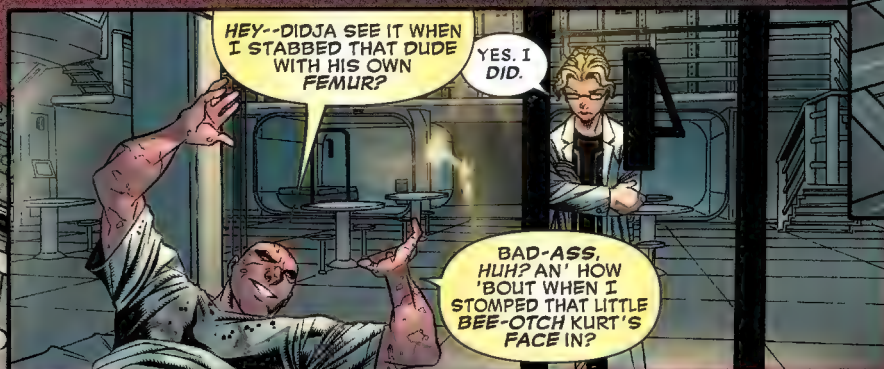
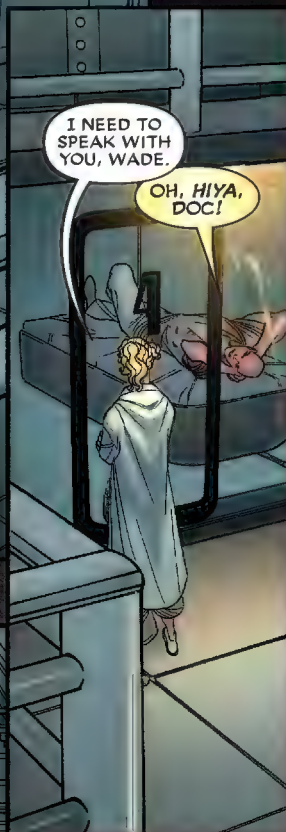
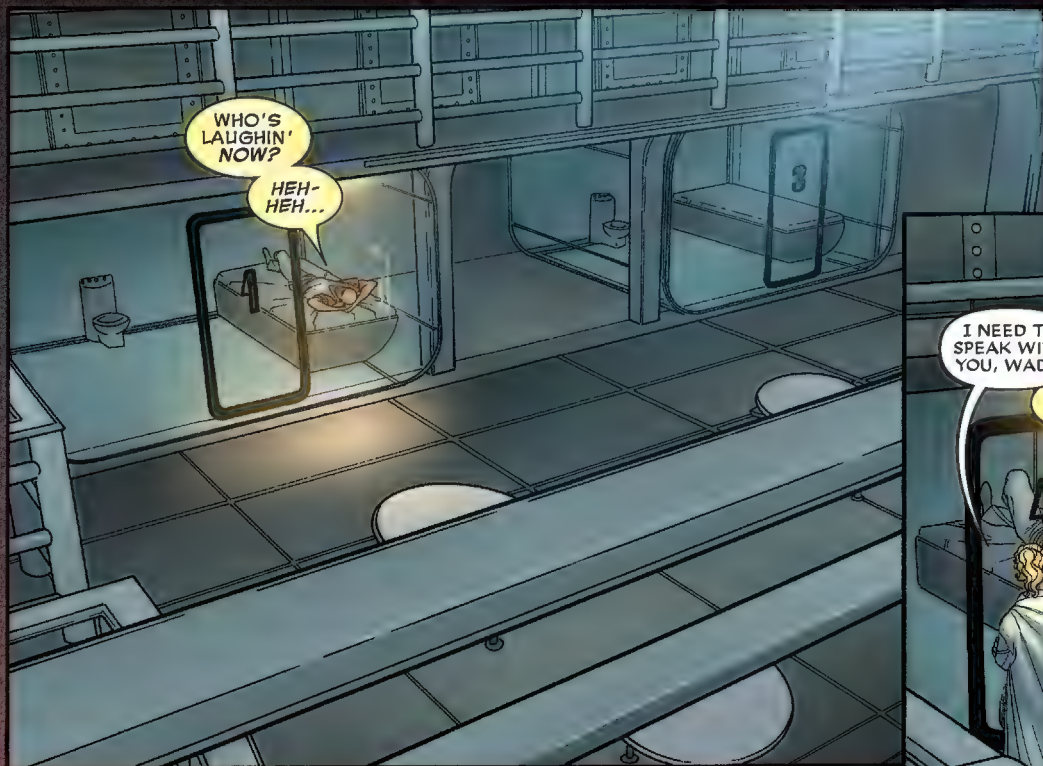
HMM... YES, **FOUR MINUTES**.

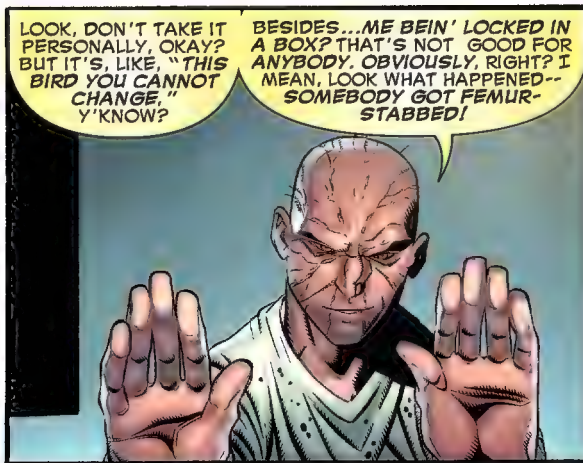


WITHIN **FOUR MINUTES**, YOUR "**UNIQUE CASE**" ASSAULTED AND SAVAGELY BATTERED **TEN** OTHER INMATES, THEIR INJURIES SO SEVERE THAT ALL **TEN** OF THEM HAD TO BE TRANSFERRED TO HOSPITAL.

THAT'S THE **ENTIRE POPULATION** OF YOUR UNIT, IS IT NOT?

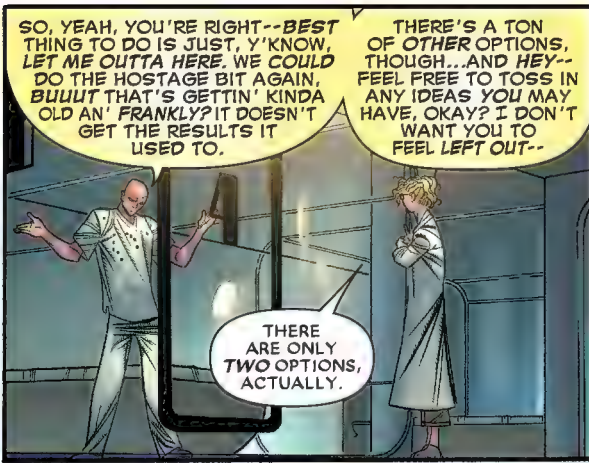
ASSAULTED AND SAVAGELY BATTERED TEN OTHER INMATES, THEIR INJURIES SO SEVERE THAT ALL TEN OF THEM HAD TO BE TRANSFERRED TO HOSPITAL. IT'S MY PERSONAL OPINION THAT WADE WOULD BE A SUICIDE BOMB.





LOOK, DON'T TAKE IT PERSONALLY, OKAY? BUT IT'S, LIKE, "THIS BIRD YOU CANNOT CHANGE," Y'KNOW?

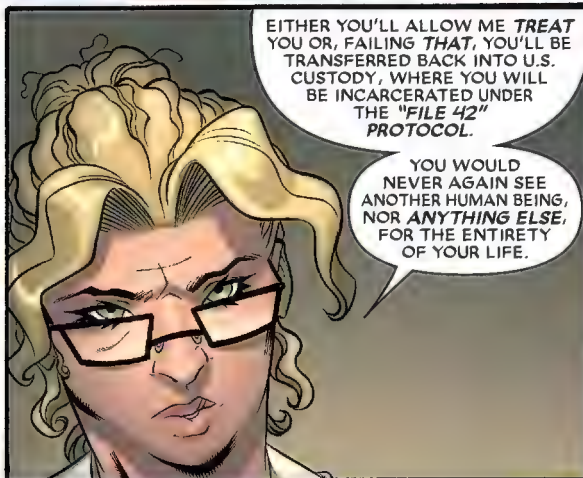
BESIDES...ME BEIN' LOCKED IN A BOX? THAT'S NOT GOOD FOR ANYBODY. OBVIOUSLY, RIGHT? I MEAN, LOOK WHAT HAPPENED-- SOMEBODY GOT FEMUR-STABBED!



SO, YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT--BEST THING TO DO IS JUST, Y'KNOW, LET ME OUTTA HERE. WE COULD DO THE HOSTAGE BIT AGAIN, BUUUUT THAT'S GETTIN' KINDA OLD AN' FRANKLY? IT DOESN'T GET THE RESULTS IT USED TO.

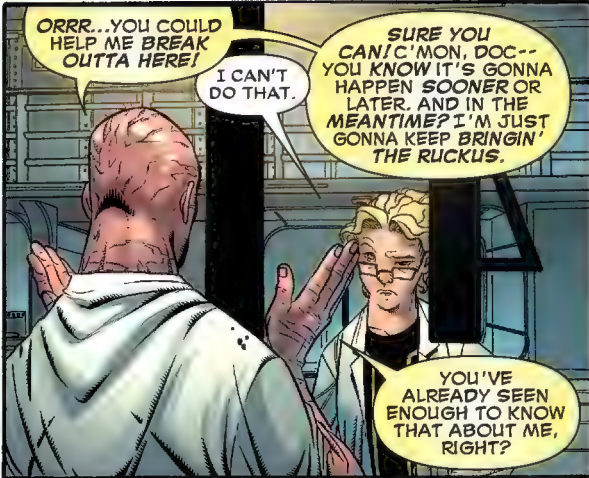
THERE'S A TON OF OTHER OPTIONS, THOUGH...AND HEY--FEEL FREE TO TOSS IN ANY IDEAS YOU MAY HAVE, OKAY? I DON'T WANT YOU TO FEEL LEFT OUT--

THERE ARE ONLY TWO OPTIONS, ACTUALLY.



EITHER YOU'LL ALLOW ME TREAT YOU OR, FAILING THAT, YOU'LL BE TRANSFERRED BACK INTO U.S. CUSTODY, WHERE YOU WILL BE INCARCERATED UNDER THE "FILE 42" PROTOCOL.

YOU WOULD NEVER AGAIN SEE ANOTHER HUMAN BEING, NOR ANYTHING ELSE, FOR THE ENTIRETY OF YOUR LIFE.

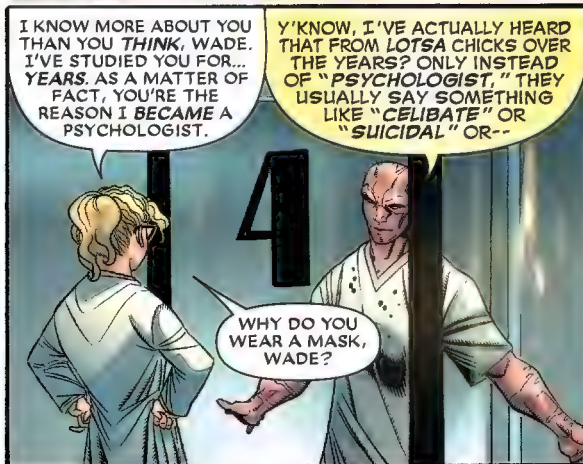


ORRR...YOU COULD HELP ME BREAK OUTTA HERE!

I CAN'T DO THAT.

SURE YOU CAN! C'MON, DOC-- YOU KNOW IT'S GONNA HAPPEN SOONER OR LATER. AND IN THE MEANTIME? I'M JUST GONNA KEEP BRINGIN' THE RUCKUS.

YOU'VE ALREADY SEEN ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT ABOUT ME, RIGHT?



I KNOW MORE ABOUT YOU THAN YOU THINK, WADE. I'VE STUDIED YOU FOR... YEARS. AS A MATTER OF FACT, YOU'RE THE REASON I BECAME A PSYCHOLOGIST.

Y'KNOW, I'VE ACTUALLY HEARD THAT FROM LOTS A CHICKS OVER THE YEARS? ONLY INSTEAD OF "PSYCHOLOGIST," THEY USUALLY SAY SOMETHING LIKE "CELIBATE" OR "SUICIDAL" OR--

WHY DO YOU WEAR A MASK, WADE?



SO I DON'T GET STUFF IN MY MOUTH.



"STUFF"?

SO, YOU WEAR IT WHEN YOU KILL?

BLOOD, BONE FRAGMENTS, HAIR...

WHEN I WORK, YOU MEAN? YEAH.

BUT YOU ALSO WEAR IT WHEN YOU'RE NOT "WORKING"... WHY IS THAT?



BECAUSE I LIKE IT, OKAY?!

"WHAT THE #6\$% HAPPENED TO MY FACE?!"



BLOODY
INGRATE...



WHAT'D HE EXPECT?
THIS IS A PRISON
HOSPITAL, NOT SOME
POSH PLASTIC SURGERY
CENTER. HE CAN BREATHE,
HE CAN EAT AND
OBVIOUSLY, HE CAN
SPEAK--AS I SEE IT,
THE OPERATION
WAS A RAGING
SUCCESS!

GOT THE
"RAGING" PART
RIGHT, I'D SAY,
DOCTOR...



I TAKE NO
CREDIT FOR
THAT PART--YOU
DO KNOW WHO
HE IS, RIGHT?

MASKED
VIGILANTE,
WASN'T HE?

COSTUMED
SERIAL KILLER IS
MORE ACCURATE,
I'D SAY...



"...WENT BY
THE NAME
'FOOLKILLER!'"

LOOK, MATE,
YOU NEED TO
RELAX. A'RIGHT?
REST IS WHAT
YOU NEED...

THIS IS
BOLLOCKS--LET'S
GET 'IM BACK TO THE
PSYCH UNIT, EH?
LET THEM DEAL
WITH 'IM.



YEAH...

YEAH,
YOU DO
THAT...

41





HI, GUYS!
WELCOME
BACK!

ANYBODY
WANNA PLAY
CHECKERS
BEFORE
LUNCH?

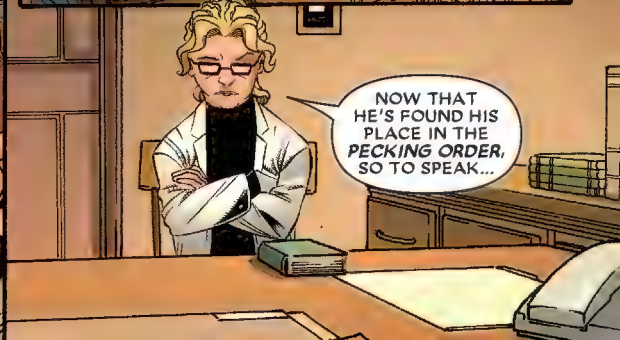
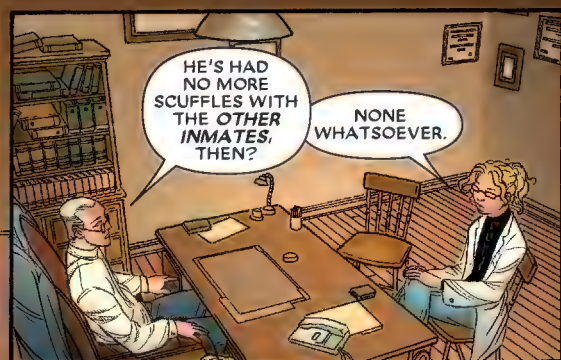
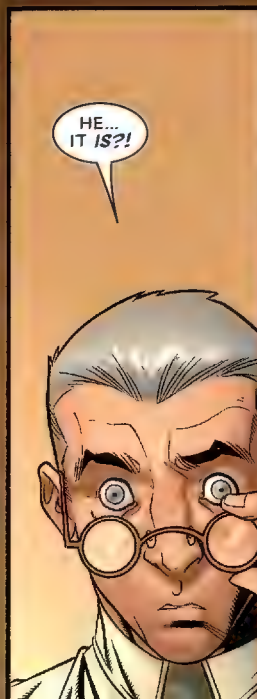
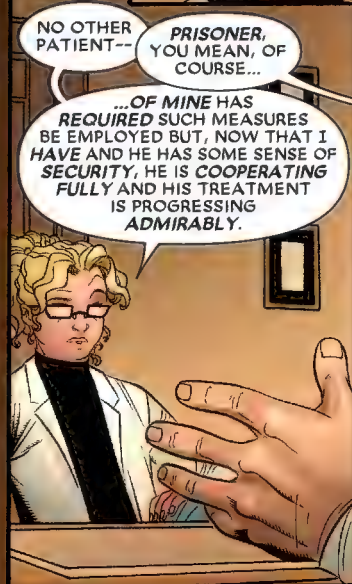
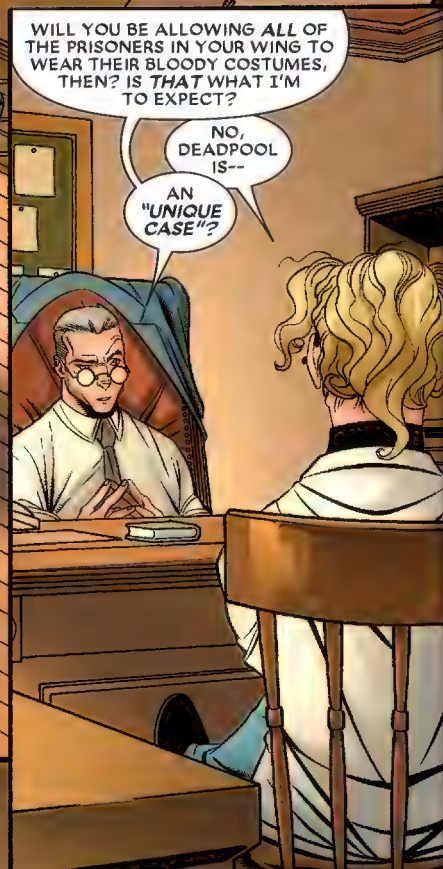
OH, HEY--IT'S
WEDNESDAY!
Y'KNOW WHAT
THAT MEANS,
RIGHT?

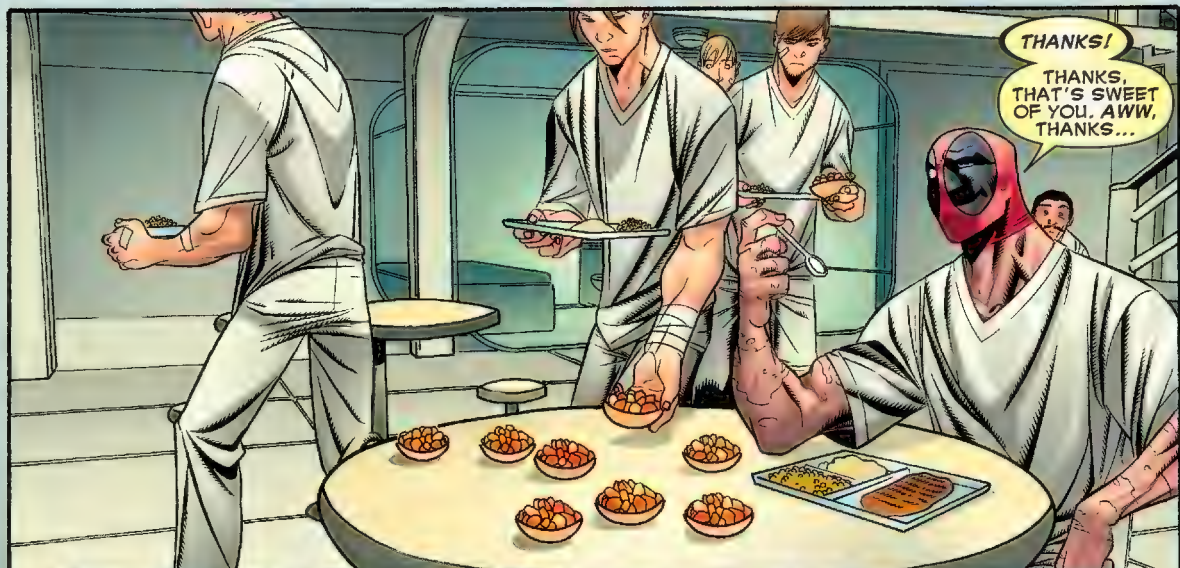
INSTITUTIONALIZED

PART TWO OF THREE

FRUUUIT
COCKTAIL!







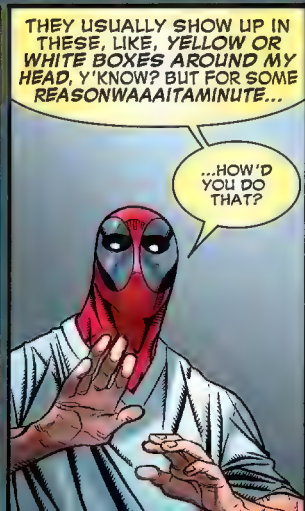
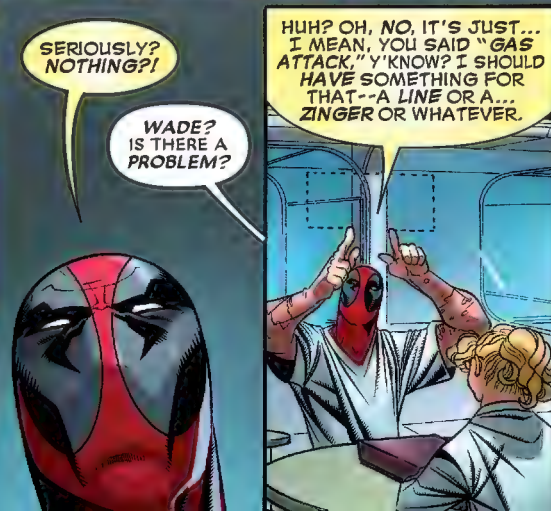
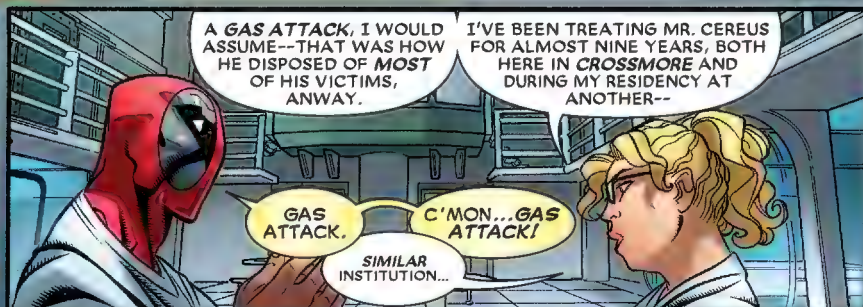
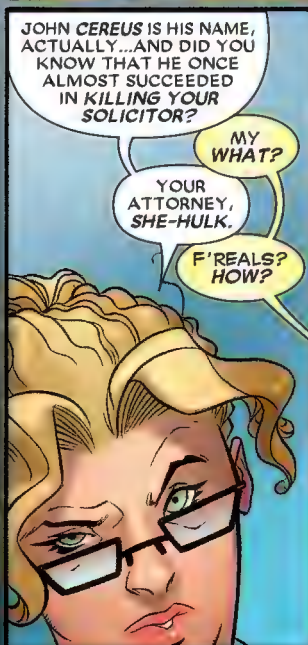
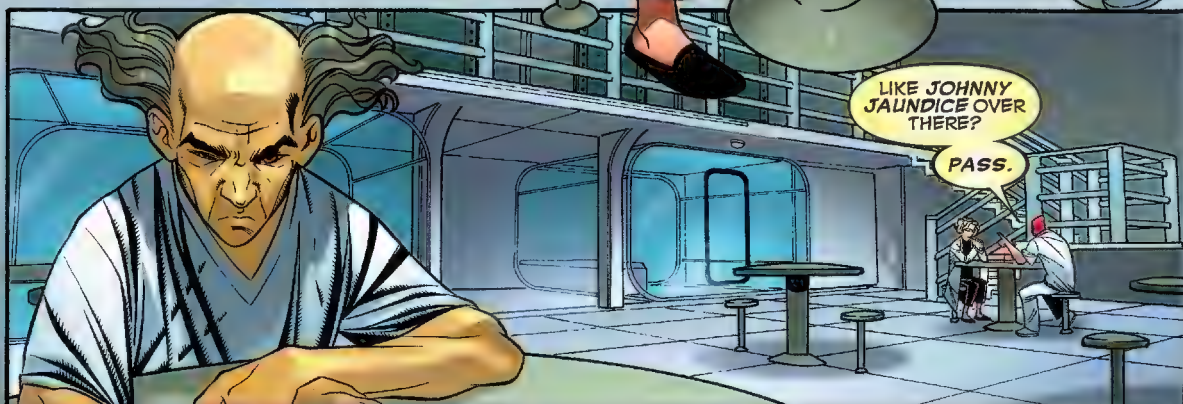
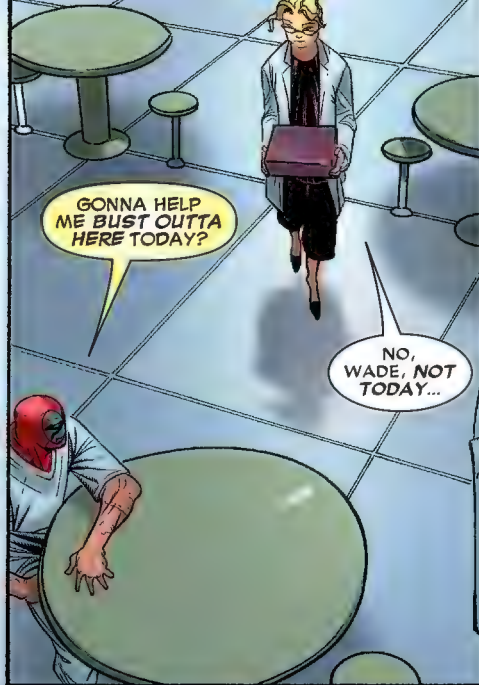
WHEN I'M CERTAIN THERE'LL BE NO RETALIATION ON YOUR PART FOR LAST WEEK'S...INCIDENT. THE OTHERS SEEM TO HAVE MOVED ON, HAVEN'T THEY? THE SOONER YOU DO THE SAME, THE SOONER YOU'LL BE RELEASED FROM SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

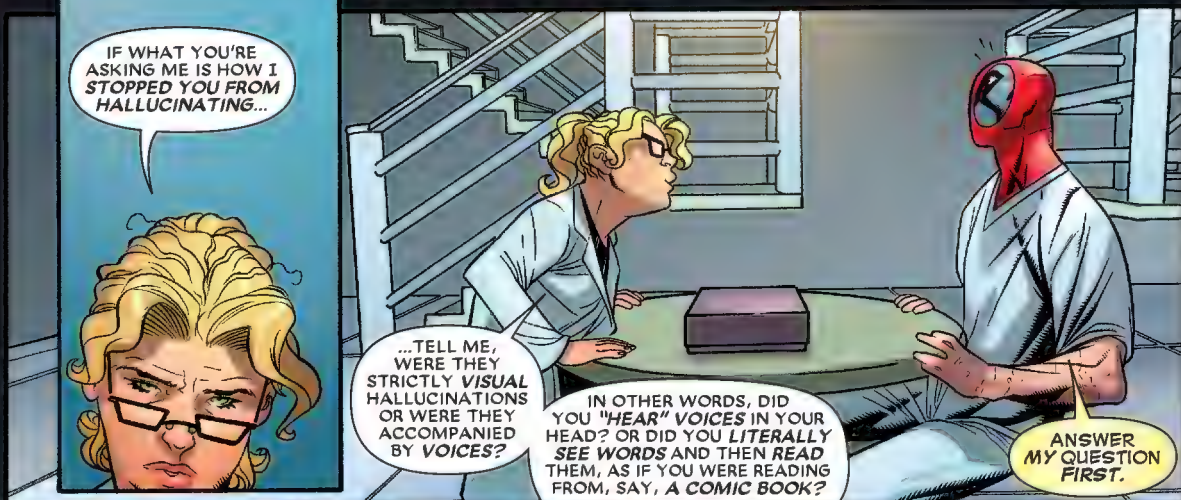
AND IT'S "DOCTOR WHITBY," KURT, ...NOT "ELLA."

DO NOT TAKE LIBERTIES TO WHICH YOU ARE NOT ENTITLED.



"WHAT'S UP, SUGAR-SHORTS?"





IF WHAT YOU'RE ASKING ME IS HOW I STOPPED YOU FROM HALLUCINATING...

...TELL ME, WERE THEY STRICTLY VISUAL HALLUCINATIONS OR WERE THEY ACCOMPANIED BY VOICES?

IN OTHER WORDS, DID YOU "HEAR" VOICES IN YOUR HEAD? OR DID YOU LITERALLY SEE WORDS AND THEN READ THEM, AS IF YOU WERE READING FROM, SAY, A COMIC BOOK?

ANSWER MY QUESTION FIRST.



AND I SAID "BOXES" NOT "HALLUCINATIONS," OKAY?

OKAY...

OKAY, SO HOW'D YOU MAKE THE BOXES GO AWAY?

I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING, WADE.



UH-UH... NO, YOU DID SOMETHING-- YOU'RE A DOCTOR, YOU KNOW HOW TO DO THINGS LIKE THAT.

LIKE WHAT?

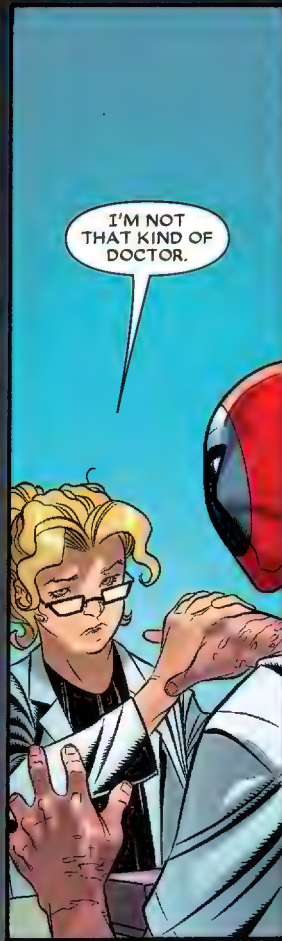
LIKE HOW TO CHANGE PEOPLE.



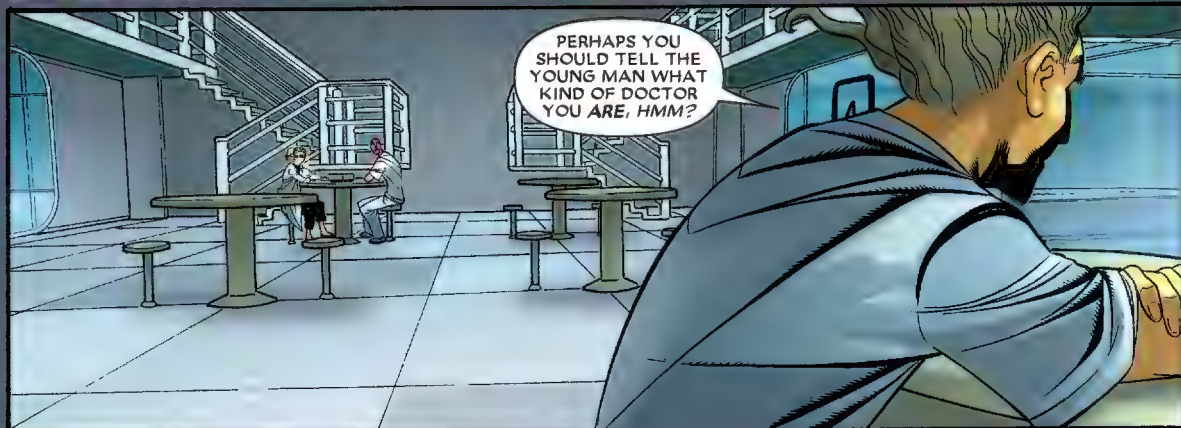
HOW TO, LIKE, PUT THINGS IN THEIR BRAINS AN'... AN' TAKE THINGS OUT THAT AREN'T USEFUL TO THE MISSION.

THINGS THAT'LL...SLOW US DOWN...

WADE?



I'M NOT THAT KIND OF DOCTOR.

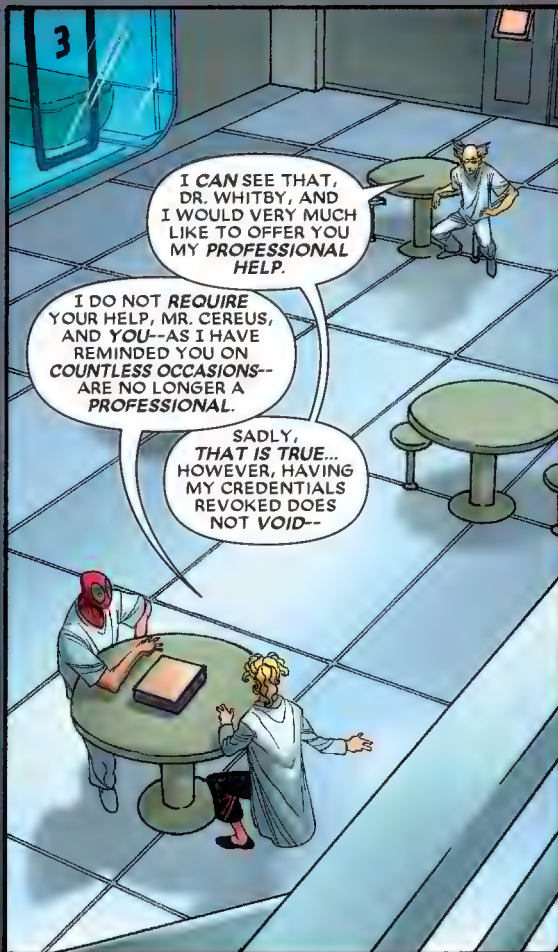


PERHAPS YOU SHOULD TELL THE YOUNG MAN WHAT KIND OF DOCTOR YOU ARE. Hmm?



I, MYSELF, HAVE DEGREES IN--

CAN YOU NOT SEE THAT WE ARE *IN SESSION*, MR. CEREUS?



I CAN SEE THAT, DR. WHITBY, AND I WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO OFFER YOU MY *PROFESSIONAL* HELP.

I DO NOT *REQUIRE* YOUR HELP, MR. CEREUS, AND *YOU*--AS I HAVE REMINDED YOU ON *COUNTLESS OCCASIONS*--ARE NO LONGER A *PROFESSIONAL*.

SADLY, THAT IS TRUE... HOWEVER, HAVING MY CREDENTIALS REVOKED DOES NOT VOID--



MR. CEREUS, IF YOU *CONTINUE* TO INTERFERE I WILL PLACE YOU IN *SOLITARY CONFINEMENT*!



...WOULD THAT MEAN I'D NOT HAVE TO DO THE *PUZZLES* ANYMORE?

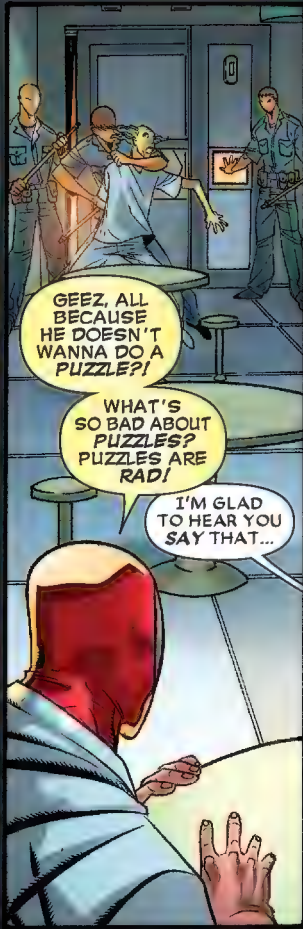
GUARDS?



WHAT? NO!
NOOO!

WZZZT!

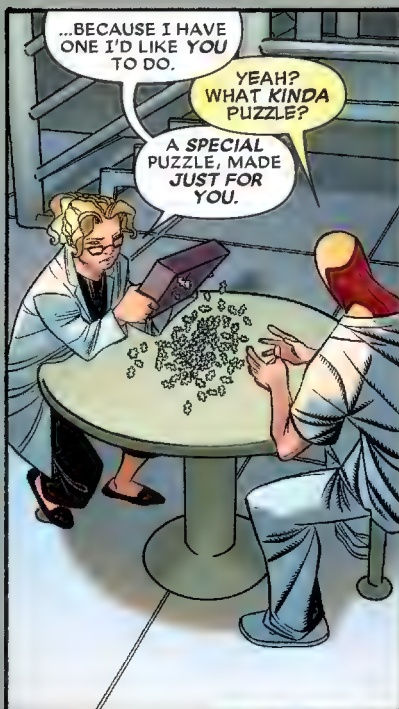
ESCORT MR. CEREUS TO *POD TWO*, PLEASE.



GEEZ, ALL BECAUSE HE DOESN'T WANNA DO A *PUZZLE*?!

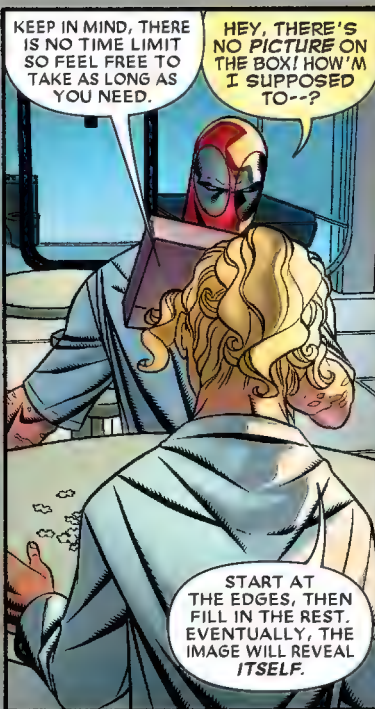
WHAT'S SO BAD ABOUT *PUZZLES*? *PUZZLES* ARE *RAD*!

I'M GLAD TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT...



...BECAUSE I HAVE ONE I'D LIKE YOU TO DO.

YEAH? WHAT KINDA PUZZLE?
A SPECIAL PUZZLE, MADE JUST FOR YOU.



KEEP IN MIND, THERE IS NO TIME LIMIT SO FEEL FREE TO TAKE AS LONG AS YOU NEED.

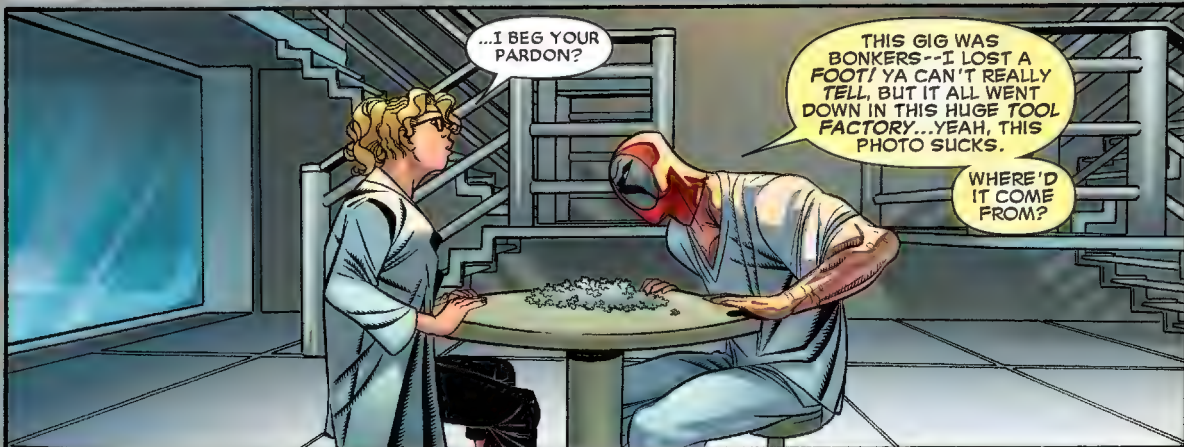
HEY, THERE'S NO PICTURE ON THE BOX! HOW'M I SUPPOSED TO--?

START AT THE EDGES, THEN FILL IN THE REST. EVENTUALLY, THE IMAGE WILL REVEAL ITSELF.



I SHOULD WARN YOU; THE IMAGE MAY CAUSE YOU TO EXPERIENCE EMOTIONS OR URGES THAT COULD BE QUITE INTENSE. IF THAT STARTS TO HAPPEN, I'D LIKE YOU TO TELL ME SO THAT I MAY--

KARACHI, ELEVEN YEARS AGO.



...I BEG YOUR PARDON?

THIS GIG WAS BONKERS--I LOST A FOOT! YA CAN'T REALLY TELL, BUT IT ALL WENT DOWN IN THIS HUGE TOOL FACTORY...YEAH, THIS PHOTO SUCKS.

WHERE'D IT COME FROM?



I...REQUESTED IT FROM INTERPOL.

HOW DID YOU--?

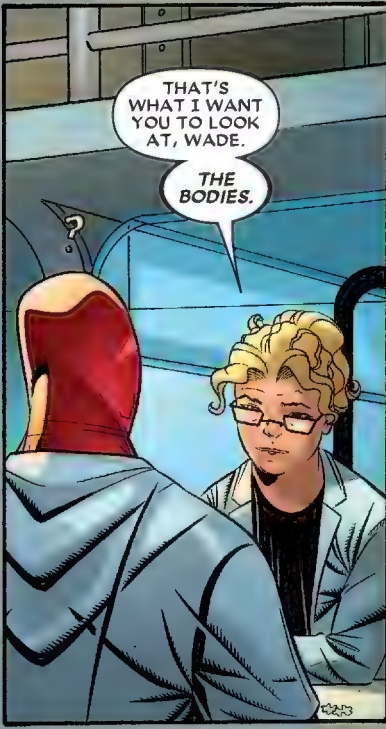
THEY TOTALLY MISSED ALL THE GOOD STUFF!



WHAT ABOUT THE MOTORCYCLE RAMPS? OR THE WIRE-ASSIST RIG THAT I SET UP?

HALF THESE GUYS, I DROPPED WITH A FALAFEL CART I MODDED WITH A SWEET-ASS THIRTY-CAL MINIGUN-- AND THEY DON'T EVEN HAVE FALAFEL CARTS IN PAKISTAN! I HAD TO HAVE ONE FLOWN IN!

THIS DOESN'T SHOW ANY OF THAT! THIS IS JUST...BODIES!



THAT'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO LOOK AT, WADE.

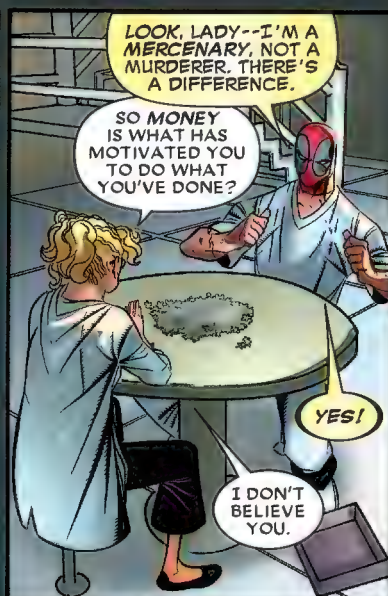
THE BODIES.



BUT THAT'S
THE BORING
PART!



MURDER
IS BORING
TO YOU?

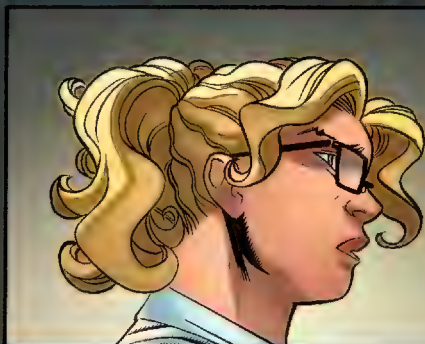


LOOK, LADY--I'M A
MERCENARY, NOT A
MURDERER. THERE'S
A DIFFERENCE.

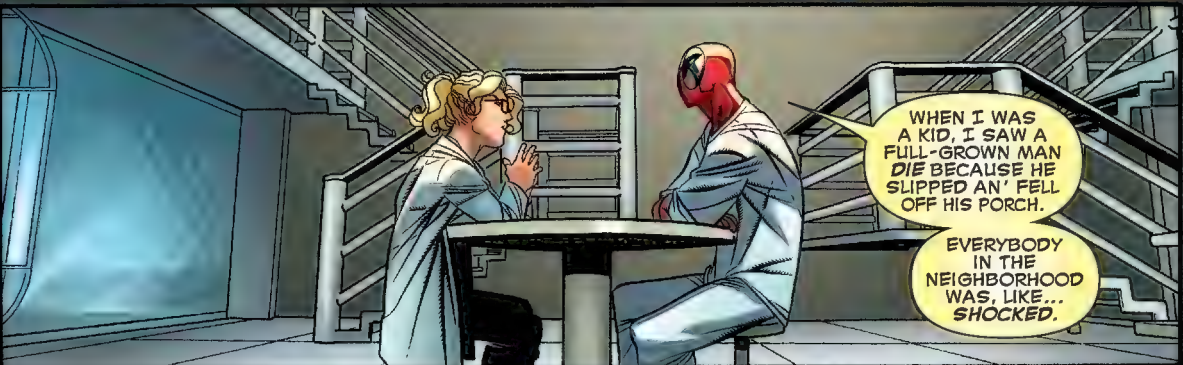
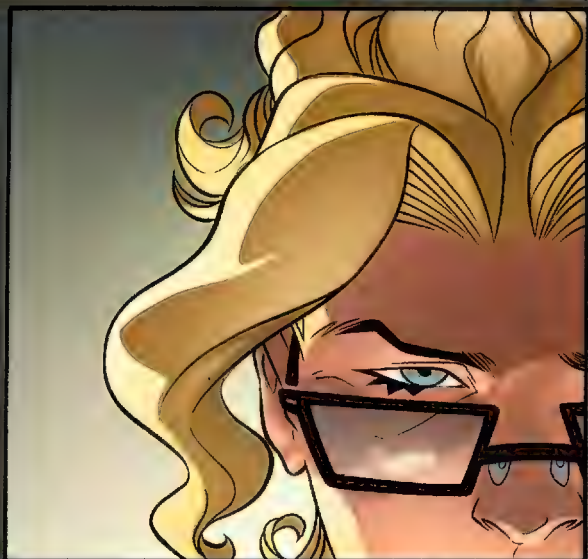
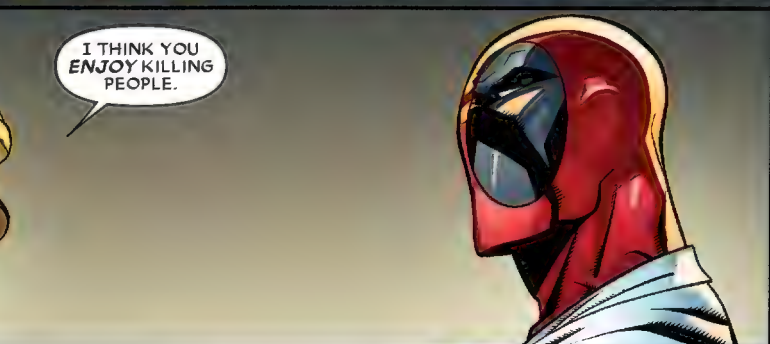
SO MONEY
IS WHAT HAS
MOTIVATED YOU
TO DO WHAT
YOU'VE DONE?

YES!

I DON'T
BELIEVE
YOU.

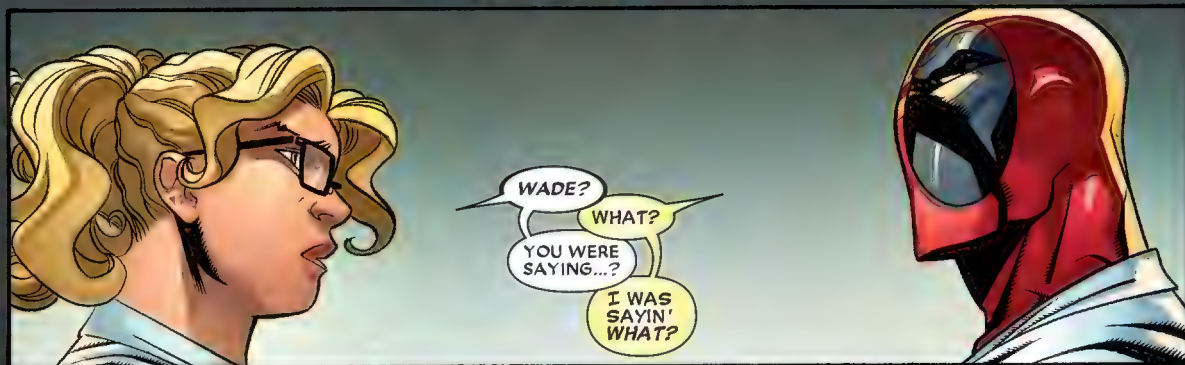
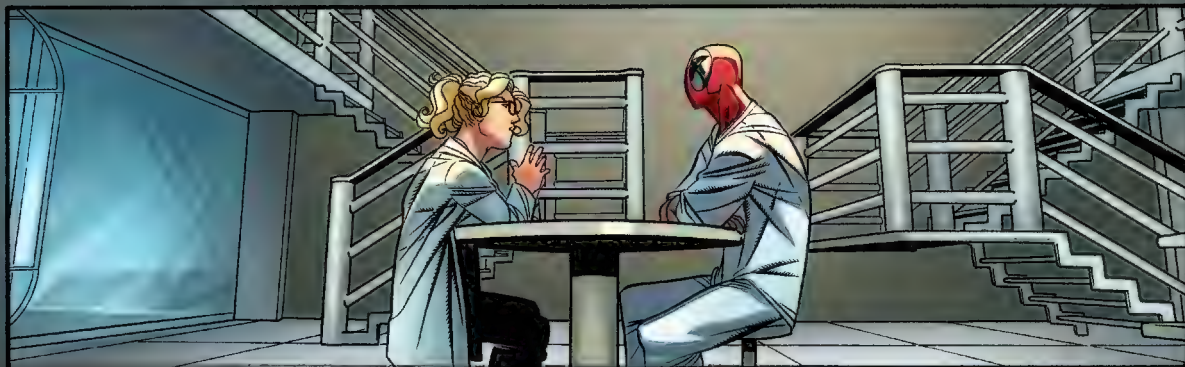


I THINK YOU
ENJOY KILLING
PEOPLE.



WHEN I WAS
A KID, I SAW A
FULL-GROWN MAN
DIE BECAUSE HE
SLIPPED AN' FELL
OFF HIS PORCH.

EVERYBODY
IN THE
NEIGHBORHOOD
WAS, LIKE...
SHOCKED.



WADE?

WHAT?

YOU WERE SAYING...?

I WAS SAYIN' WHAT?



NEVER MIND, THEN.

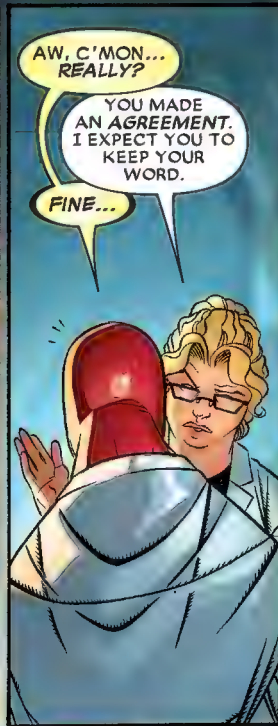
WE'LL COME BACK TO IT LATER.



HOW 'BOUT AFTER NAP TIME?

DEADPOOL SLEEPY.

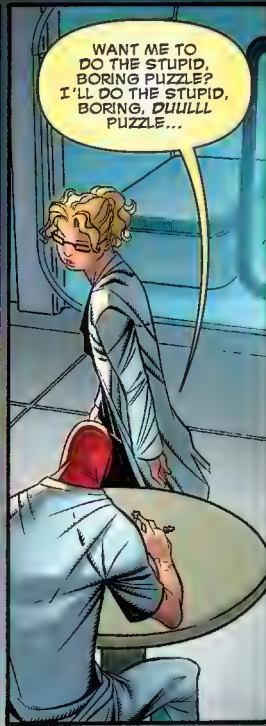
FINISH THE PUZZLE FIRST, PLEASE.



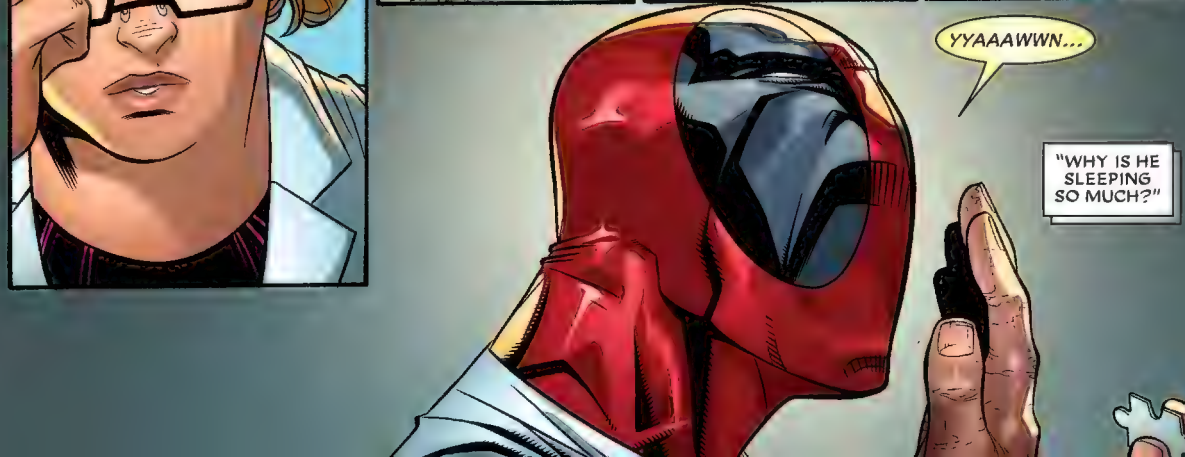
AW, C'MON... REALLY?

YOU MADE AN AGREEMENT. I EXPECT YOU TO KEEP YOUR WORD.

FINE...



WANT ME TO DO THE STUPID, BORING PUZZLE? I'LL DO THE STUPID, BORING, DUUUUU PUZZLE...



YYAAAWWN...

"WHY IS HE SLEEPING SO MUCH?"

TEN DAYS LATER:

DEADPOOL,
I MEAN.

THE DAILY REPORTS SHOW HIM LEAVING
HIS POD ONLY SPARINGLY...SOME
DAYS, **NOT AT ALL**. ARE YOU
SEDATING HIM?

NO...

HMM.

WELL,
WHATEVER IT
IS YOU'RE DOING,
IT SEEMS TO BE
WORKING **QUITE**
WELL.

I DISAGREE
COMPLETELY.

WELL, **THAT'S** TO
BE EXPECTED,
OF COURSE...

MY TREATMENT
PROGRAM IS BASED
UPON **IDENTIFICATION**
BETWEEN THE PERPETRATOR
AND HIS VICTIMS--
INTIMATE, DETAILED
IDENTIFICATION.

THE
PUZZLES.

YES, THE
PUZZLES.

AS THEY RECONSTRUCT THEIR CRIME
SCENES FROM AN **IMPARTIAL POINT**
OF VIEW, THEY'RE FORCED TO
CONFRONT THE STARK **REALITY** OF
WHAT THEY'VE DONE, WHICH...
DEFLATES THEIR GRANDIOSE
PERCEPTION OF THOSE ACTIONS,
AND OF **THEMSELVES**. IT BRINGS
THEM "**DOWN TO EARTH**,"
SO TO SPEAK.

IT'S BEEN QUITE
SUCCESSFUL WITH MY
OTHER PATIENTS BUT **FOR SOME**
REASON, IT'S HAVING THE **OPPOSITE**
EFFECT UPON **DEADPOOL**. EVERY DAY,
HE BECOMES MORE AND MORE
RESPONDENT, HIS PERSONALITY
MORE...**MUTED**....

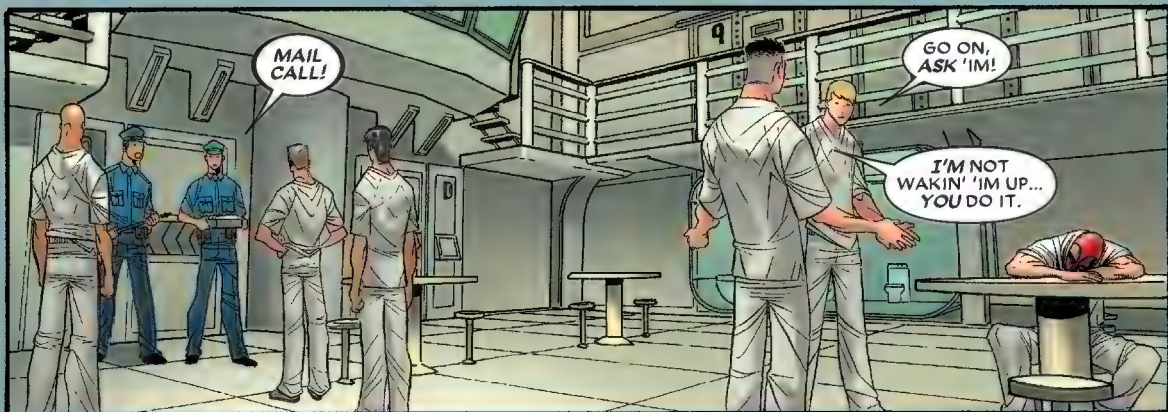
I'M LOSING
HIM.

IF YOU'D BE SO
KIND, DR. WHITBY...
WOULD YOU PLEASE
POINT ME IN THE
DIRECTION OF THE
PROBLEM?

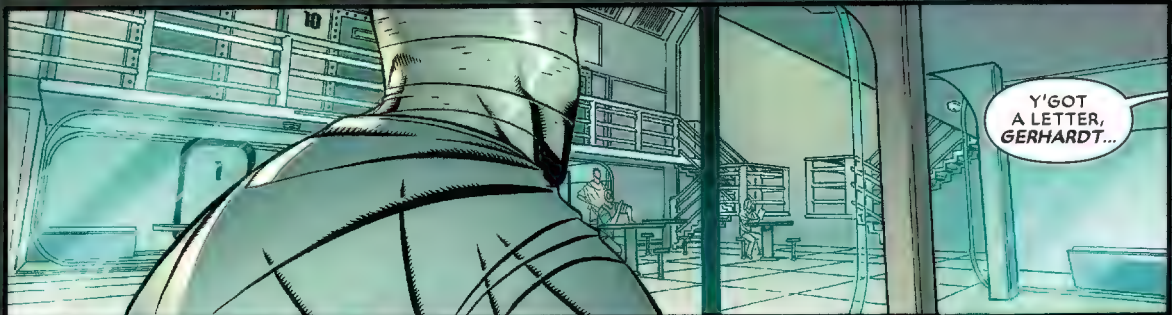
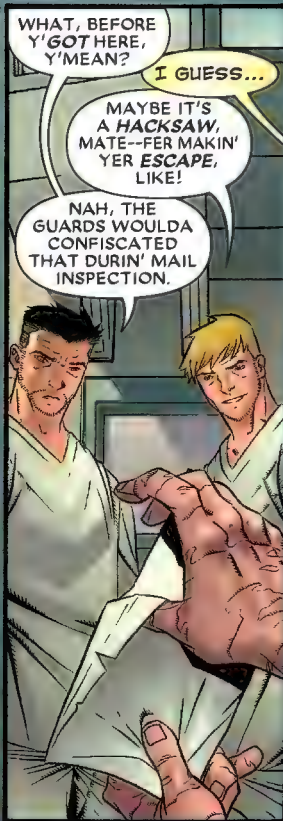
BECAUSE WHAT
I'M HEARING IS THAT
ONE OF THE MOST VIOLENT
AND MENTALLY UNSTABLE
REPROBATES ON THE **PLANET**
HAS GONE FROM **RAVING**
LUNATIC TO MODEL
PRISONER IN LESS THAN
THREE WEEKS.

QUITE THE
ACCOMPLISHMENT,
I'D SAY...

...AND I,
FRANKLY,
CANNOT STAND
YOU.









'AVE A READ
AN' LEMME KNOW
WHEN YER THROUGH,
AYE? IT'S ALMOST ME
LUNCH BREAK.



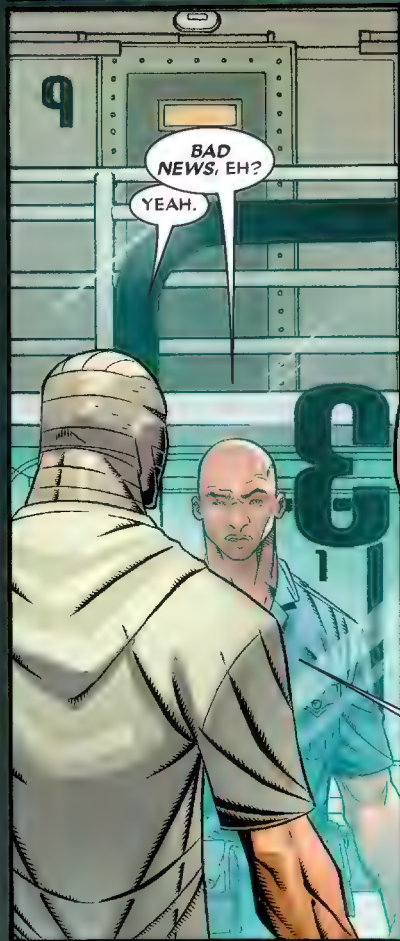
DONE,
THEN?



I'LL LEAVE
IT IN THE GUARD
ROOM, GIVE IT TO YA
WHEN YER OUTTA
SOLITARY.

DON'T
BOTHER. JUST
THROW IT
AWAY.

OR BURN
IT.



BAD
NEWS, EH?

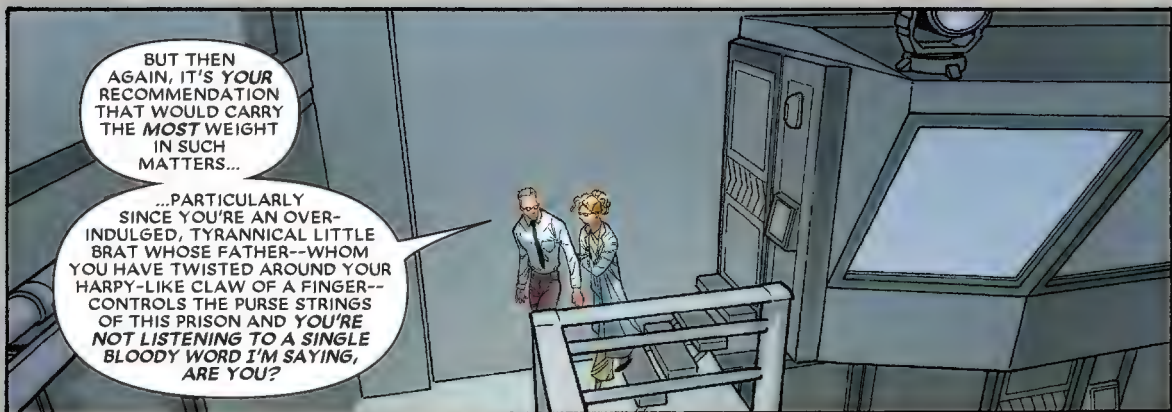
YEAH.



SOMETHIN'
LIKE THAT...

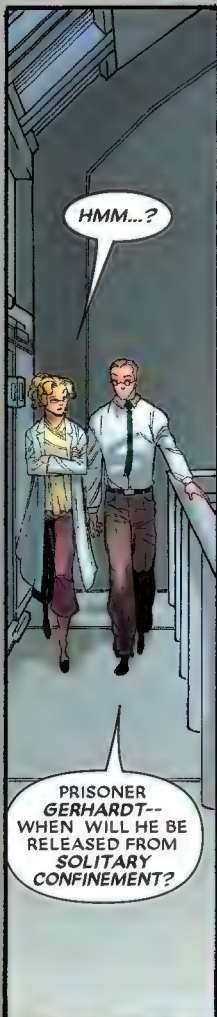
"WHAT ABOUT THAT *FOOLKILLER*
BLOKE--*GERHARDT*, I BELIEVE HIS
NAME IS? I SEE YOU STILL HAVE HIM
IN SOLITARY AFTER THE SCUFFLE
HE HAD WITH *DEADPOOL*..."

"...AND I SEE THE *PAROLE BOARD*
HAS RECENTLY REVIEWED HIS
PETITION FOR *RELEASE*. BIT OF
UNFORTUNATE *TIMING* THERE, EH?
NOT THE SORT OF THING THEY
LOOK *FAVORABLY* UPON, THAT."



BUT THEN AGAIN, IT'S **YOUR** RECOMMENDATION THAT WOULD CARRY THE **MOST** WEIGHT IN SUCH MATTERS...

...PARTICULARLY SINCE YOU'RE AN OVER-INDULGED, TYRANNICAL LITTLE BRAT WHOSE FATHER--WHOM YOU HAVE TWISTED AROUND YOUR HARRY-LIKE CLAW OF A FINGER--CONTROLS THE PURSE STRINGS OF THIS PRISON AND YOU'RE NOT LISTENING TO A SINGLE BLOODY WORD I'M SAYING, ARE YOU?

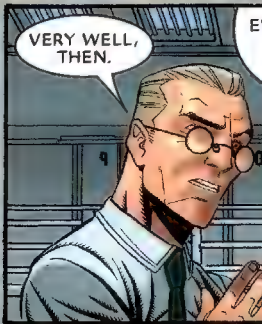


HMM...?

OH.
NOT UNTIL HIS **WOUNDS** ARE FULLY HEALED...AND NOT UNTIL I'M SURE HE WON'T SEEK RETALIATION.

AGAINST **DEADPOOL**, YOU MEAN.
YES.

PRISONER **GERHARDT**--WHEN WILL HE BE RELEASED FROM SOLITARY CONFINEMENT?

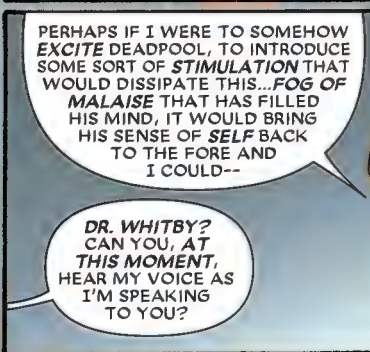


VERY WELL, THEN.

EVEN THOUGH I'M OF THE OPINION YOU'RE BEING IMPROPRIETARILY **PROTECTIVE** OF PRISONER WILSON, A/K/A "**DEADPOOL**," I'M OF THE MUCH **STRONGER** OPINION THAT THE **LESS** EXCITEMENT AROUND HERE, THE **BETTER**.

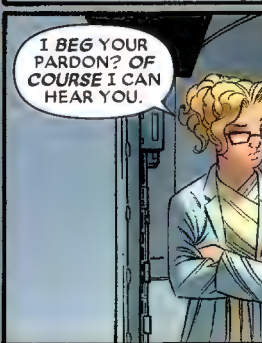
NOW, AS YOU ARE NO DOUBT IN A HURRY TO BEGIN YOUR SCHEDULED **HOLIDAY**, LET'S MOVE ON TO OUR **LAST** ORDER OF BUSINESS, SHALL WE?

MAYBE THAT'S THE ANSWER...



PERHAPS IF I WERE TO SOMEHOW **EXCITE** DEADPOOL, TO INTRODUCE SOME SORT OF **STIMULATION** THAT WOULD DISSIPATE THIS...**FOG** OF **MALaise** THAT HAS FILLED HIS MIND, IT WOULD BRING HIS SENSE OF **SELF** BACK TO THE FORE AND I COULD--

DR. WHITBY? CAN YOU, AT THIS MOMENT, HEAR MY VOICE AS I'M SPEAKING TO YOU?



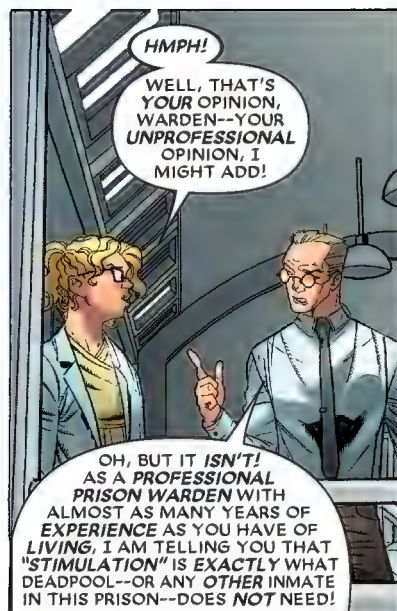
I **BEG** YOUR PARDON? OF **COURSE** I CAN HEAR YOU.

FORGIVE ME, I SIMPLY WANTED TO MAKE SURE THAT YOU HEAR WHAT I'M ABOUT TO SAY TO YOU, BECAUSE IT IS OF THE **UTMOST** IMPORTANCE:



THAT IS THE **ABSOLUTE WORST** IDEA ANYONE HAS **EVER** HAD, DATING BACK TO THE DAWN OF **BLOODY** CREATION.

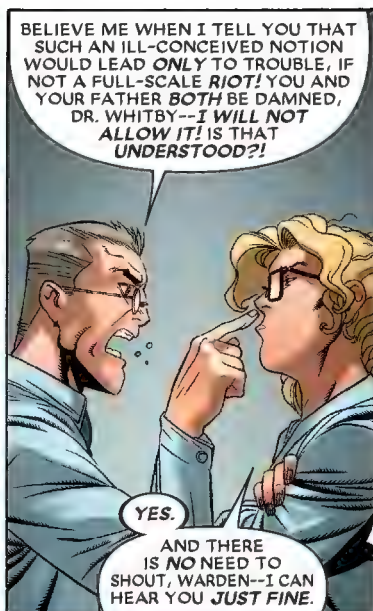




HMPH!

WELL, THAT'S YOUR OPINION, WARDEN--YOUR UNPROFESSIONAL OPINION, I MIGHT ADD!

OH, BUT IT *ISN'T*! AS A PROFESSIONAL PRISON WARDEN WITH ALMOST AS MANY YEARS OF EXPERIENCE AS YOU HAVE OF LIVING, I AM TELLING YOU THAT "STIMULATION" IS EXACTLY WHAT DEADPOOL--OR ANY OTHER INMATE IN THIS PRISON--DOES NOT NEED!



BELIEVE ME WHEN I TELL YOU THAT SUCH AN ILL-CONCEIVED NOTION WOULD LEAD *ONLY* TO TROUBLE, IF NOT A FULL-SCALE RIOT! YOU AND YOUR FATHER BOTH BE DAMNED, DR. WHITBY--*I WILL NOT ALLOW IT!* IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?!

YES.

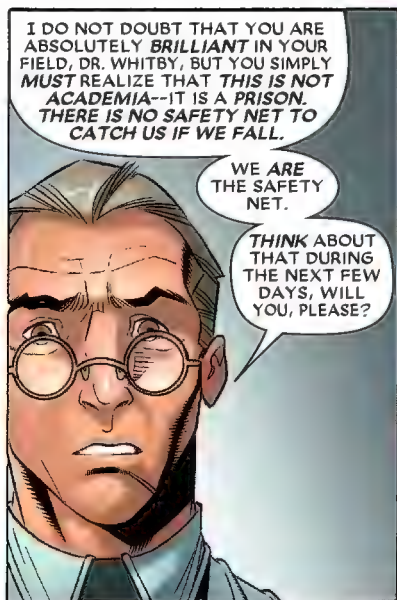
AND THERE IS NO NEED TO SHOUT, WARDEN--I CAN HEAR YOU *JUST FINE*.



SIGH

I DIDN'T ASK WHETHER OR NOT YOU HEARD ME, I ASKED IF YOU UNDERSTOOD WHAT I SAID...AND WHY I SAID IT.

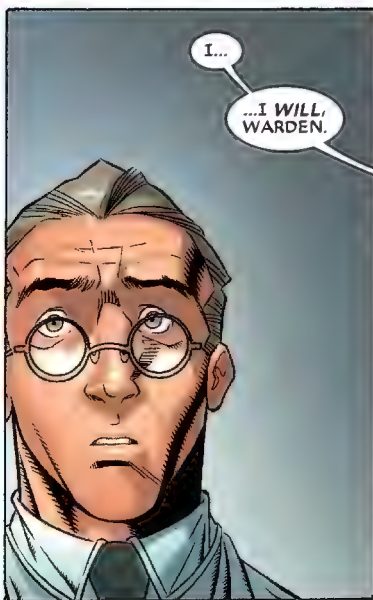
OBVIOUSLY, YOU DO NOT.



I DO NOT DOUBT THAT YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY *BRILLIANT* IN YOUR FIELD, DR. WHITBY, BUT YOU SIMPLY *MUST* REALIZE THAT *THIS IS NOT ACADEMIA*--IT IS A PRISON. THERE IS NO SAFETY NET TO CATCH US IF WE FALL.

WE ARE THE SAFETY NET.

THINK ABOUT THAT DURING THE NEXT FEW DAYS, WILL YOU, PLEASE?



I...

...I WILL, WARDEN.



YOU'VE GIVEN ME QUITE A LOT TO THINK ABOUT, ACTUALLY.

I--?

WELL, THAT'S... QUITE WONDERFUL TO HEAR, DR. WHITBY!



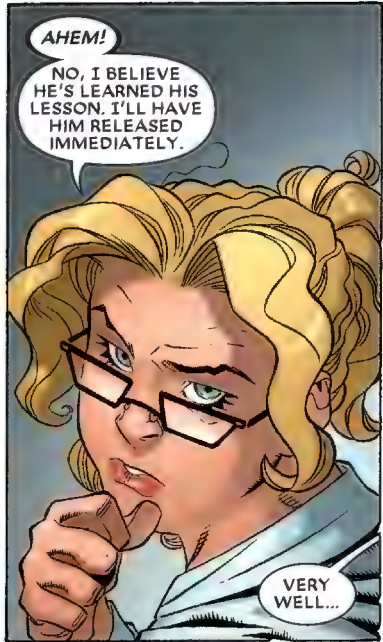
OH, ONE LAST THING...IS PRISONER CEREUS TO REMAIN IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT DURING YOUR HOLIDAY?

CEREUS...?



OH! I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN!

I'VE BEEN SO PREOCCUPIED WITH OTHER MATTERS THAT I...



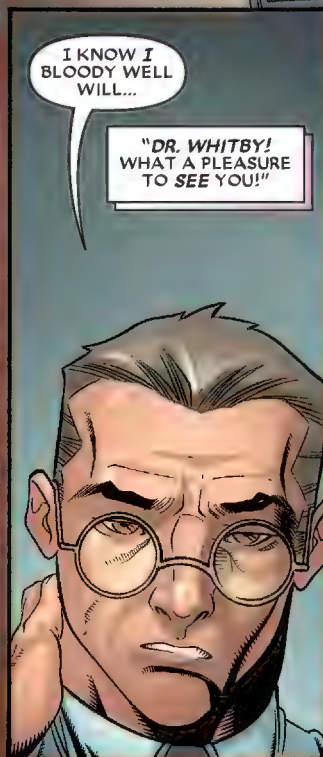
AHEM!

NO, I BELIEVE HE'S LEARNED HIS LESSON. I'LL HAVE HIM RELEASED IMMEDIATELY.

VERY WELL...



...ENJOY
YOUR TIME
AWAY, DR.
WHITBY.



I KNOW I
BLOODY WELL
WILL...

"DR. WHITBY!
WHAT A PLEASURE
TO SEE YOU!"

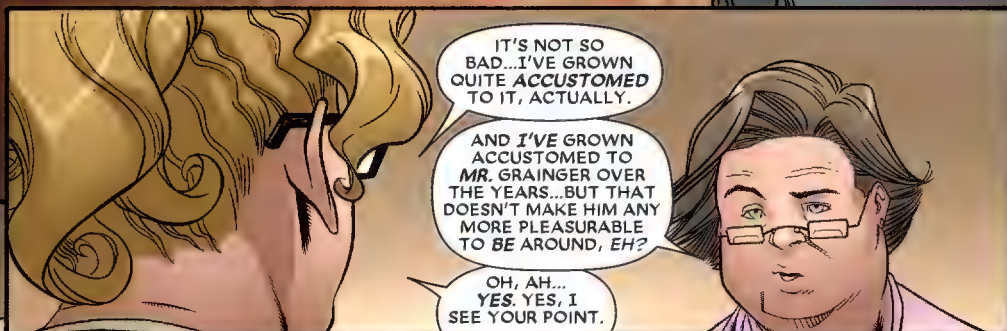


OH,
HELLO, MRS.
GRAINGER...

WHERE'VE
YOU BEEN KEEPING
YOURSELF, CHILD?

I'VE BEEN
QUITE BUSY
AT WORK--

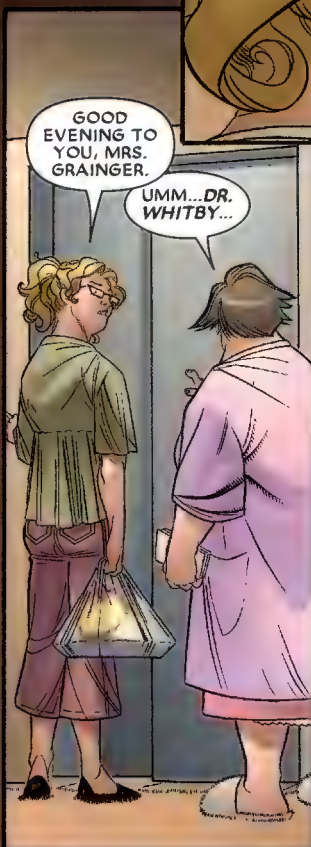
AT WORK?!
OH, PLEASE SAY
YOU'VE NOT BEEN
SLEEPING IN THAT
AWFUL PLACE...



IT'S NOT SO
BAD...I'VE GROWN
QUITE ACCUSTOMED
TO IT, ACTUALLY.

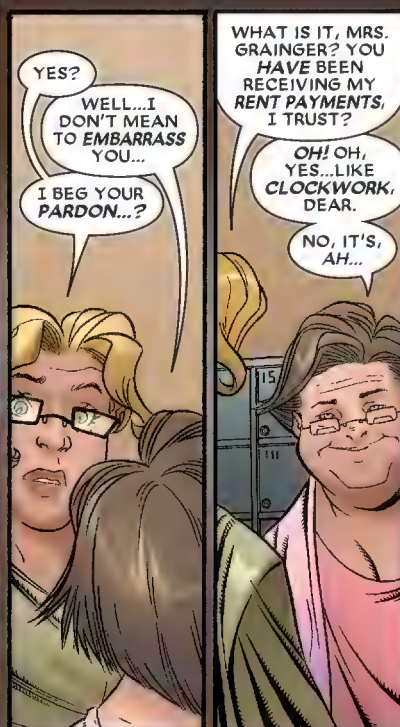
AND I'VE GROWN
ACCUSTOMED TO
MR. GRAINGER OVER
THE YEARS...BUT THAT
DOESN'T MAKE HIM ANY
MORE PLEASURABLE
TO BE AROUND, EH?

OH, AH...
YES. YES, I
SEE YOUR POINT.



GOOD
EVENING TO
YOU, MRS.
GRAINGER.

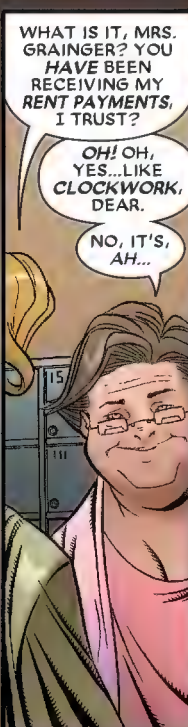
UMM...DR.
WHITBY...



YES?

WELL...I
DON'T MEAN
TO EMBARRASS
YOU...

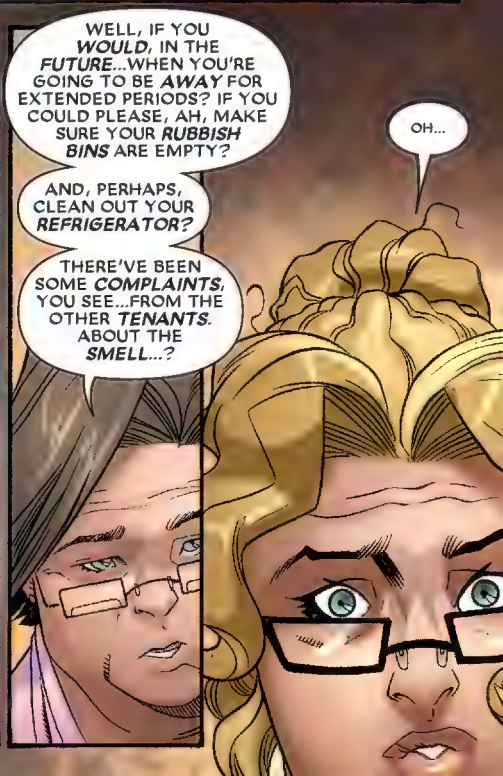
I BEG YOUR
PARDON...?



WHAT IS IT, MRS.
GRAINGER? YOU
HAVE BEEN
RECEIVING MY
RENT PAYMENTS,
I TRUST?

OH! OH,
YES...LIKE
CLOCKWORK,
DEAR.

NO, IT'S,
AH...

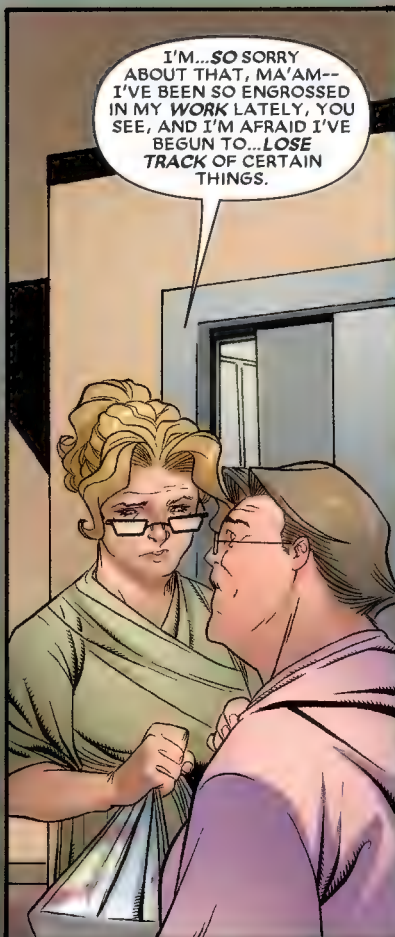


WELL, IF YOU
WOULD, IN THE
FUTURE...WHEN YOU'RE
GOING TO BE AWAY FOR
EXTENDED PERIODS? IF YOU
COULD PLEASE, AH, MAKE
SURE YOUR RUBBISH
BINS ARE EMPTY?

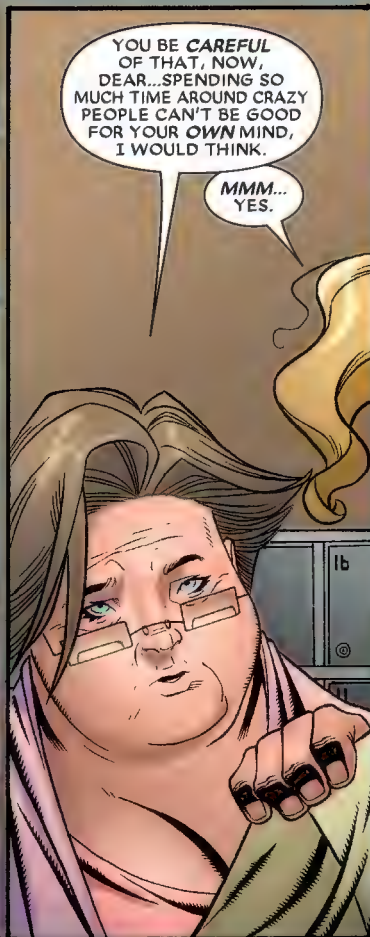
AND, PERHAPS,
CLEAN OUT YOUR
REFRIGERATOR?

THERE'VE BEEN
SOME COMPLAINTS,
YOU SEE...FROM THE
OTHER TENANTS.
ABOUT THE
SMELL...?

OH...



I'M...SO SORRY ABOUT THAT, MA'AM-- I'VE BEEN SO ENGROSSED IN MY WORK LATELY, YOU SEE, AND I'M AFRAID I'VE BEGUN TO...LOSE TRACK OF CERTAIN THINGS.

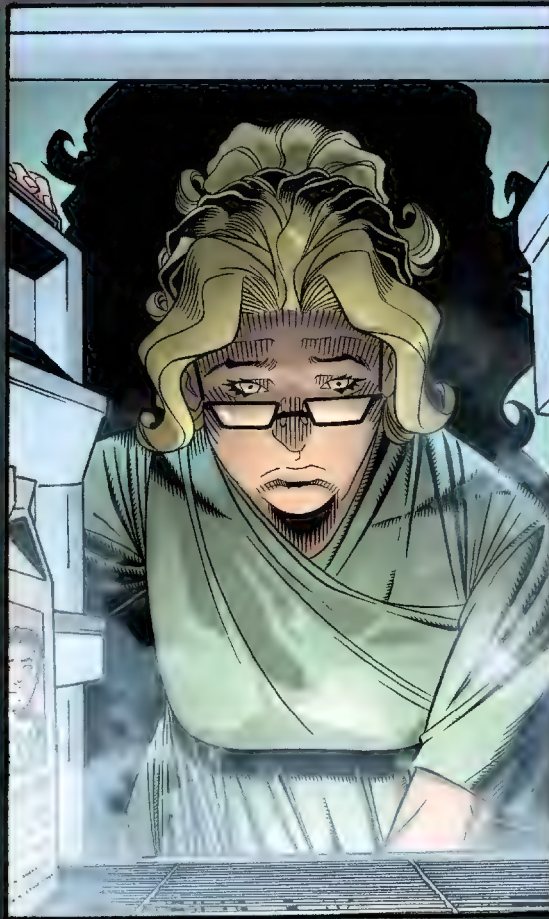
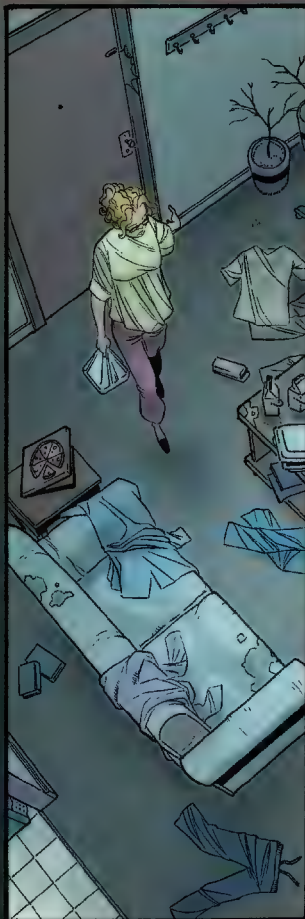


YOU BE CAREFUL OF THAT, NOW, DEAR...SPENDING SO MUCH TIME AROUND CRAZY PEOPLE CAN'T BE GOOD FOR YOUR OWN MIND, I WOULD THINK.

MMM... YES.



INDEED.



"WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE SHE DOES IN HER SPARE TIME, EH?"

"WHO, WHITBY?"





...YOU'RE
FREE TO COME
OUT AN' PLAY.

3

42



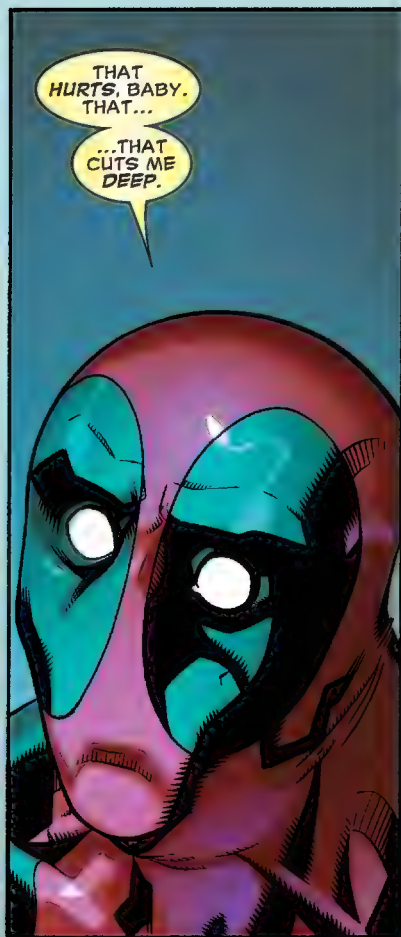
OH, MY GOD.

WHAT.

A %\$@#\$%#.

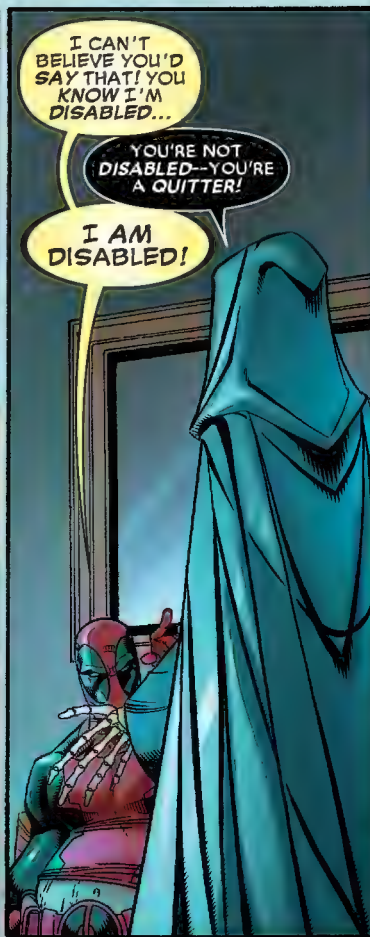
LOSER.





THAT
HURTS, BABY.
THAT...

...THAT
CUTS ME
DEEP.



I CAN'T
BELIEVE YOU'D
SAY THAT! YOU
KNOW I'M
DISABLED...

YOU'RE NOT
DISABLED--YOU'RE
A QUITTER!

I AM
DISABLED!



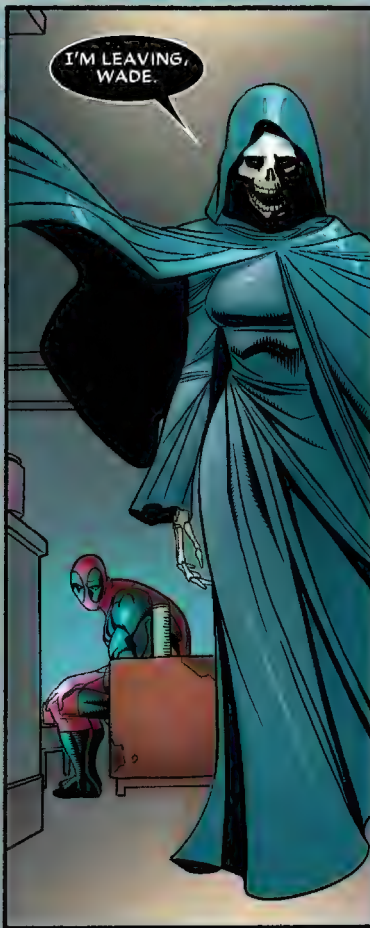
DOCTOR WHITBEE



OH, GREAT--STUPID
THING LOST RECEPTION
AGAIN!

HEY, MAYBE
IF WE HAD SOME
CABLE UP IN THIS
PLACE I WOULDN'T
HAVE TO WATCH RE-
RUNS...I COULD WATCH
SOMETHIN' THAT'D, LIKE,
INSPIRE ME TO
GREATNESS!

YOU WANT
INSPIRATION?
HOW'S THIS:



I'M LEAVING,
WADE.



PFFT!

SO?

"GET UP."

I'M NOT
GETTIN' UP.

"YOU HEAR ME?
I SAID--"



**GET UP,
FOOL!**

**INSTITUTIONALIZED
CONCLUSION**

CROSSMORE PRISON, ENGLAND:



IT'S THAT
BASTARD
DEADPOOL
AGAIN, ISN'T
IT!

ACTUALLY,
SIR...

I KNEW
IT!



WHITBY
SHOULD'VE NEVER
LET HIM OUT OF
SOLITARY CONFINEMENT!
AND NOW SHE'S GONE ON
HOLIDAY AND I'M LEFT
TO DEAL WITH THE
BLOODY MESS
OF IT ALL!

HAS THE
PSYCHIATRIC
WING BEEN
LOCKED DOWN
YET?

UHH...NO,
SIR. WE STILL
HAVE--

LOCK
IT DOWN,
NOW!



MR. WARDEN,
WE STILL HAVE
MEN IN THERE!



HOW
MANY?

TWO
OF THEM,
SIR.

AND THEY'RE
ALIVE?

LAST WE
CHECKED THEY
WERE...



"...BUT THEY'VE BEEN OVERTAKEN.
AND WHO KNOWS WHAT THE
PRISONERS MIGHT HAVE DONE
WITH THEM, SIR."



THEN THAT MAKES THIS A **FULL-
SCALE RIOT**...AND BY THE POWER
GRANTED TO ME BY HER MAJESTY'S
PRISON SERVICE, I AM AUTHORIZED
TO USE ANY AND ALL MEANS
NECESSARY TO RESTORE ORDER,
UP TO AND INCLUDING
DEADLY FORCE.

SUIT UP,
GENTLEMEN.

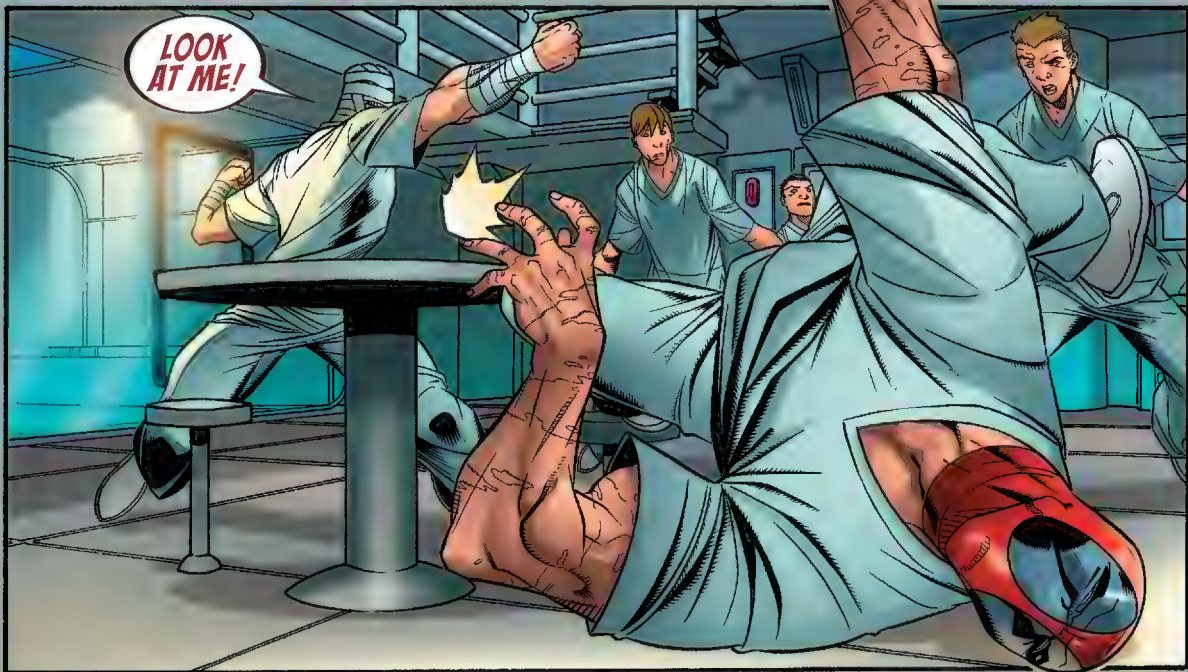


"WE'RE GOING IN."

BLOODY PIGS'LL BE 'ERE ANY SECOND-- WHAT'RE Y'WAITIN' FOR, GERHARDT?!

BASH 'IS BRAINS OUT!

LOOK AT ME, DAMN YOU!



LOOK AT ME!



'OW D'YA KNOW 'E ISN'T?



UNDER 'IS MASK, I MEAN.





HRKK--!



BABY--
WAIT!
DON'T--!



LEAVE...



WE BLEW IT.
SHE'S GONE.

Yeah, but there's
still a *chance*--!

NOPE. THIS TIME,
IT'S FOR REALS.

NO...IT
ISN'T.



THIS
IS JUST A
DREAM.

See? There *is*
still a chance!

We're gonna go
find her...right?







WHAT IN BLAZES ARE YOU DOING HERE?!

I CAME AS SOON AS I GOT THE MESSAGE...



...WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, WARDEN?

BLOODY OBVIOUS, ISN'T IT?

WE'RE QUELLING A RIOT!



NO, YOU ARE NOT! I WILL NOT ALLOW YOU TO--



G-GYAAAAH!!



BLIMEY...

RIGHT-- DEAL WITH THAT LATER, THEN.

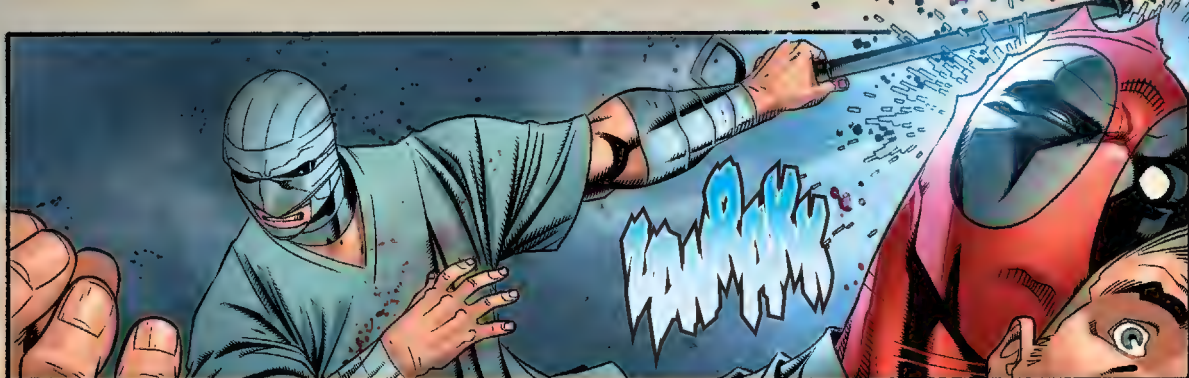
FOR NOW, LET'S GET ON TO THE BUSINESS OF RESTORING ORDER INSIDE THESE PRISON WALLS, EH? TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE!



"IF WE DON'T MOVE QUICKLY, THAT RAVING LUNATIC IS SURE TO KILL EVERYONE!"

GUESS WHAT, DOOKIE BIRDS?

I'M KILLIN' EVERYONE!



YEAH, PROBABLY
SHOULD'A KILLED
THAT GUY FIRST.



Looking back, that
does seem like it
would've been a
wise choice...

GET THE
BASTARD!

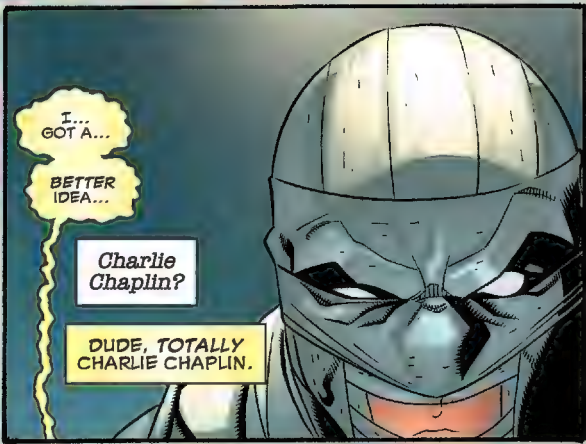
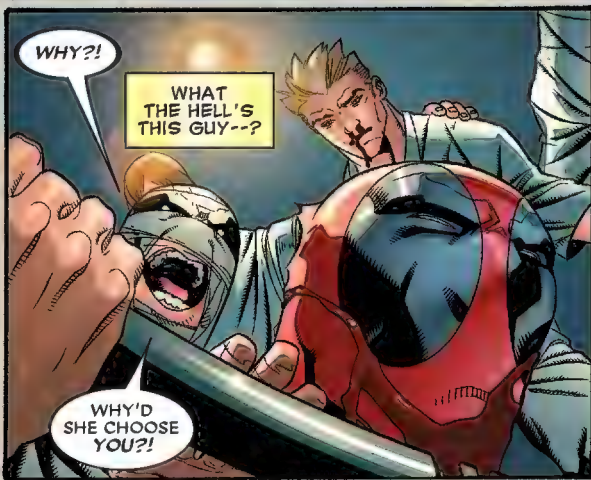
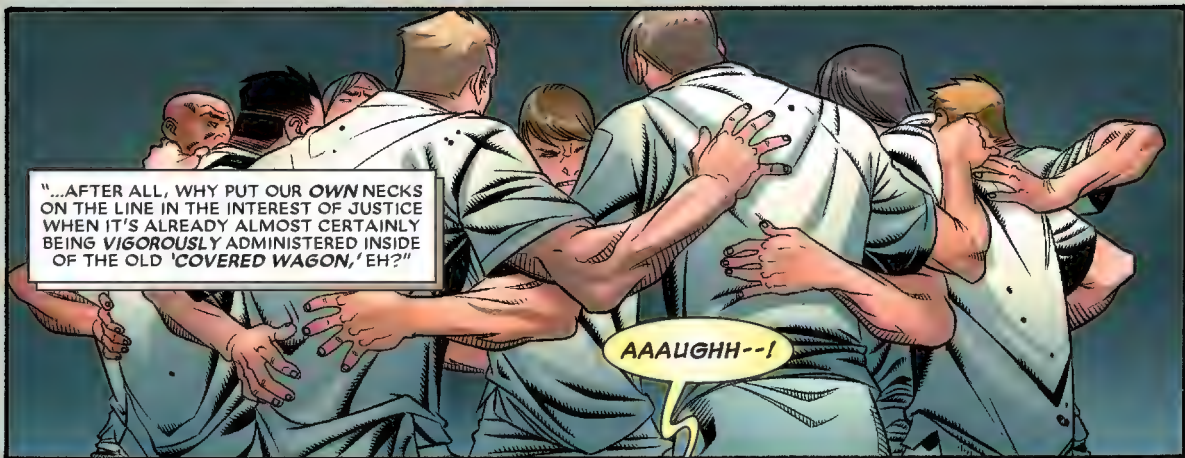
NNGHH...

"SIR...? SHOULDN'T
WE--?"

NO,
LET'S...

LET'S
WAIT A
MOMENT OR
TWO...







EIGHT DAYS LATER:

UPON INSPECTION OF THE SCENE, IT WAS MY DETERMINATION THAT **PRISONER GERHARDT**, UNLIKE ALL OF THE OTHER INMATES INVOLVED, WAS ACTUALLY ATTEMPTING TO ESTABLISH **ORDER** WITHIN THE CHAOS OF THE RIOT AND I FELT THAT, **FOR DOING SO**, HE SHOULD BE **COMMENDED** RATHER THAN REPRIMANDED.

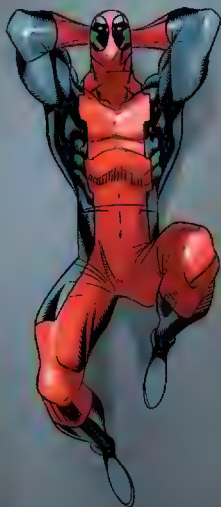
AND, I ASSUME, THIS IS ALSO WHY YOU'VE APPEARED TODAY AS A **FAVORABLE CHARACTER WITNESS** FOR THE **PROSPECTIVE PAROLEE**?

YES, IT IS.

LOOKING THROUGH PRISONER GERHARDT'S FILE, I SEE THAT HE'S CLASHED WITH THIS PRISONER...**WILSON**, ON **ANOTHER** OCCASION.

THAT IS CORRECT--AS HAVE MOST, IF NOT ALL OF THE OTHER INMATES.

"WHICH IS WHY PRISONER WILSON, A.K.A. '**DEADPOOL**,' HAS NOW BEEN **PERMANENTLY RELOCATED** TO A SOLITARY CONFINEMENT UNIT IN THE '**F**' WING OF THE PRISON...**OUR HIGHEST SECURITY HOUSING AREA.**"



WE WERE HOPING TO **SPEAK** TO PRISONER WILSON TODAY, TO GET HIS SIDE OF THE STORY. I UNDERSTAND YOU'VE **DENIED** THIS REQUEST...?

IN ADDITION TO BEING AN **UNACCEPTABLE SECURITY RISK**, IT WOULD BE QUITE **POINTLESS**, FRANKLY--PRISONER WILSON HAS REFUSED TO SPEAK SINCE THE INCIDENT.

IS IT THAT HE'S **REFUSED** TO SPEAK, OR THAT HE'S BEEN **UNABLE** TO SPEAK, WARDEN? THE REPORT NOTES THAT PRISONER WILSON'S **THROAT** WAS INJURED DURING THE INCIDENT.

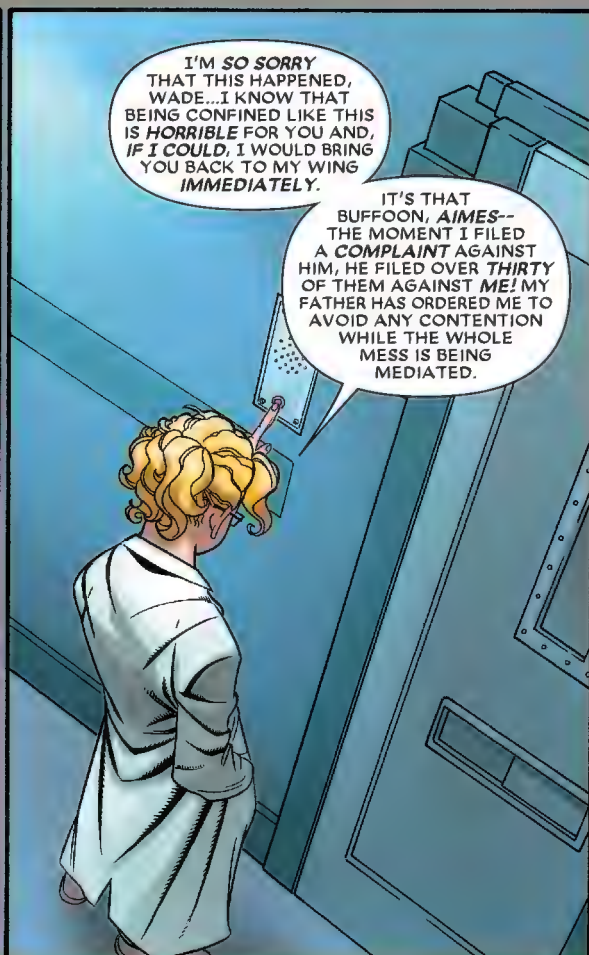
PRISONER WILSON'S **UNNATURAL HEALING ABILITIES** WOULD'VE REPAIRED ANY INJURIES **LONG AGO**, SIR. **ADDITIONALLY**, IF YOU'LL REFER TO HIS FILE, YOU'LL SEE THAT PRISONER WILSON HAS REMAINED **MUTE** FOR THE **MAJORITY** OF HIS TIME HERE AT CROSSMORE.

WHICH WOULD SEEM TO INDICATE A **MENTAL DISORDER**, WOULD IT NOT?

IT WOULD, WHICH IS WHY PRISONER WILSON--EVEN THOUGH HE'S NO LONGER HOUSED IN THE **PSYCHIATRIC UNIT**--STILL RECEIVES REGULAR TREATMENT FROM OUR RESIDENT PSYCHIATRIST...

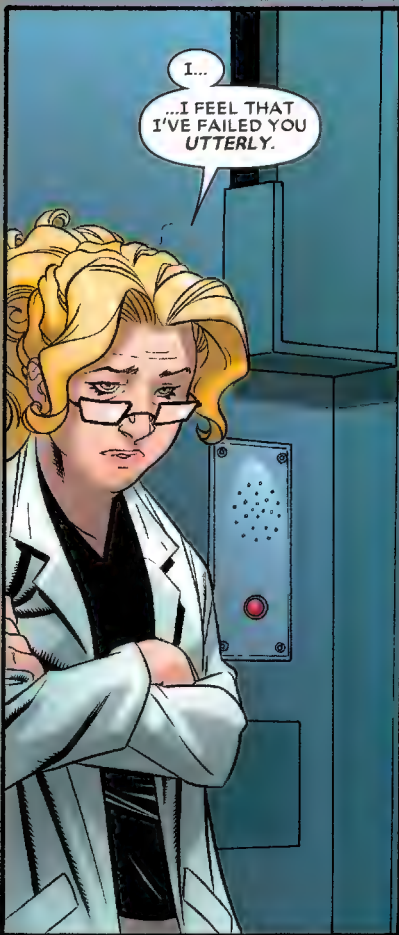


"...DR. ELLA
WHITBY."

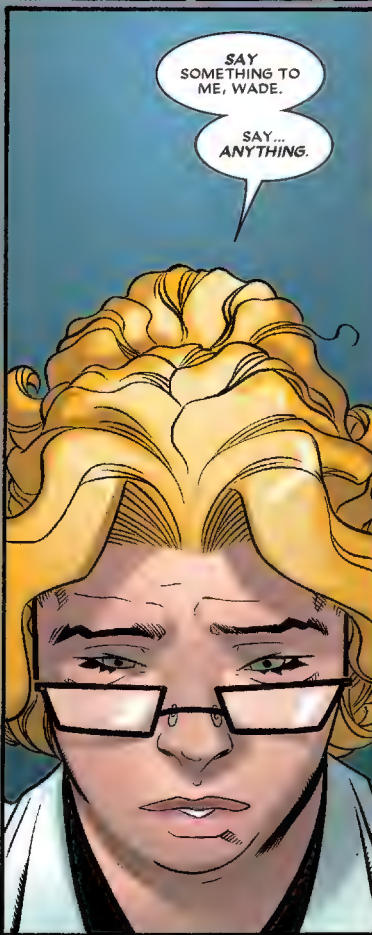


I'M SO SORRY
THAT THIS HAPPENED,
WADE... I KNOW THAT
BEING CONFINED LIKE THIS
IS HORRIBLE FOR YOU AND,
IF I COULD, I WOULD BRING
YOU BACK TO MY WING
IMMEDIATELY.

IT'S THAT
BUFFOON, AIMES--
THE MOMENT I FILED
A COMPLAINT AGAINST
HIM, HE FILED OVER THIRTY
OF THEM AGAINST ME! MY
FATHER HAS ORDERED ME TO
AVOID ANY CONTENTION
WHILE THE WHOLE
MESS IS BEING
MEDIATED.

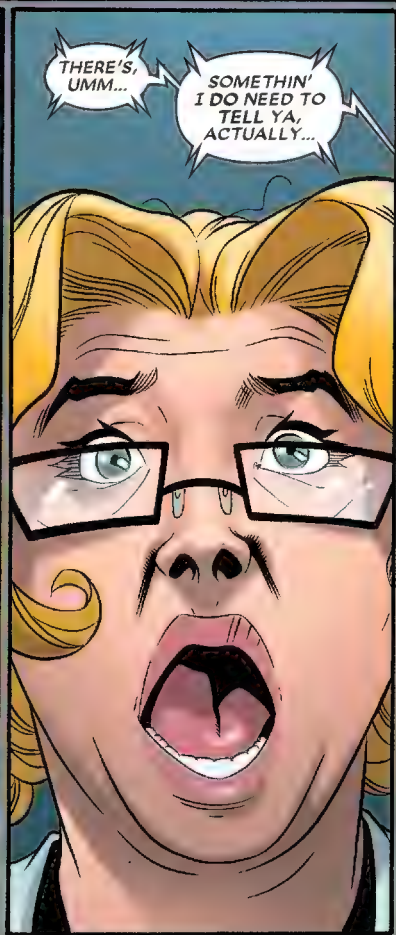


I...
...I FEEL THAT
I'VE FAILED YOU
UTTERLY.



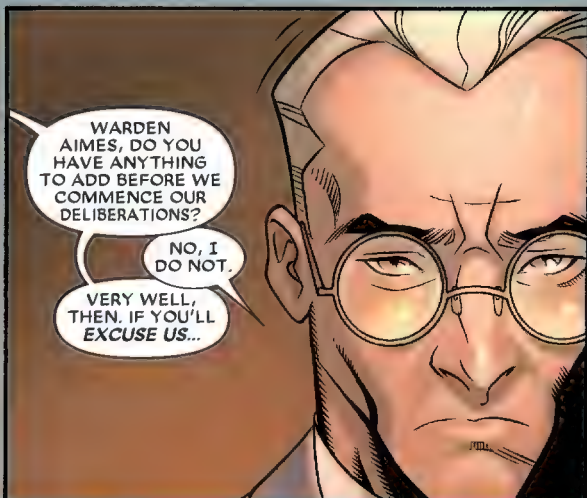
SAY
SOMETHING TO
ME, WADE.

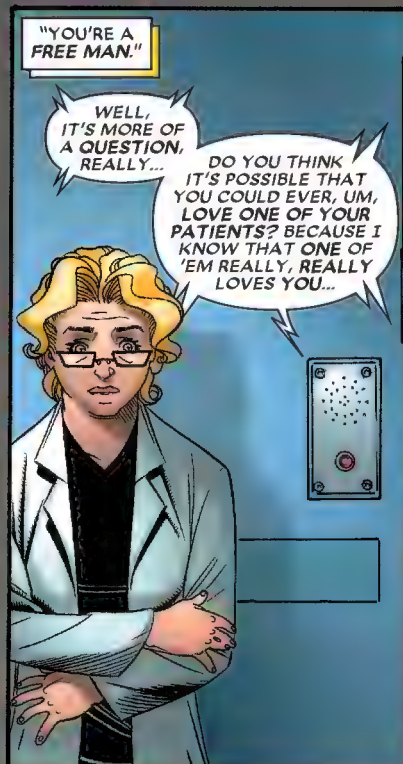
SAY...
ANYTHING.

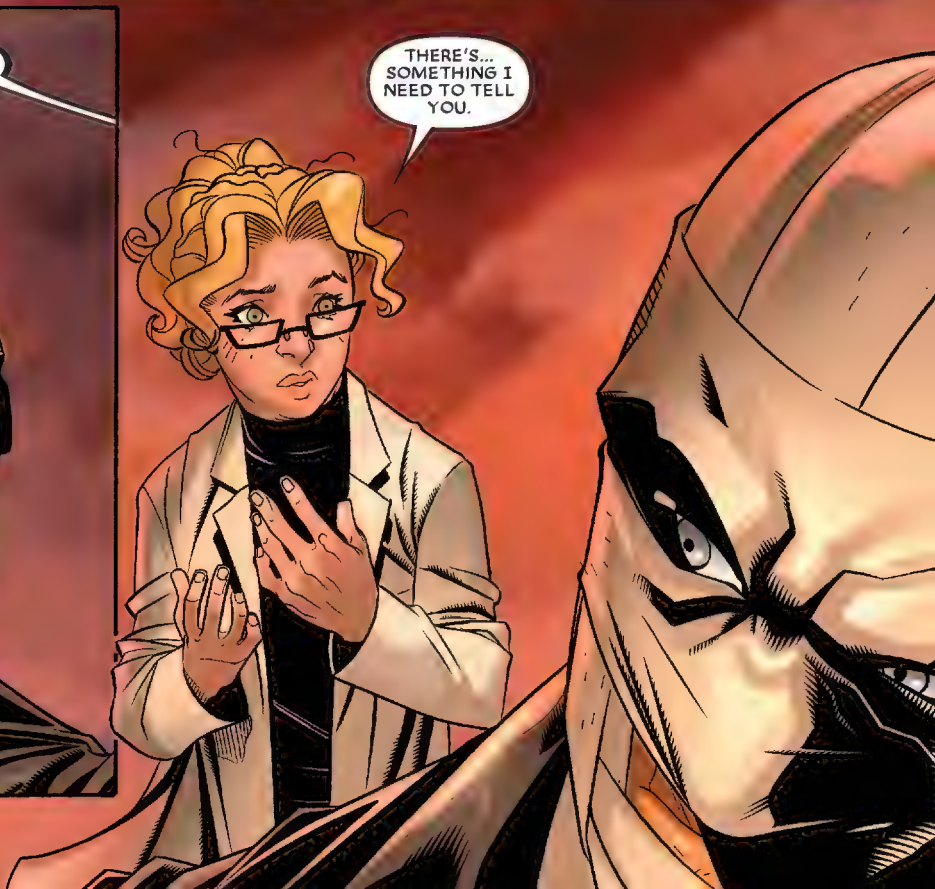
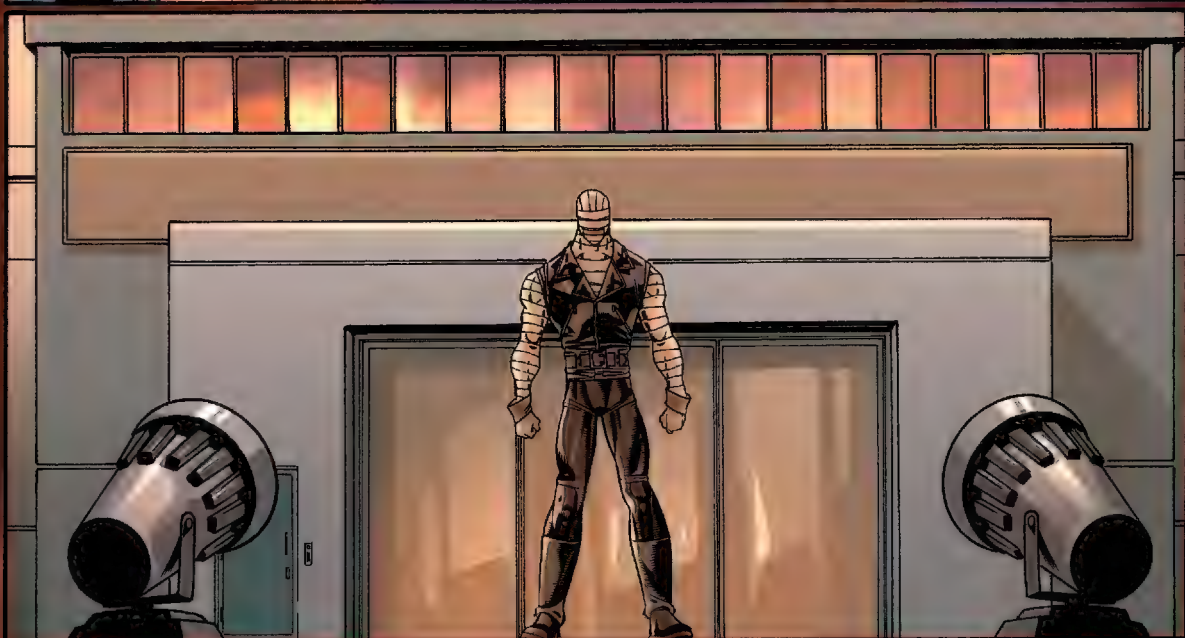
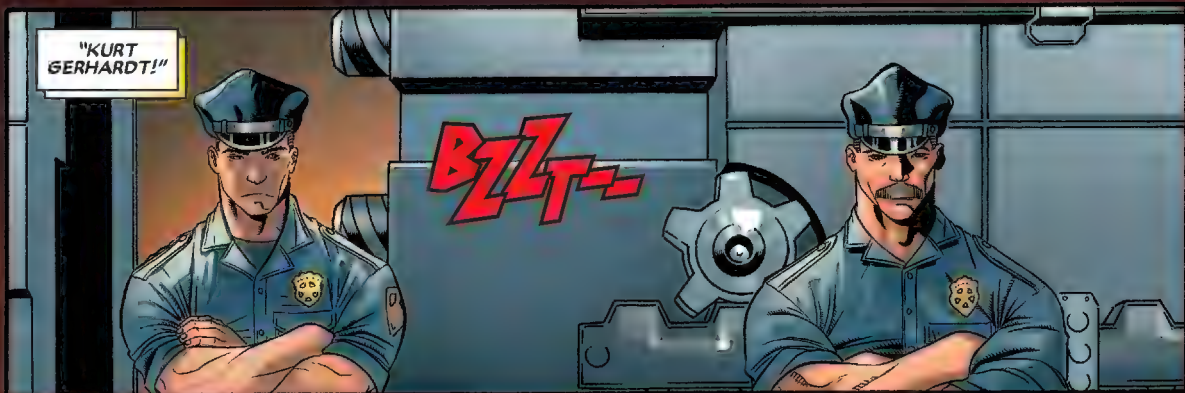


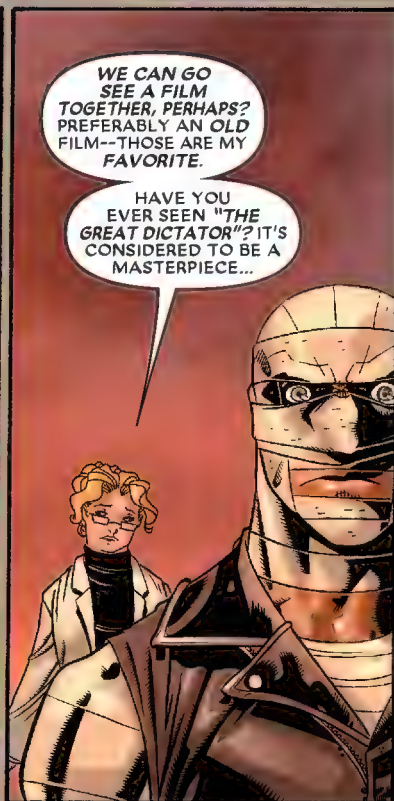
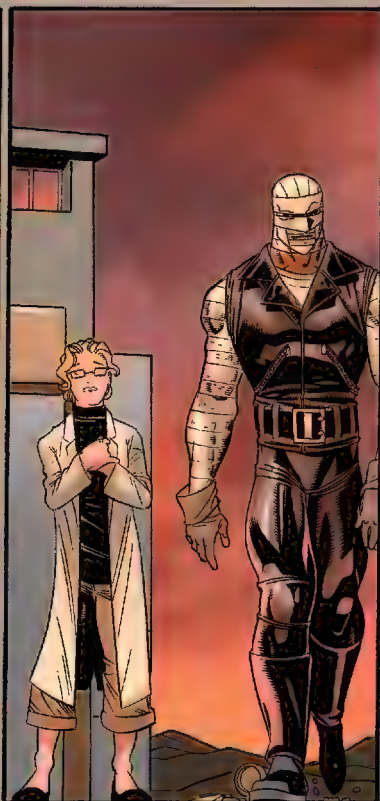
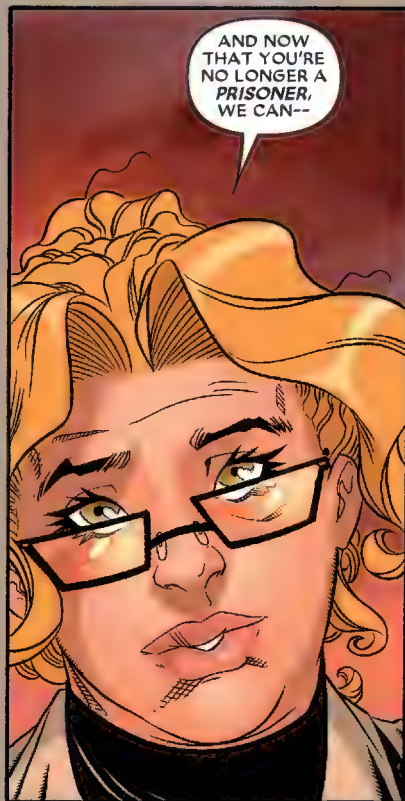
THERE'S,
UMM...

SOMETHIN'
I DO NEED TO
TELL YA,
ACTUALLY...





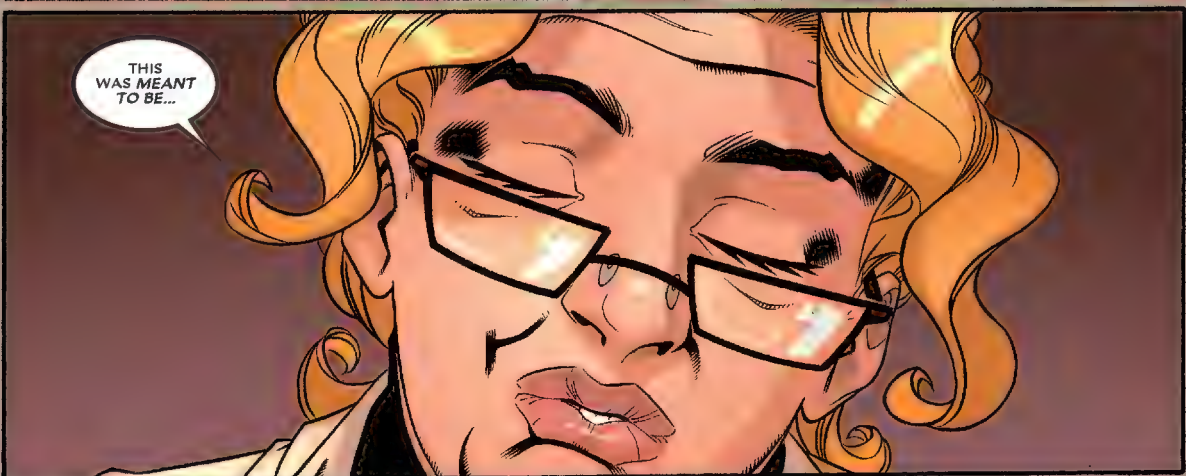
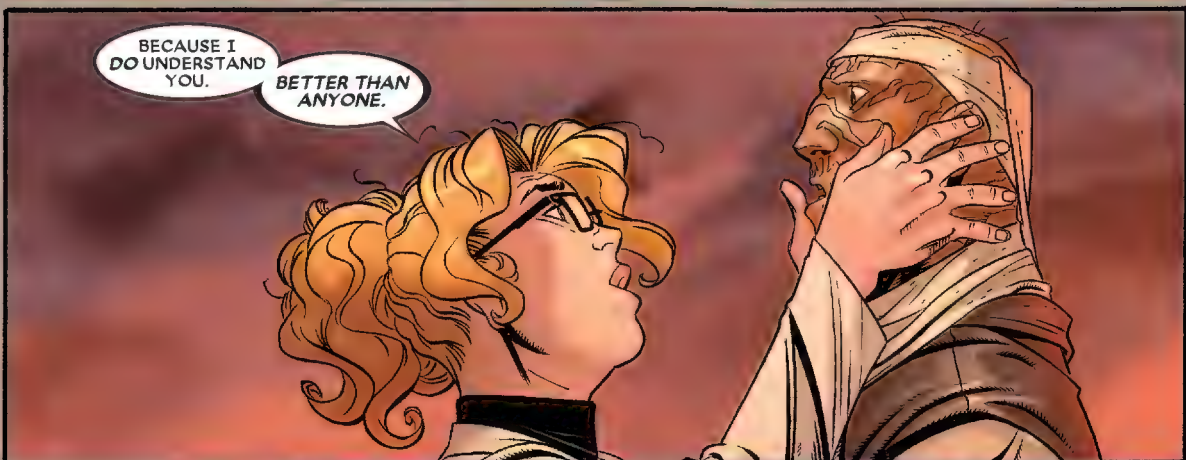
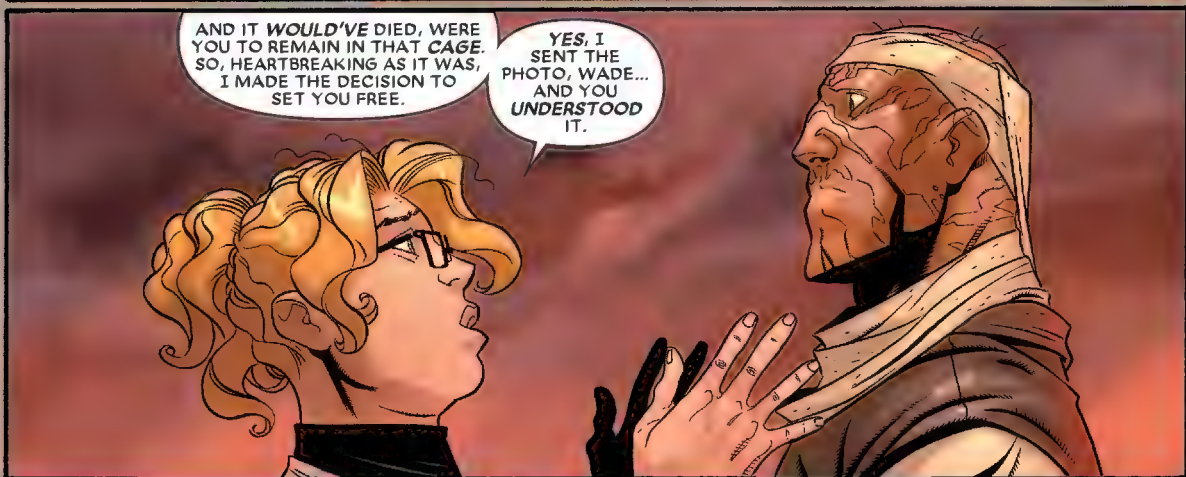
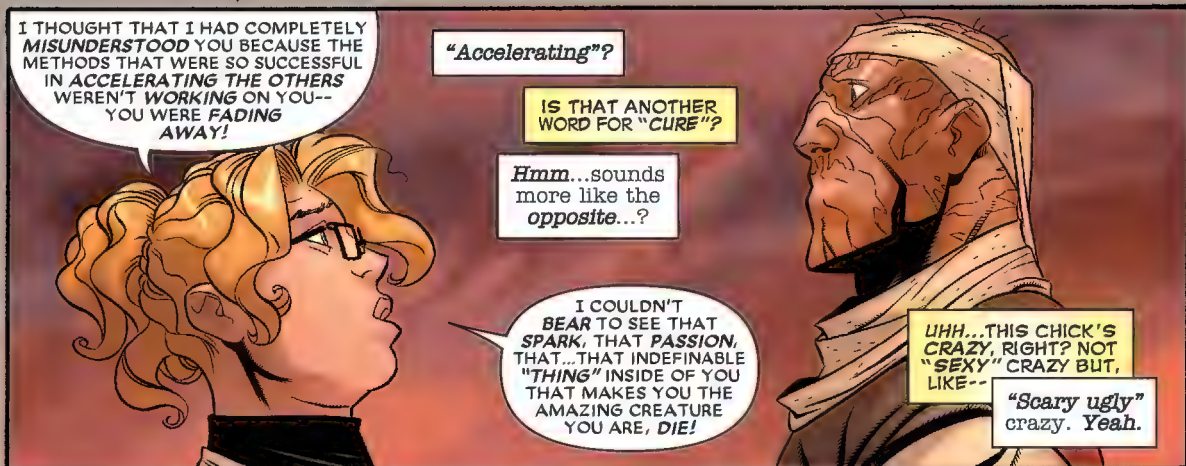




...AND
CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S
GREATEST WORK.

YOU
SENT ME THE
PHOTO?!







WHY THE HELL ARE WE STILL IN ENGLAND?! WE SHOULD'VE FLED THE COUNTRY IMMEDIATELY!

Who, the cops?

YEAH.

WE'RE NOT EVEN SURE THE COPS ARE AFTER US, THOUGH!

WHY WOULDN'T THEY BE AFTER ME? I ESCAPED FROM PRISON.

THEY MIGHT NOT KNOW THAT!

THEY MIGHT NOT KNOW THAT YET.

YEAH, SO... WHY THE HELL ARE WE STILL IN ENGLAND?!

Pretty sure Whitby told the cops...

SHE CAN'T TELL THE COPS-- SHE HELPED US ESCAPE!

YEAH, SO WE COULD, LIKE, BE TOGETHER... WHICH AIN'T GONNA HAPPEN.

BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT THEY WOULD'VE EXPECTED.

TWO DAYS AGO,
OUTSIDE CROSSMORE PRISON:

THIS WAS MEANT TO BE, WADE...

W-RAXX

"I THINK I MADE THAT PRETTY CLEAR TO HER."

BUT
STILL--

LOOK, LET'S
NOT FORGET
THAT THIS CHICK IS
WAAAY CRAZY, OKAY?
YOU NEVER CAN TELL
WHAT A CRAZY
PERSON IS
GONNA DO.

I CAN.

HELLO,
LOVER.

I KNEW
I'D FIND YOU
HERE...

YOU COMPLETE
ME  PART
ONE



I BROUGHT
YOU A NEW
COSTUME...

UH, LOOK,
DOC--

ELLA.

--I THINK YOU
GOT THE WRONG
IDEA ABOUT YOU
AN' ME...Y'SEE,
THERE IS NO YOU
AN' ME.



THERE'S
JUST ME...

...AND
THEN THERE'S,
Y'KNOW, YOU.

Y'SEE WHERE
I'M GOIN' WITH
THIS?



I'M NOT
YOUR KIND
OF GIRL.

DAMN RIGHT,
YOU'RE NOT.

YOU'RE
ATTRACTED
TO THE DARING,
DANGEROUS TYPE.



DAMN RIGHT,
I AM.

AND I KNOW
THAT ABOUT YOU,
WADE, BUT WHAT
YOU WILL SOON
REALIZE IS THAT THERE
IS MUCH YOU DO NOT
KNOW ABOUT ME.
FOR EXAMPLE, I...



...AM QUITE
DARING.



MY
EYES---!



OKAY, YEAH...
I'LL ADMIT, IT
TOOK A HELLUVA
LOTTA BALLS TO
WALK OUTTA YOUR
HOUSE WEARING...
THAT...

I'M DANGEROUS,
AS WELL, WADE.
DEADLY, IN FACT.



I'VE KILLED
PEOPLE.

WITH POISON...
BY STRANGULATION...
WITH A KNIFE...



WITH A
GUN...



BOOM

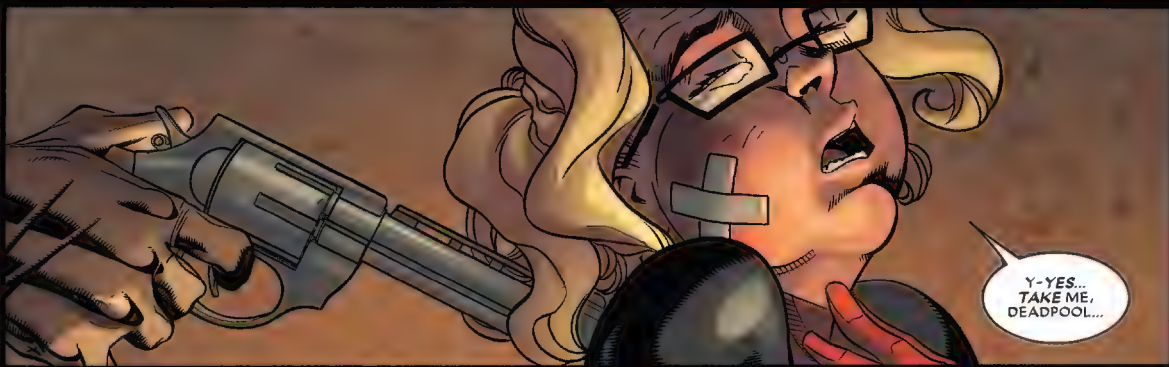
BOOM

BOOM

CLANK



Y-YES...
TAKE ME,
DEADPOOL...



MAKE ME
ONE OF YOUR
CONQUESTS!



#\$%&'\$
YUCK!



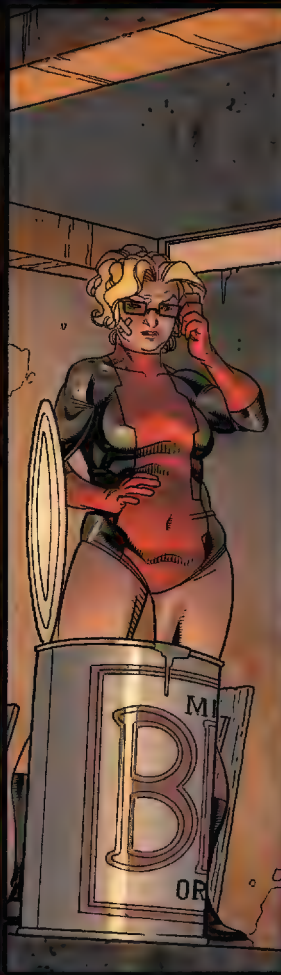
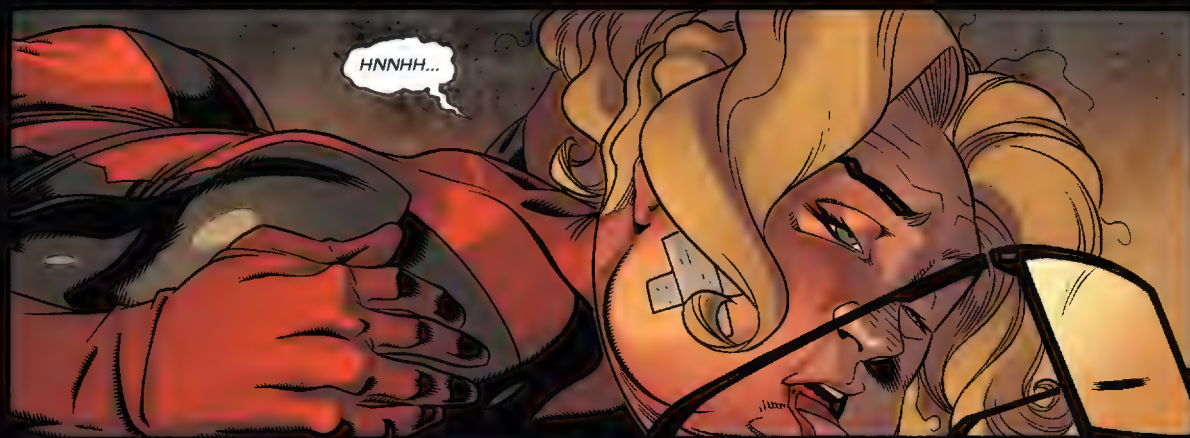
I GOTTA
GET THE
HELL OUTTA
HERE...

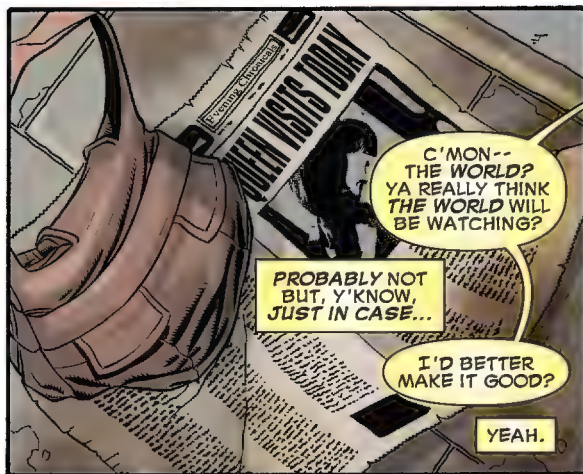
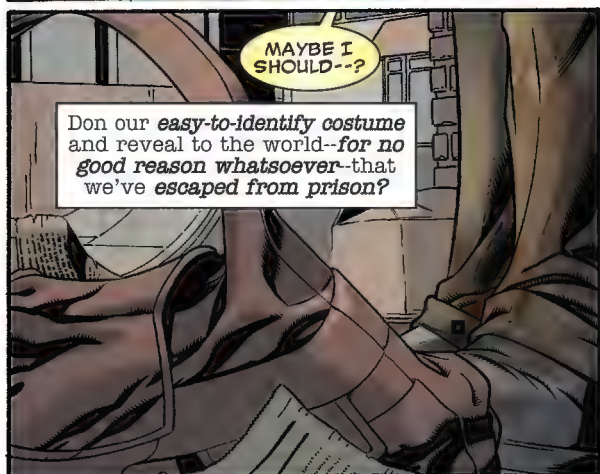
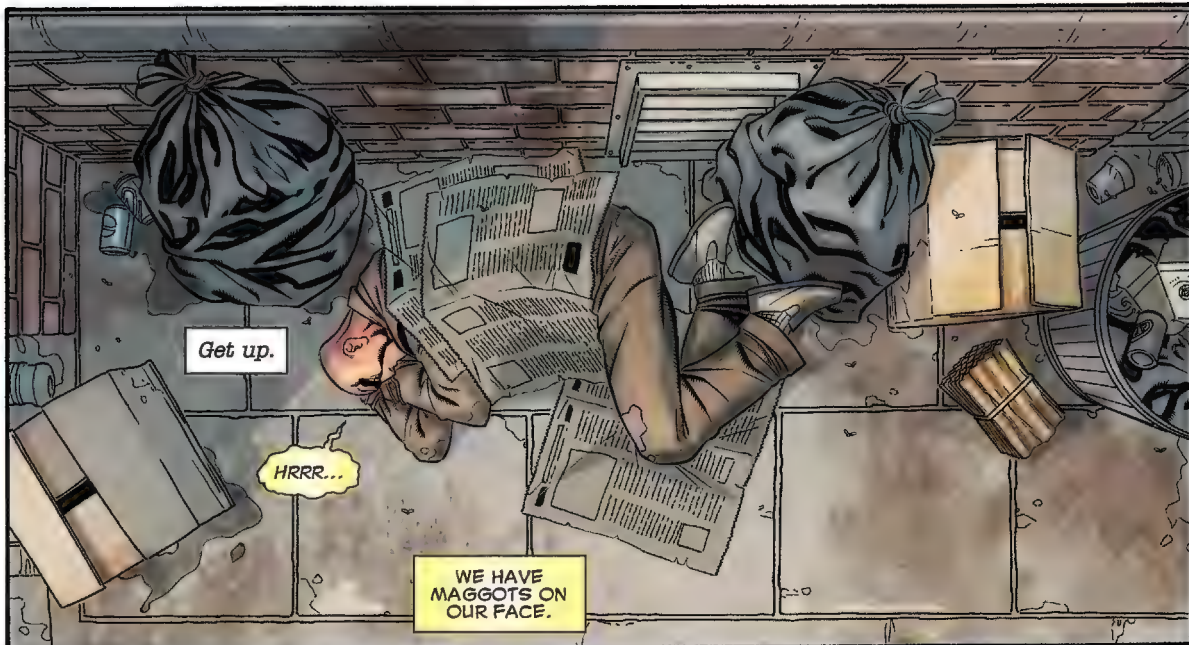
OUT OF ENGLAND,
YOU MEAN, RIGHT?

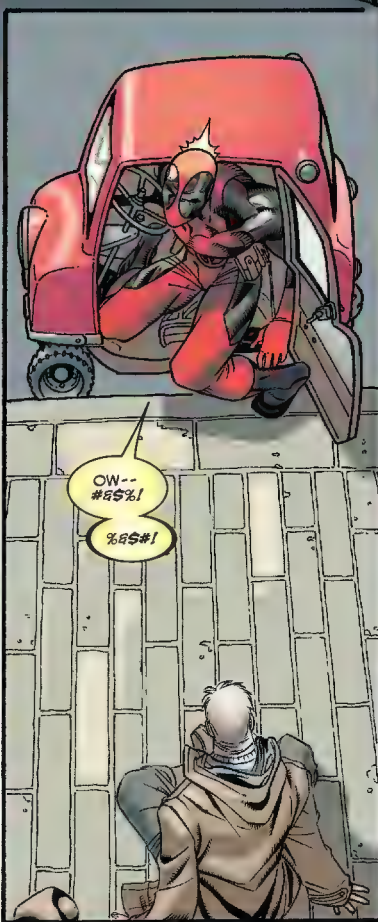
ANYWHERE...I
DON'T CARE...

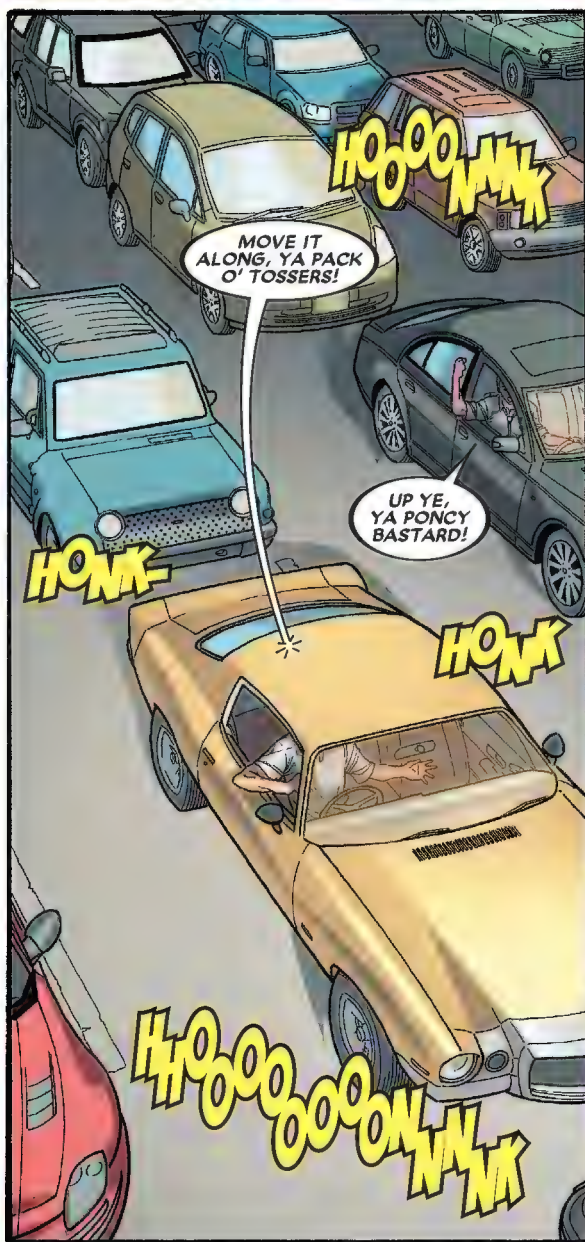
Anywhere
with a *shower*,
you mean...













OH,
ISH!

ONE
TIME'S TRYIN'
TO GAFFLE
ME!



WAIT--WHAT?! WHY
ARE WE GETTIN'
OUTTA THE CAR?!

SERIOUSLY?

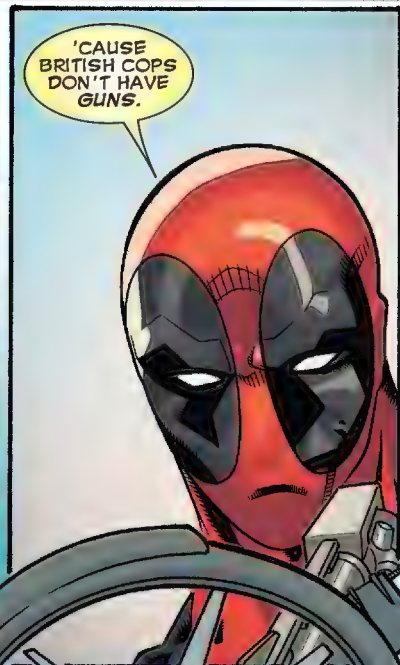
HOW IS IT
POSSIBLE THAT
I KNOW STUFF
MY BRAIN
DOESN'T?



PUMP
THE BRAKES,
FELLAS.

IT AIN'T
WORTH IT.

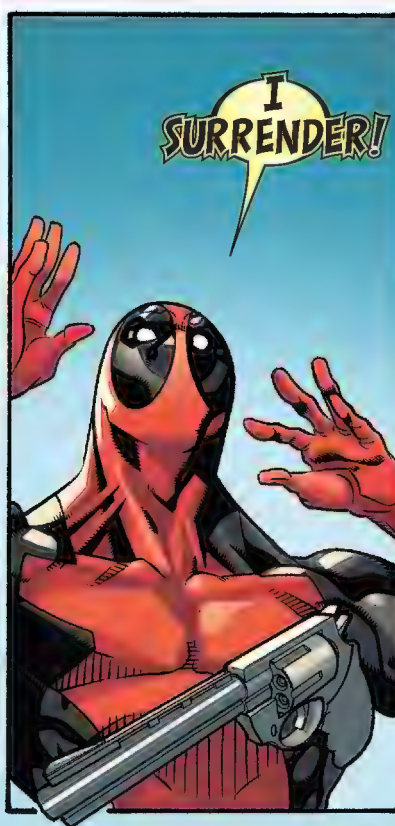
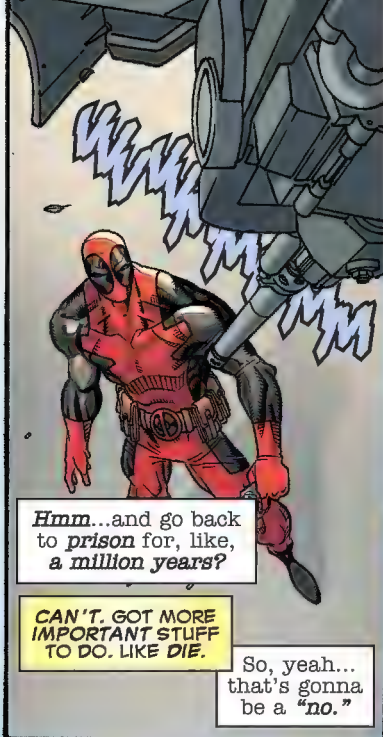
WHY AREN'T
THEY--?

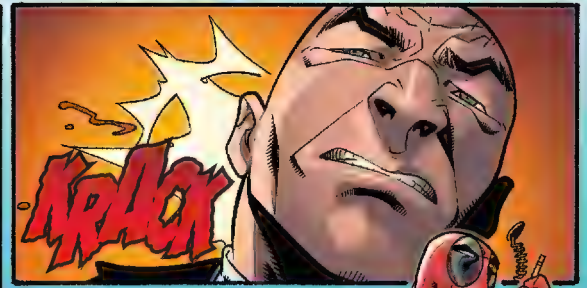
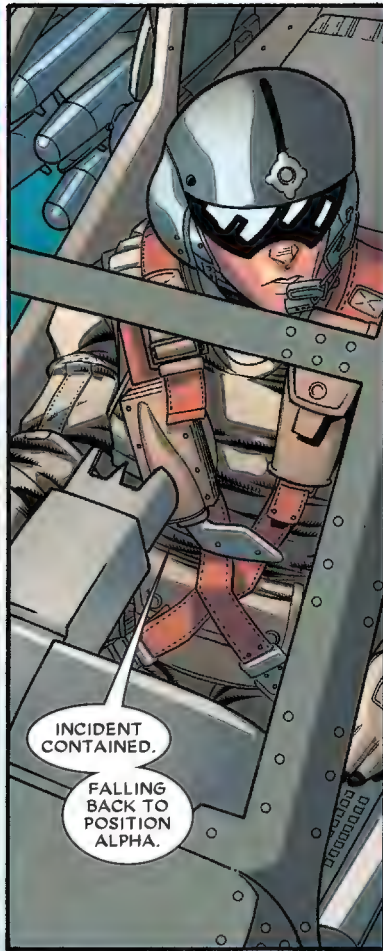


'CAUSE
BRITISH COPS
DON'T HAVE
GUNS.



DROP
THE TOOL,
MATE.









MAY WE ASK
YOU A QUESTION,
YOUNG MAN?

UHH...YOU
CAN, BUT THESE
GUYS'LL PROBABLY
BE UNCONSCIOUS
FOR A WHILE...

DO YOU
INTEND TO
KILL US?

NOPE.



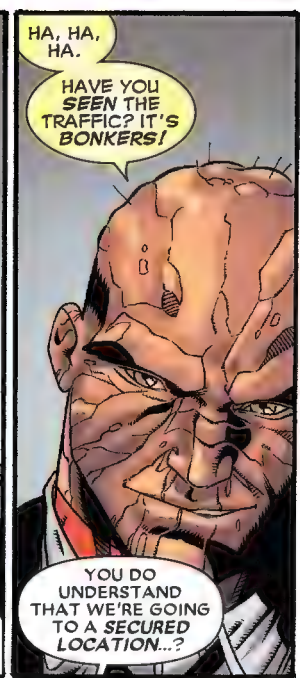
THIS IS A
KIDNAPPING,
THEN?

WOW, YOU
ARE REALLY
COOL UNDER
PRESSURE!

"KEEP CALM
AND CARRY ON,"
AS THEY SAY...

FIRST, NOBODY
SAYS THAT AND SECOND,
I'M NOT GONNA DO
ANYTHING TO YA, OKAY?
I'M JUST HITCHIN'
A RIDE.

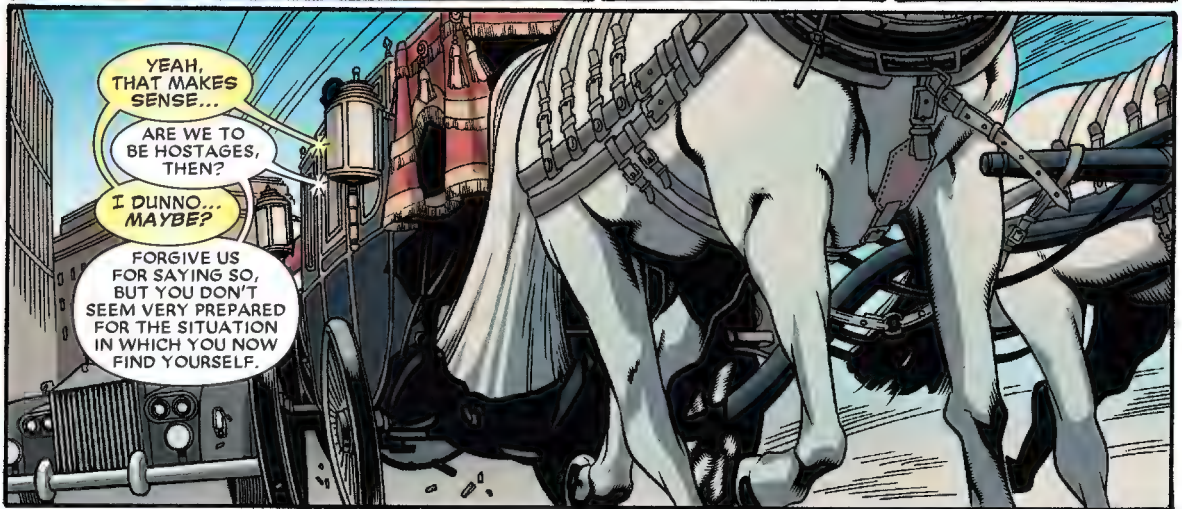
OH?
THERE WERE NO
CABS YOU COULD
TAKE INSTEAD?



HA, HA,
HA.

HAVE YOU
SEEN THE
TRAFFIC? IT'S
BONKERS!

YOU DO
UNDERSTAND
THAT WE'RE GOING
TO A SECURED
LOCATION...?



YEAH, THAT MAKES
SENSE...

ARE WE TO
BE HOSTAGES,
THEN?

I DUNNO...
MAYBE?

FORGIVE US
FOR SAYING SO,
BUT YOU DON'T
SEEM VERY PREPARED
FOR THE SITUATION
IN WHICH YOU NOW
FIND YOURSELF.



I'M
WORKIN' ON
IT, OKAY?!

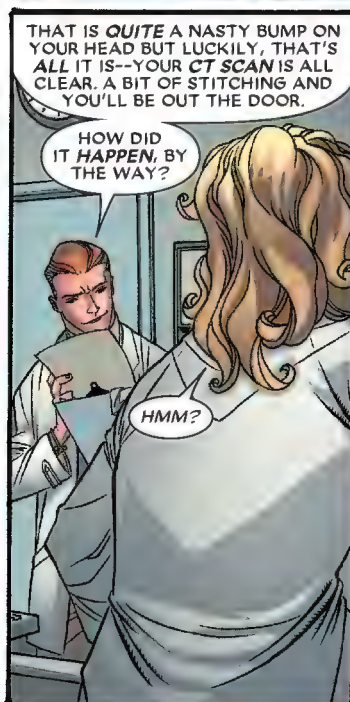
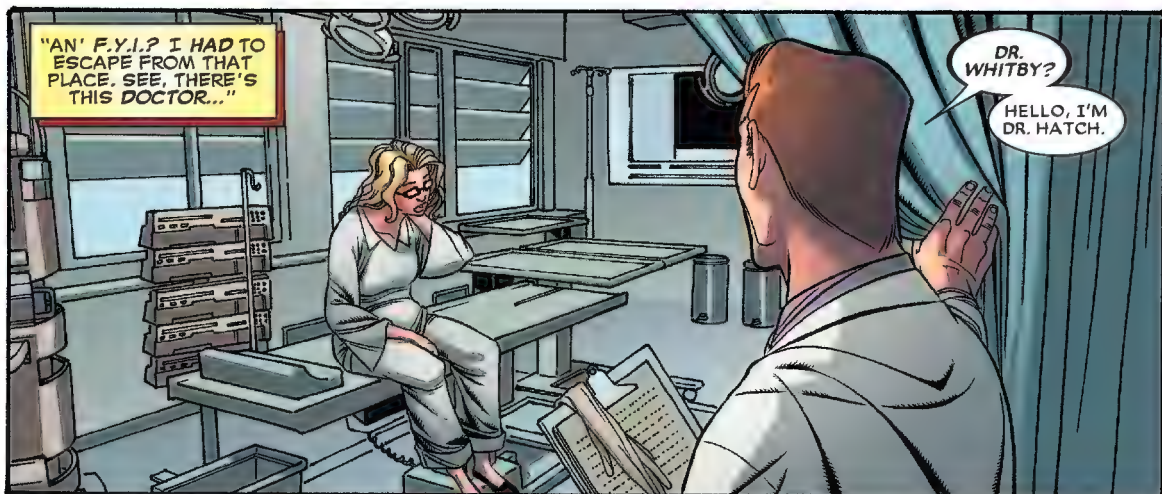
NO MORE
QUESTIONS!



HEY, YOU'RE
OLD AN' WISE
AN' ALL THAT...
WHAT WOULD
YOU DO?

IF,
Y'KNOW,
YOU WERE
ME.







"...IS HE THE VIOLENT TYPE?"

SO, TO, LIKE, SUM IT UP--

HHNNNG...

OH, DEAR...



--THE CHICK'S NUTTY AS ELEPHANT POOP AN' SHE IS TOTALLY OBSESSED WITH ME.

KRUNCH



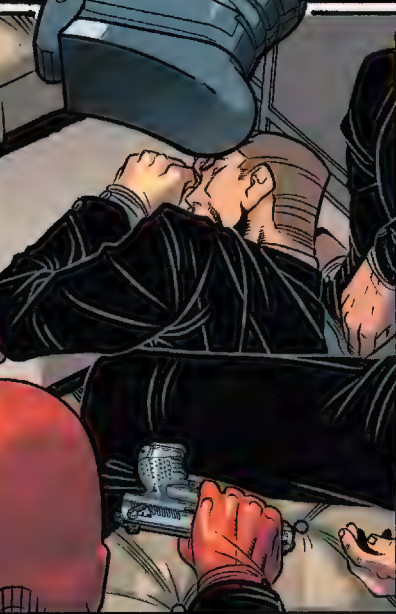
THIS DOCTOR... WHITBY? SHE'S EMPLOYED BY THE PRISON SERVICE, YOU SAY?

YEAH, I GUESS...?

THEN WE SHALL LOOK INTO THE MATTER, PERSONALLY.

REALLY? YOU'D DO THAT?

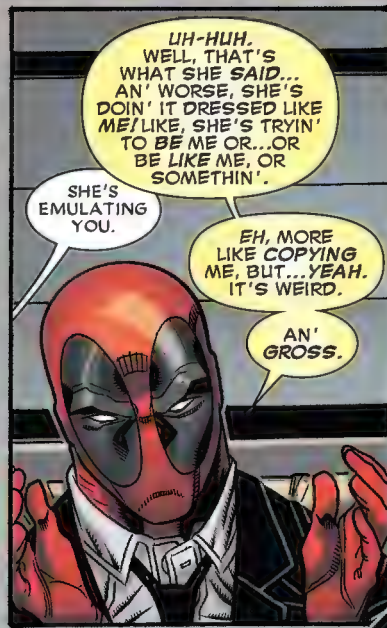
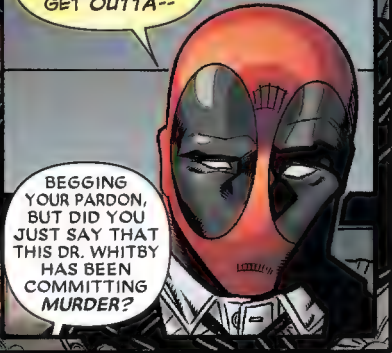
OF COURSE. IT IS, AFTER ALL, OUR PRISON SERVICE AND WE HAVE NEVER BEEN ONE TO SHIRK OUR RESPONSIBILITIES. TO DO SUCH A THING WOULD BE SIMPLY UNFORGIVEABLE.



OKAY...COOL.. GOOD. I'M GLAD THAT'S GONNA GET TAKEN CARE OF 'CAUSE THE THOUGHT OF HER RUNNIN' AROUND KILLIN' PEOPLE DRESSED IN THAT COSTUME OF HERS WAS REALLY FREAKIN' ME OUT.

NOW, WHAT'RE YOUR THOUGHTS ON HOW I'M GONNA GET OUTTA--

BEGGING YOUR PARDON, BUT DID YOU JUST SAY THAT THIS DR. WHITBY HAS BEEN COMMITTING MURDER?



UH-HUH. WELL, THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID... AN' WORSE, SHE'S DOIN' IT DRESSED LIKE ME/LIKE, SHE'S TRYIN' TO BE ME OR...OR BE LIKE ME, OR SOMETHIN'.

SHE'S EMULATING YOU.

EH, MORE LIKE COPYING ME, BUT...YEAH. IT'S WEIRD.

AN' GROSS.

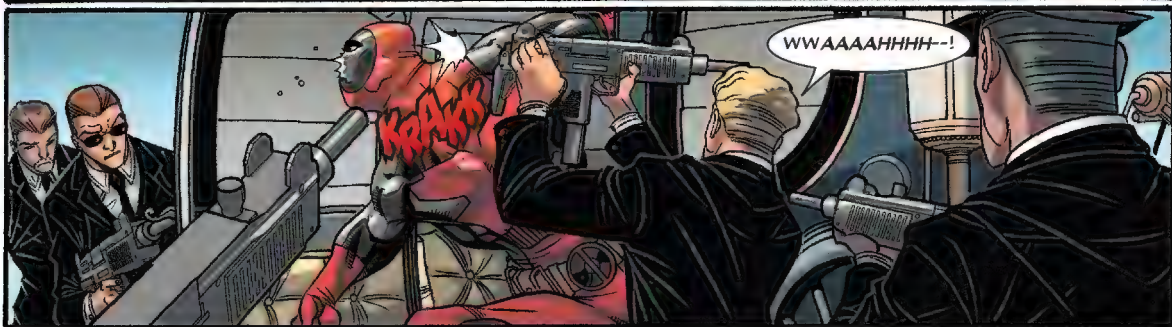
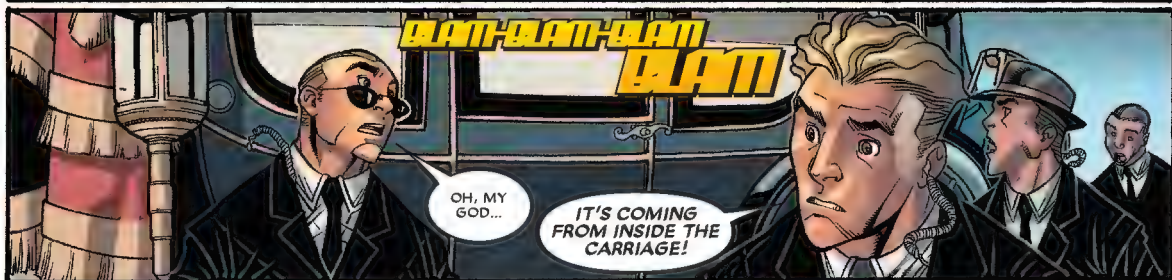
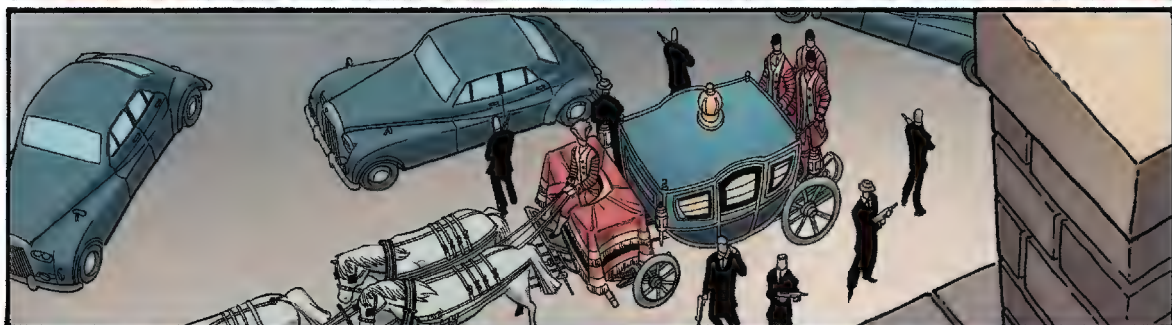
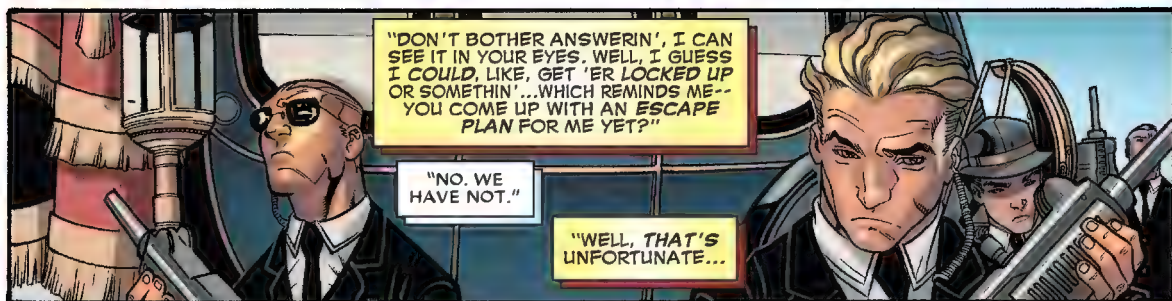
WHAT'S "SHIRK" MEAN?

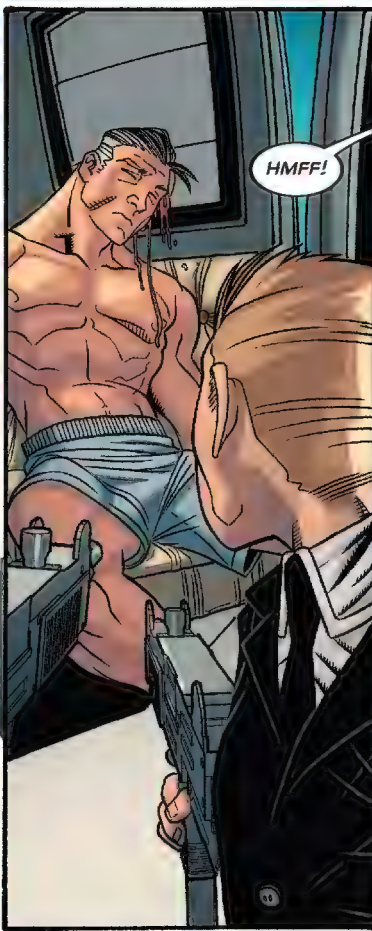
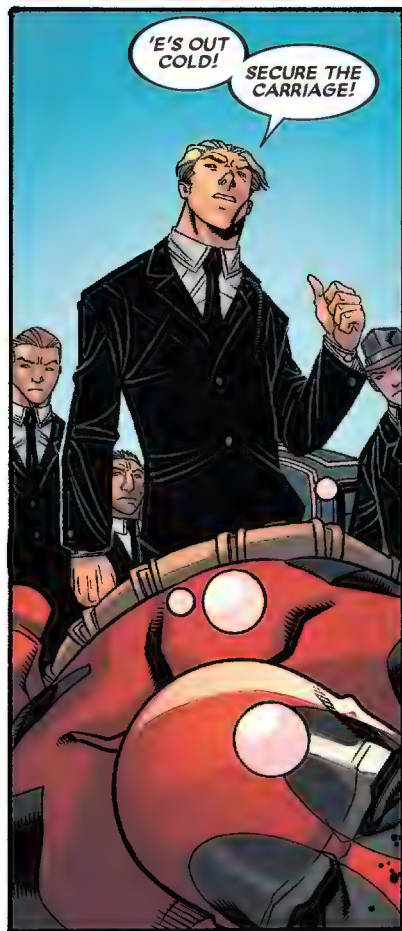
AND IT'S, UH...AH. CRAP.

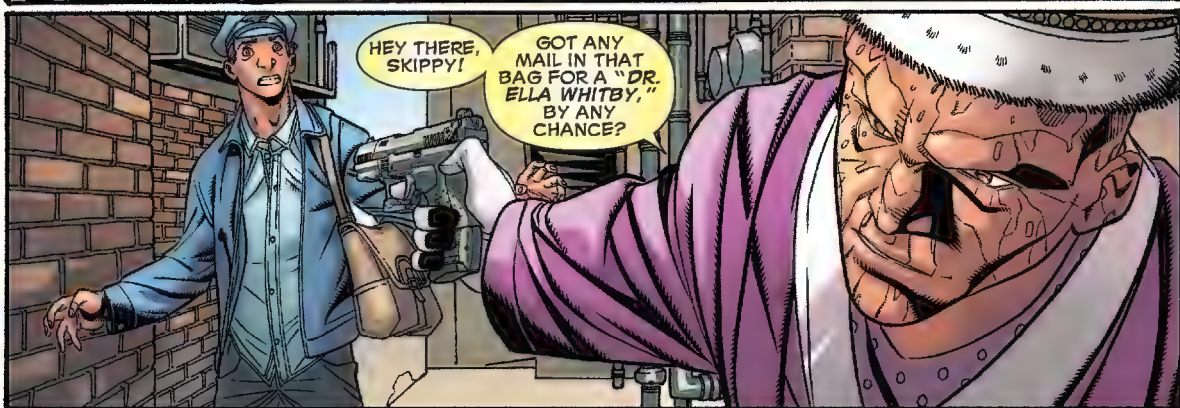
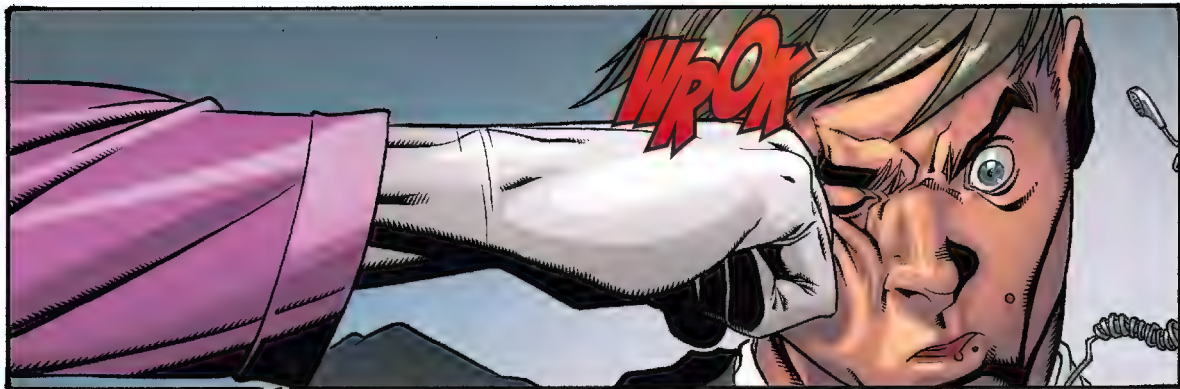
It means runnin' away like some kinda candy-ass sissy.



IT'S MY RESPONSIBILITY, ISN'T IT?



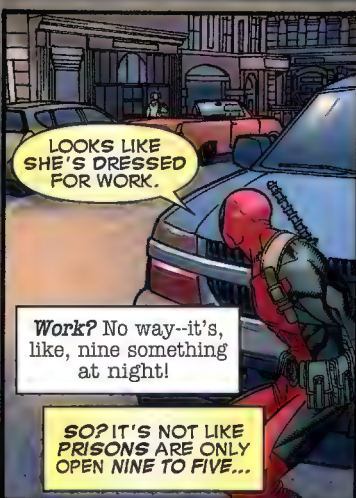
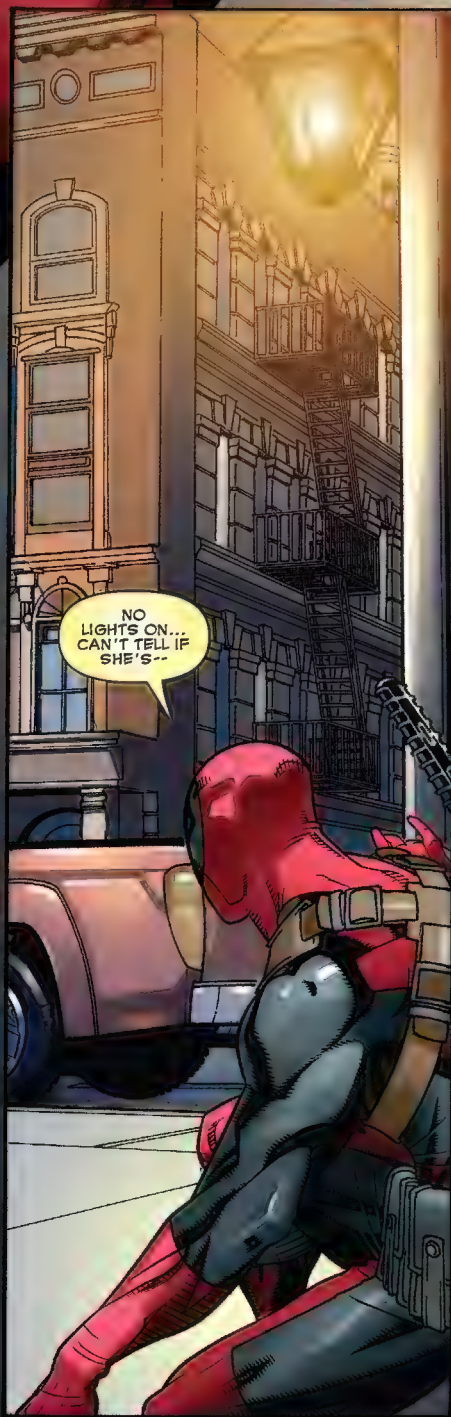




44

OK,
SHE IS
THE CRAZY
ONE?







WHOA! THIS
PLACE FREAKIN'
STINKS!

Cats, probably.
Lots of 'em.

SHE IS CREEPY
LIKE THAT...



AN' ALSO
A TOTAL
SLOB.

She's even worse
at housekeeping
than *we* are!

PROBABLY
JUST DOIN' IT
TO COPY ME.

WHY'S SHE GOTTA
BITE OUR DIRTY
STYLE LIKE THAT?



NO
CATS.

Probably *killed*
'em all. For
practice.

DON'T LOTSA
PSYCHOS DO
THAT?

Uh, *we* killed
Donnie Grazer's cat
in *fifth grade*...

BECAUSE DONNIE
GRAZER'S DAD PAID
US TO KILL IT.

Oh, *yeah!* Twenty
bucks, right?

FORTY. TWENTY FOR
THE JOB, TWENTY TO
NEVER TELL DONNIE.



FOCUS!

I'M TRYIN' TO
FIND SOME KINDA
EVIDENCE THAT SHOWS
WHITBY'S A TOTAL MANIAC
PSYCHO KILLER--SOMETHIN'
THAT'LL PUT HER ON THE
OTHER SIDE OF THOSE
PRISON BARS WHERE
SHE BELONGS!

LIKE
A MURDER
WEAPON?

She *did* say
she'd used
a *knife*...

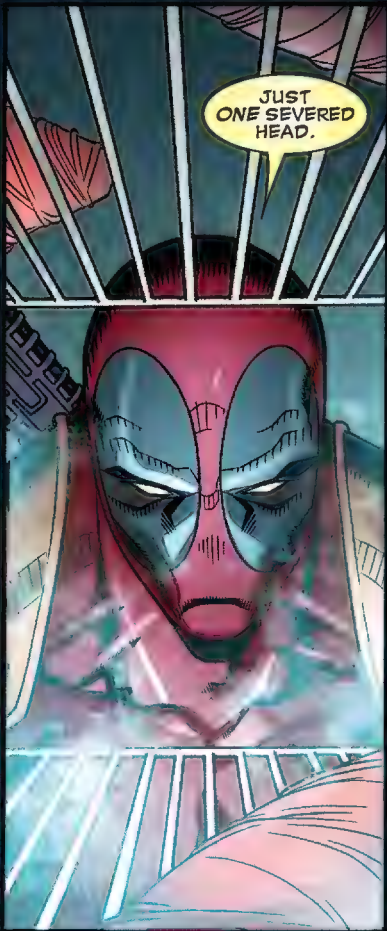
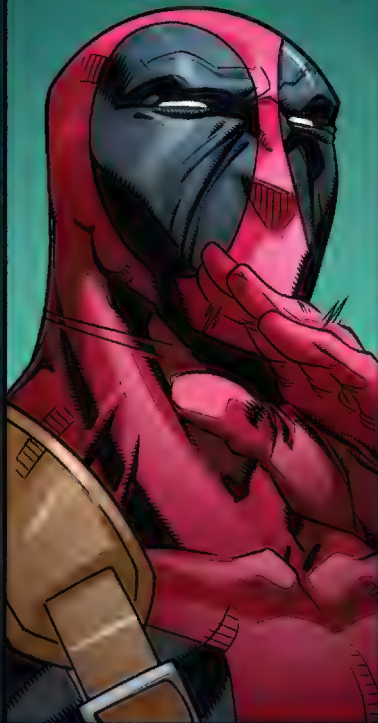


LET'S FIND
THAT!



It's the *fridge*.
Probably fulla
dead cats.

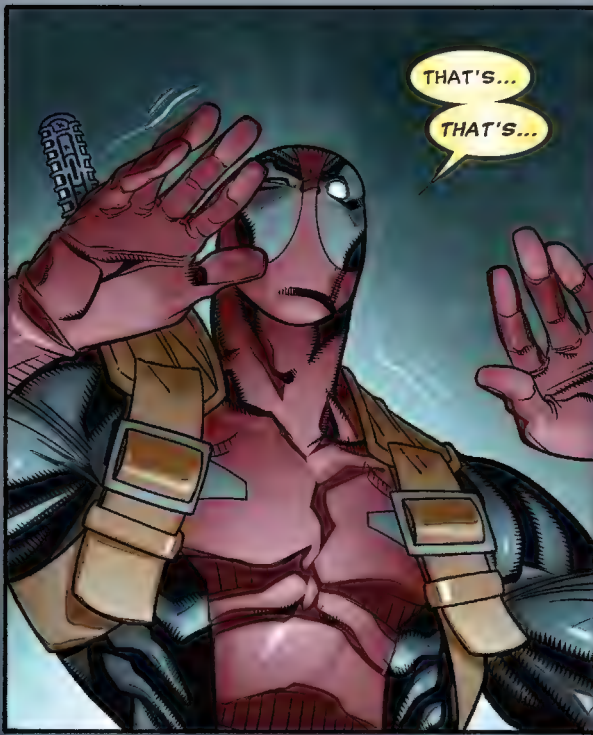
OR, Y'KNOW, A
BUNCHA SEVERED
HEADS...



A comic book illustration of Deadpool standing in a freezer. He is wearing his signature red and black suit with a tan utility belt. He has a katana strapped to his back and is holding a long, thin object, possibly a sword or a tool, in his right hand. He is looking down at the contents of the freezer. The freezer is filled with various items, including bags of blood, organs, and other body parts. A speech bubble from Deadpool says "MINE.".

MINE.

YOU COMPLETE
ME  CONCLUSION



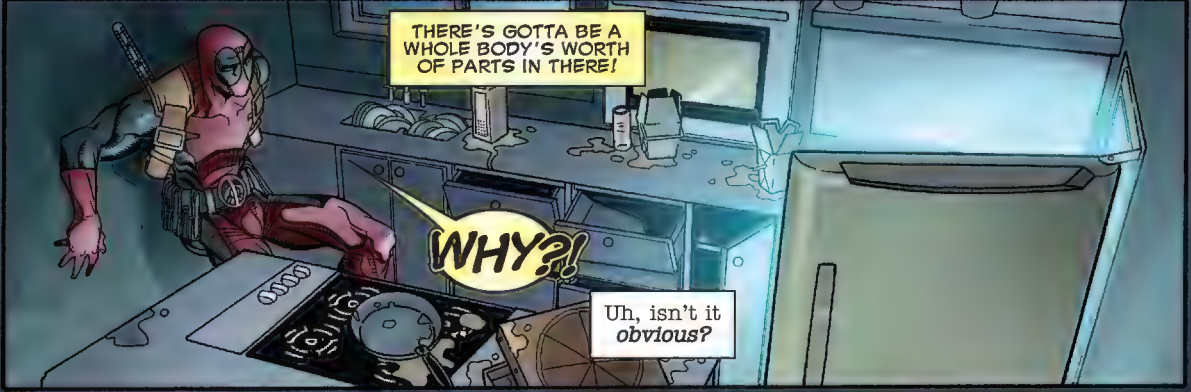
THAT'S...

THAT'S...



us.

In
pieces.



THERE'S GOTTA BE A
WHOLE BODY'S WORTH
OF PARTS IN THERE!

WHY?!

Uh, isn't it
obvious?



Skin suit,
dude.



BH-LUURRRGH!



UKH--!

Gross!

UN-COOL,
MAN!



THAT'S NOT
GONNA HELP--!

SHUT
UP!



WARDEN
AIMES...?

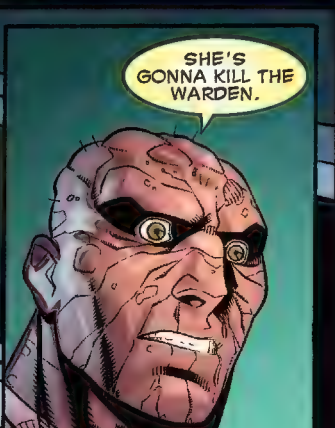
- Divorced
- No Children
- Sole occupant
- 10pm every night

PERFECT-



HOLY
#%\$*...

Whitby's not going
to work--she's
going to "work"!



SHE'S
GONNA KILL THE
WARDEN.





IF IT'S NOT WITHIN RUNNING DISTANCE, THAT GUY'S DEAD MEAT...

Has to be--if she had to take a train there, she'd have gone the other way.

WHAT'D THE NOTE SAY? "CLIFTON ROAD"?

Twenty-eight eighteen Coughlin Road.



TURN LEFT HERE.



That's it. End of the street on the right.

CAR'S NOT THERE-- HE'S NOT HOME YET.

OKAY--OKAY-- OKAY...

SHE'S GONNA BE COPYING ME, SO...HOW WOULD I DO THIS?



UHH... NO.

NOPE!

THAT'S GOOD, BUT...

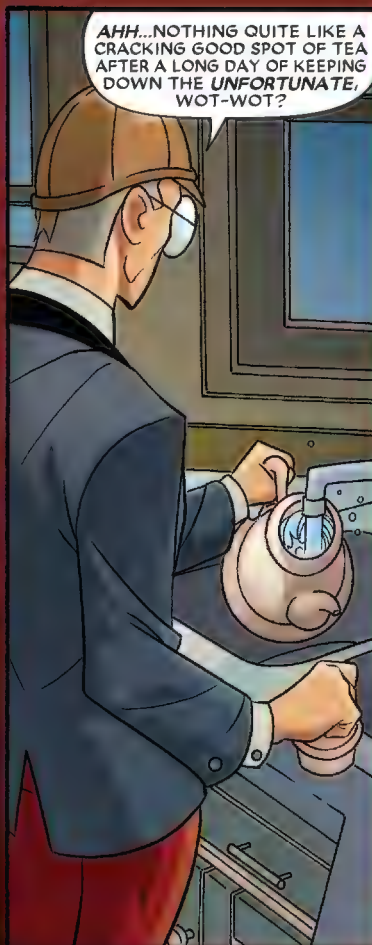
DONE THAT TOO MANY TIMES, ALREADY.

...NAH.

AH-HA!
I'D TEABAG HIM.



DOO-DEE-DOO-DEE-DOO...



AHH...NOTHING QUITE LIKE A CRACKING GOOD SPOT OF TEA AFTER A LONG DAY OF KEEPING DOWN THE UNFORTUNATE, WOT-WOT?



CRUIKEY!

IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SAY THIS TEABAG SMELLS OF AMMONIUM NITRATE! BUT THAT, OF COURSE, IS RIDICULOUS!



NOW I'LL JUST PUT THE KETTLE ON TO BOIL--HOLD ON, WHAT'S THIS?

WHY, THERE APPEARS TO BE A PLASTIC TRASH BAG INSIDE OF MY OVEN, INFLATED WITH WHAT COULD ONLY BE NATURAL GAS!

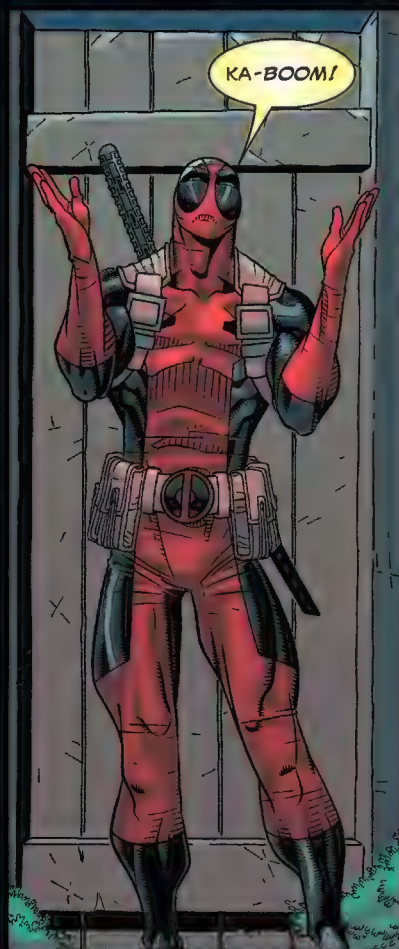


HMM...

CURIOUS THAT IT SHOULD ONLY OCCUR TO ME NOW WHAT A COMPLETE AND UTTER TOOL I AM...



AH!
TEA TIME!



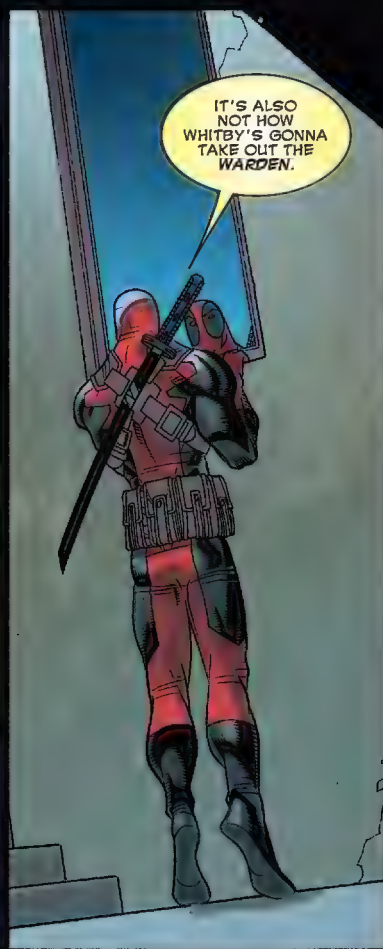
KA-BOOM!



HEH-HEH-
HEH...

DUDE, THAT'S
NOT HOW YA
MAKE TEA...

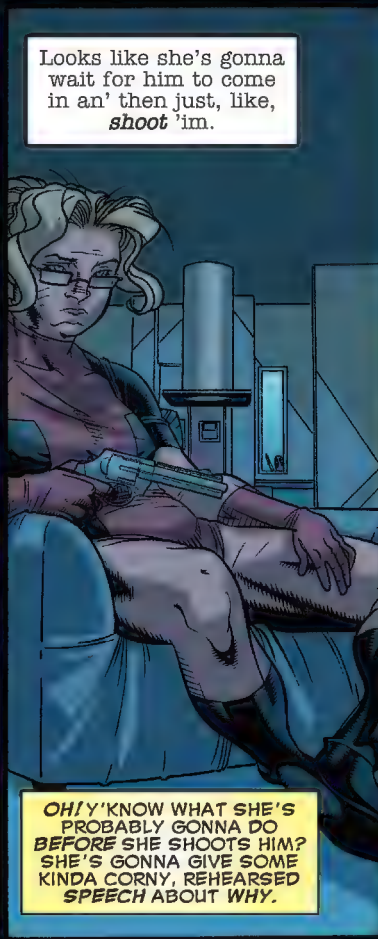
An' it's *definitely*
not how *English*
people make tea.



IT'S ALSO
NOT HOW
WHITBY'S GONNA
TAKE OUT THE
WARDEN.



SHE'S JUST...
SITTING THERE?!



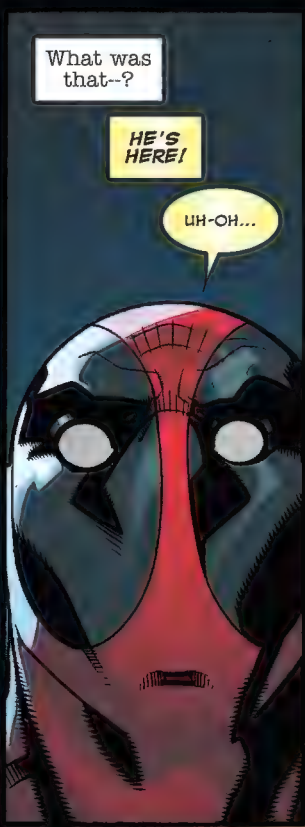
Looks like she's gonna
wait for him to come
in an' then just, like,
shoot 'im.

OH! Y'KNOW WHAT SHE'S
PROBABLY GONNA DO
BEFORE SHE SHOOTS HIM?
SHE'S GONNA GIVE SOME
KINDA CORNY, REHEARSED
SPEECH ABOUT WHY.



UGH.

LAAAAAME...



What was that--?

HE'S HERE!

UH-OH...

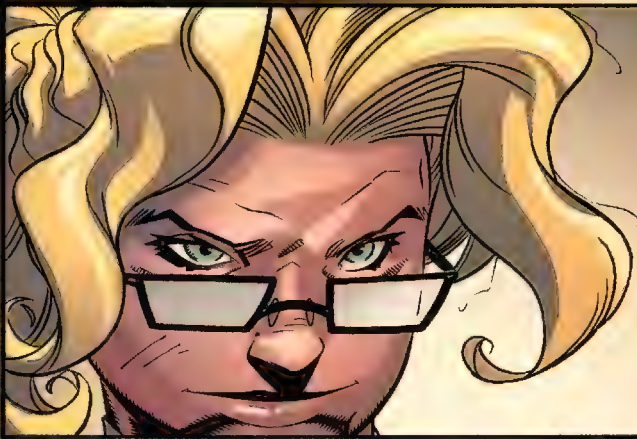


"...THE WARDEN'S HOME!"

CREEK--



WHY, HELLO.

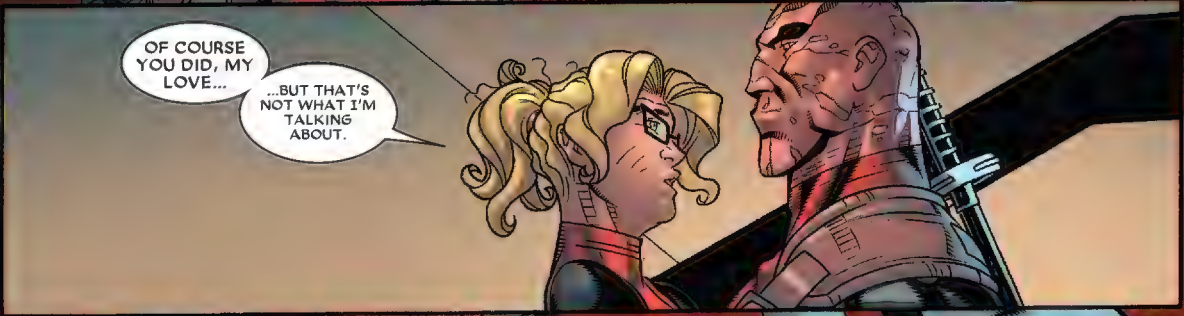
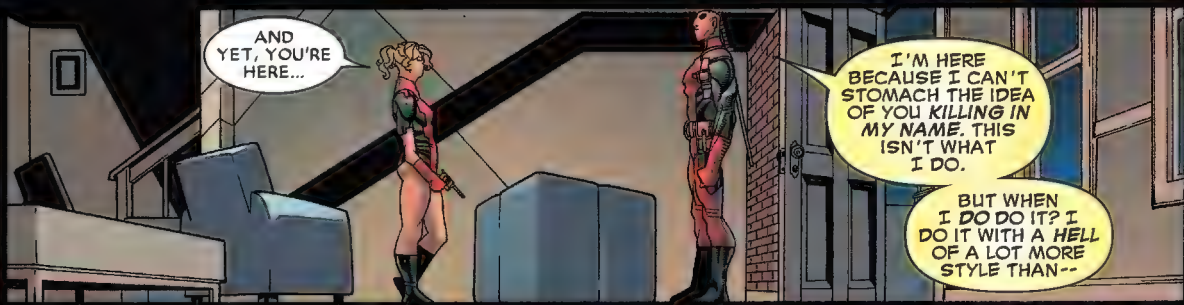


YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW LONG I'VE WAITED FOR THIS.



YOU'RE RIGHT. I HAVE NO IDEA.

AND I DON'T GIVE A %*S#.







UHH...WHY ARE WE
BACK HERE...?

THAT.

WHITBY'S...
SHRINE, OR
WHATEVER, I
CAN'T DEAL
WITH IT.

IT'S GOTTA
GO.

MAN,
THIS IS
FREAKIN' MY
#8&5% OUT...

I KNOW,
BUT...I
DUNNO. I
JUST HATE
IT.

What, *touchin'* 'em?
We touch *ourselves* all
the time!

WELL, THAT
MAKES SENSE...

IT
DOES?

OH, YEAH. MAKES
PERFECT SENSE,
ACTUALLY.

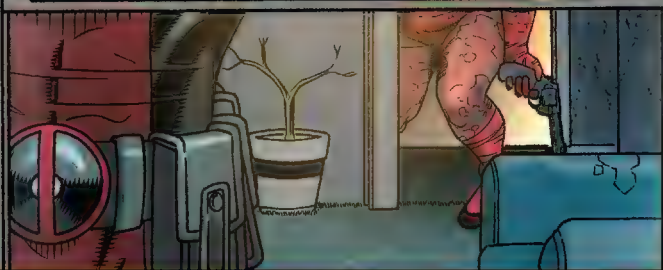
WHY?

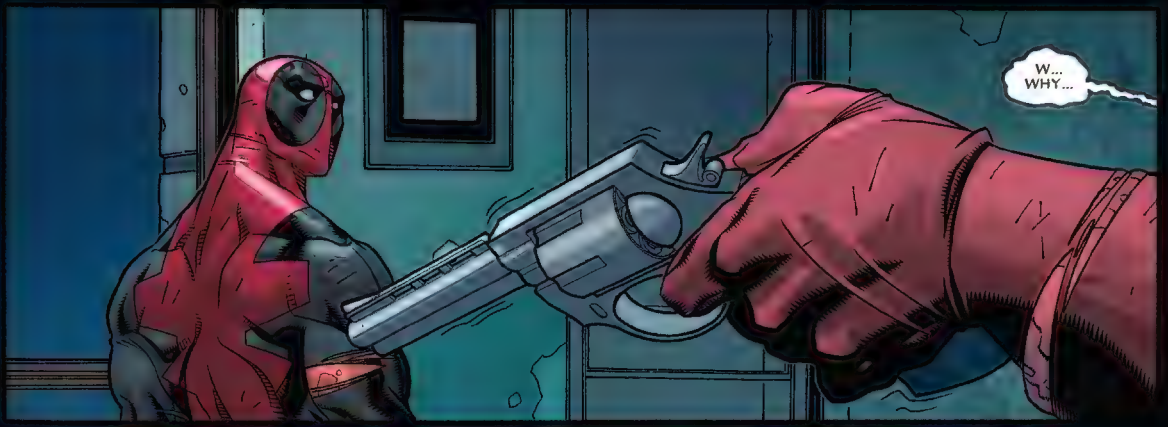
Because we
hate *ourselves*.

YEAH, I
GUESS THAT
DOES MAKE
SENSE.

THAT'S
PROBABLY WHY
I HATED WHITBY
SO MUCH:

SHE
WAS TRYIN'
TO BE JUST
LIKE ME!







NO!
NO!

POWW



NOW CAN
WE LEAVE
ENGLAND....?

"HELL,
YEAH."

OJ!

'OLD ON,
MATE!

'ERE,
'AVE A LOOKIT
THIS?

WHA?

IZZAT
A...?

BLIMEY.

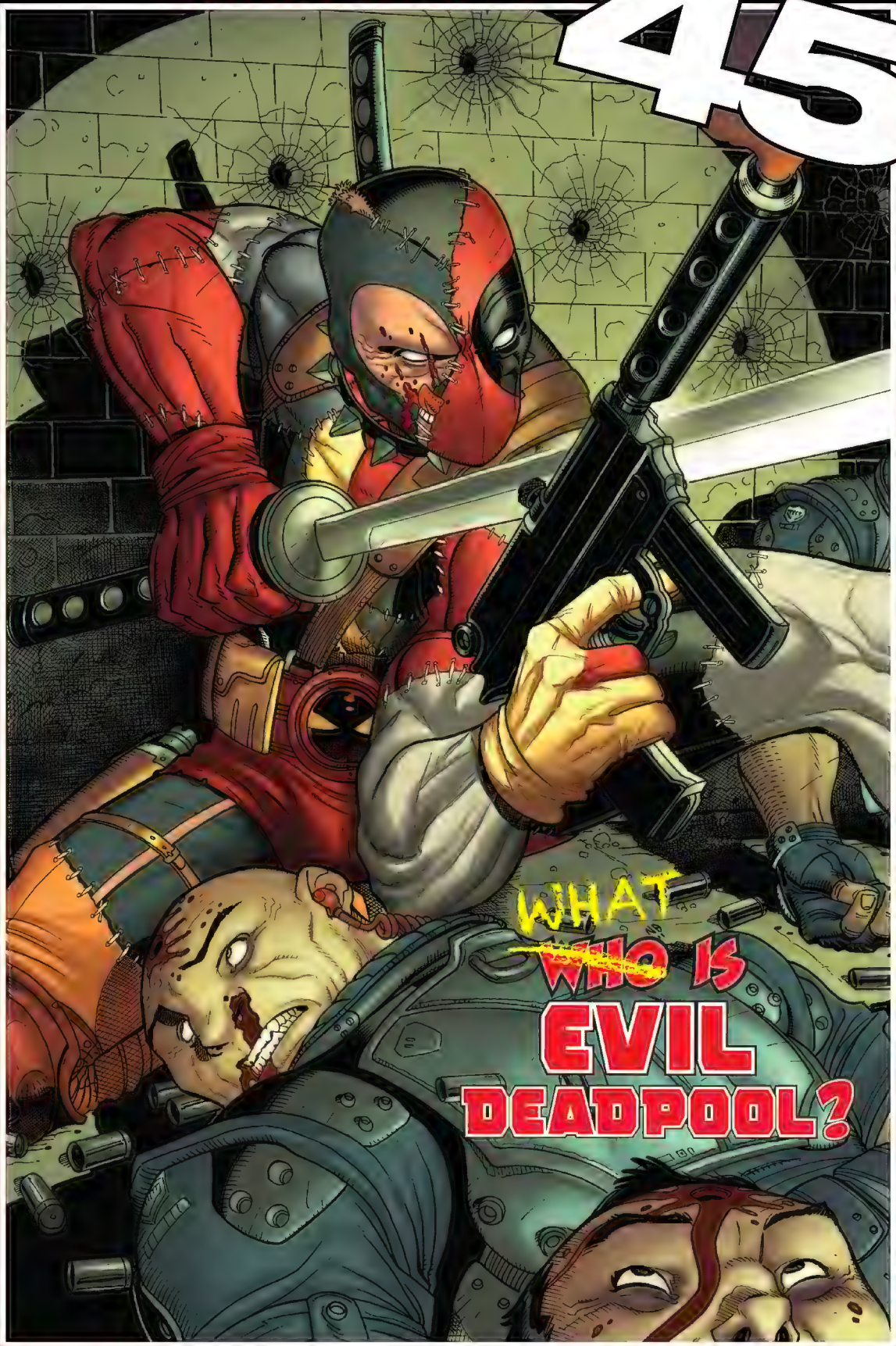
IT...IT
MOVED...

THAT
BLOODY THING'S
ALIVE!

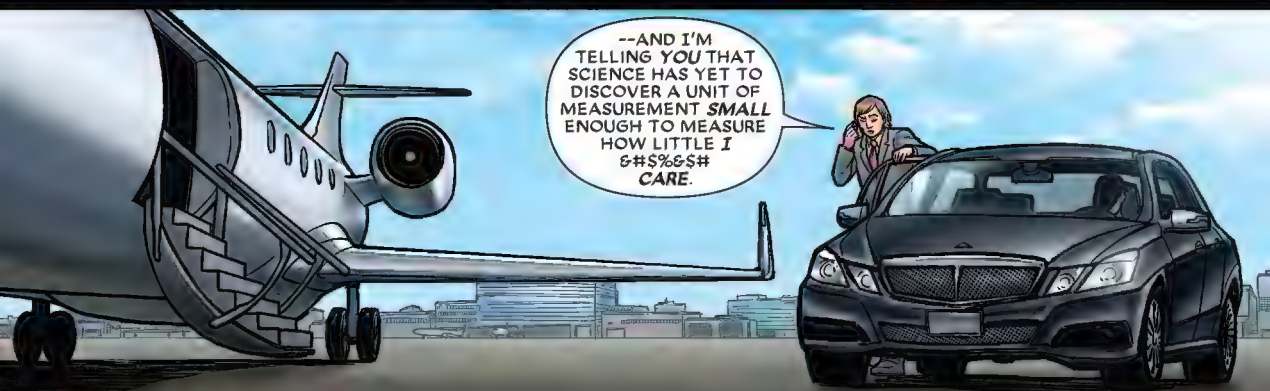
...WHERE
ARE WE?

An' why're those
guys talkin' like
pirates?

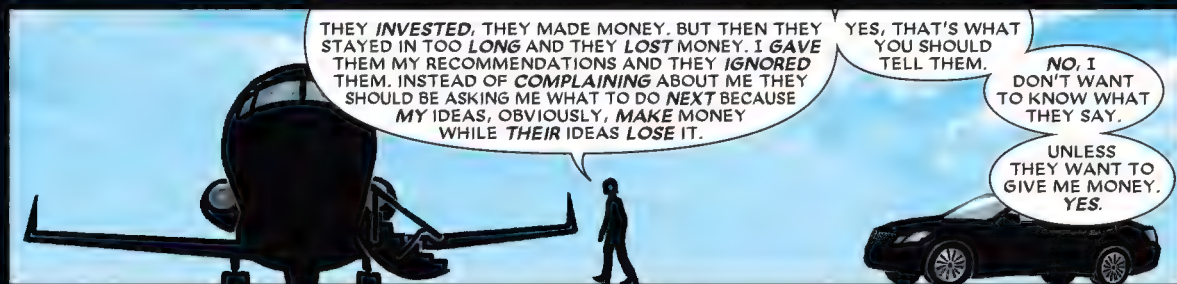
45



WHAT
~~WHO~~ IS
EVIL
DEADPOOL?



--AND I'M
TELLING **YOU** THAT
SCIENCE HAS YET TO
DISCOVER A UNIT OF
MEASUREMENT **SMALL**
ENOUGH TO MEASURE
HOW LITTLE I
\$#\$%\$#\$
CARE.



THEY **INVESTED**, THEY MADE MONEY. BUT THEN THEY
STAYED IN TOO LONG AND THEY **LOST** MONEY. I **GAVE**
THEM MY RECOMMENDATIONS AND THEY **IGNORED**
THEM. INSTEAD OF **COMPLAINING** ABOUT ME THEY
SHOULD BE ASKING ME WHAT TO DO **NEXT** BECAUSE
MY IDEAS, OBVIOUSLY, **MAKE MONEY**
WHILE **THEIR IDEAS LOSE IT**.

YES, THAT'S WHAT
YOU SHOULD
TELL THEM.

NO, I
DON'T WANT
TO KNOW WHAT
THEY SAY.

UNLESS
THEY WANT TO
GIVE ME MONEY.
YES.



BUT **DO NOT BOTHER ME** FOR THE NEXT
SIX HOURS BECAUSE I'LL BE UNDER THE
INFLUENCE OF MARTINIS AND SLEEPING
PILLS, DREAMING MY WAY BACK
TO **NEW YORK**, MY BEAUTIFUL
WIFE AND MY EVEN
MORE BEAUTIFUL
GIRLFRIEND.

BYE-
BYE.



WHAT THE
HELL...?



UH,
HELLO?!

WHERE'S MY
\$#\$%\$#\$ CREW AND,
MORE IMPORTANTLY,
WHERE'S THE SLUTTY
STEWARDESS WHO'S
SUPPOSED TO MEET ME
AT THE DOOR WITH
A MARTINI?!



AND WHAT IS
THAT GOD-AWFUL
SMELL?!

THAT, MY
FRIEND, IS THE
SMELL OF
DESTINY.

EVIL DEADPOOL

PART ONE: HELLO, MR. FANCY-PANTS

AS IN, IT'S
YOUR DESTINY
TO GIVE ME A
RIDE TO THE
STATES.

AND ALSO,
TO MAKE ME
ANOTHER ONE
O' THESE
MARTINIS.

BITCH.



THIS IS SERIOUSLY
THE BEST WE
COULD DO?!

We shoulda
hijacked a
plane or
somethin'...



EH,
HIJACKING'S
KINDA "OUT"
RIGHT NOW.

What, like,
according to
Vogue or
something?

NAH...

...ACCORDING TO
THE DEPARTMENT
OF HOMELAND
SECURITY.

AN' BESIDES,
I KINDA WANNA
KEEP A LOW PROFILE
RIGHT NOW, SEEIN' AS
HOW I JUST ESCAPED
FROM A MENTAL
INSTITUTION
AN' ALL...





BOO-YAH!



OH, C'MON--
THAT'S DOG
FOOD!

NO, IT'S
NOT!

IT'S JUST,
Y'KNOW...



..."FOOD,"
SEE?

YEAH, FOR DOGS!
THERE'S EVEN A
PICTURE RIGHT
THERE ON THE CAN
OF A DOG!

OH, THAT'S
JUST, LIKE, A
CORPORATE
MASCOT, I
THINK.

HOW 'BOUT LEAVING
THE THINKING TO US,
HMM?

Yeah, since we
are, after all,
your brain...?

I GOT A
BETTER IDEA--HOW
'BOUT YOU TAKE A LITTLE
SIESTA, HUH?



Why?

BECAUSE
I'M REALLY
NOT INTO HEARIN'
BRAIN-TYPE
THOUGHTS RIGHT
NOW, OKAY?!

BECAUSE
OF HER?

Because of *Dr. Whitty*
and her *insanity* and
the whole "*killing
herself*" thing?



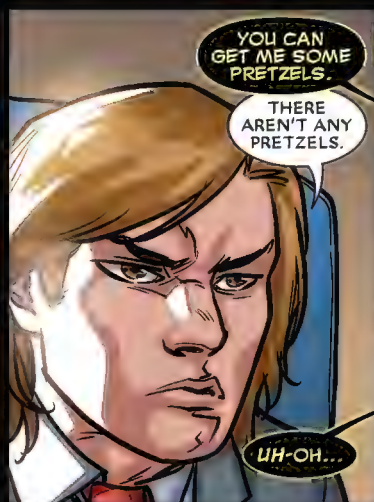
NICE.
THANKS.

AND THIS
IS DOG FOOD,
BY THE WAY.

No...

NO,
DON'T--!

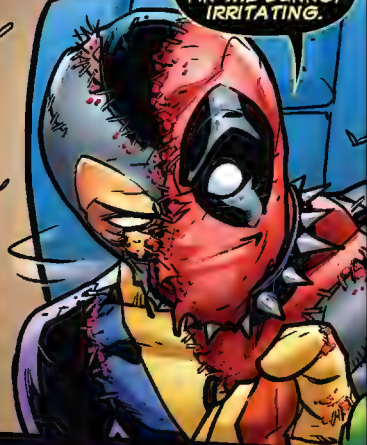
YUUM...





THAT GIRL'S
A KEEPER.

BUT YOU?
YOU'RE PRETTY
MUCH USELESS
AN'... I DUNNO,
IRRITATING.



SO I'LL
PROBABLY JUST
KILL YA.



THAT
WOULD BE A
VERY STUPID
THING TO DO.
I'M WORTH
BILLIONS.

"BILLIONS"?!
OF DOLLARS?!

DOLLARS,
EUROS, BEARER
BONDS... ANY
CURRENCY YOU
DESIRE.



WELL, THAT
IS SOMETHING TO
BE CONSIDERED...
HANG TIGHT WHILE
I CONSULT
MY BRAIN.

OPEN THE DOOR
AN' KICK HIS
ASS OUT.

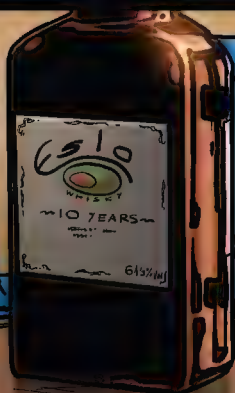
But first, set
him on fire.

WE'D NEED
FLAMMABLE LIQUID
FOR THAT...

Look to
the right.



AFTER MUCH
DELIBERATION, I
HAVE ARRIVED AT
A CONCLUSION:





Since when have the
deaths of others
bothered us?

YEAH, THAT'S
NEW...



IT'S NOT
THAT IT
BOTHERS ME,
IT JUST...

...OKAY,
YEAH.

IT BOTHERS ME
SOMETIMES.

"ESPECIALLY
HER...AN' HOW
SHE DID IT."

"AN' WHY."

She did it
because of us.

SO, IT'S A
GUILT THING?

"YEAH, IT'S A
GUILT THING! I
FEEL GUILTY
BECAUSE..."

...BECAUSE
I'M JEALOUS,
OKAY?!

IT WAS SO
EASY FOR HER,
Y'KNOW? SHE WAS
JUST, LIKE, "I'M
GONNA DO THIS"
AN' THEN... SHE
DID IT!

BANG.

GONE.

WHY'S
EVERYTHING
GOTTA BE SO
HARD FOR
ME?

Because we
make it hard.

BECAUSE THINGS
THAT ARE EASY
ARE BORING.

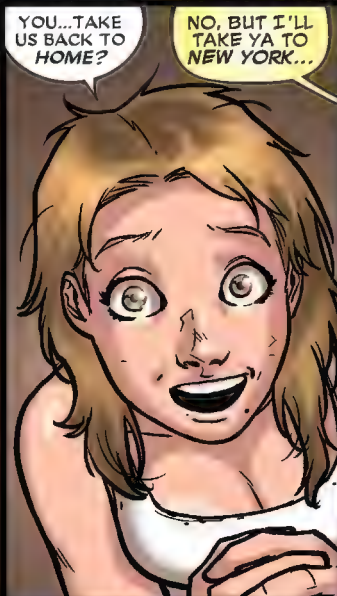
Like *croquet*. Or
using a *scope*.

OR LIVING WHEN YOU HAVE
A HEALING FACTOR THAT
MAKES IT IMPOSSIBLE
FOR YOU TO DIE.

We *always* do it the hard way--like, why
didn't we jump a plane back to the States?
We've done it *before* an' it worked...but *no*,
we snuck onto a crappy freighter, *instead*.

An' not just
any crappy
freighter--
this crappy
freighter.

OH,
YEAH...THAT
REMINDS
ME...



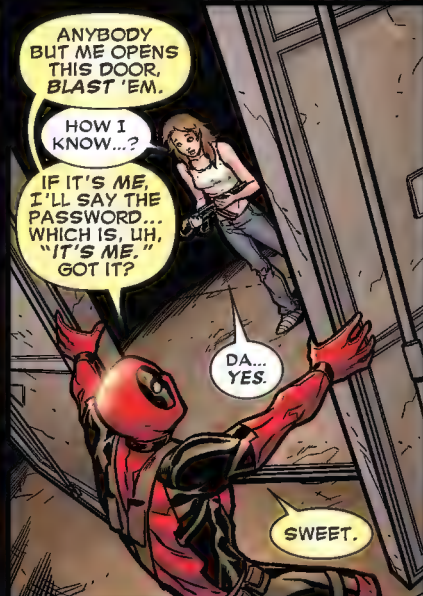
YOU...TAKE US BACK TO HOME?

NO, BUT I'LL TAKE YA TO NEW YORK...



...I KNOW A GUY IN THE RUSSIAN CONSULATE THAT CAN PROBABLY TAKE CARE O' YER PROBLEMS. HE'S A GOOD GUY--I KILLED HIS GREASY BROTHER-IN-LAW FOR HIM SO, HE KINDA OWES ME ONE.

HERE, TAKE THIS.



ANYBODY BUT ME OPENS THIS DOOR, BLAST 'EM.

HOW I KNOW...?

IF IT'S ME, I'LL SAY THE PASSWORD... WHICH IS, UH, "IT'S ME." GOT IT?

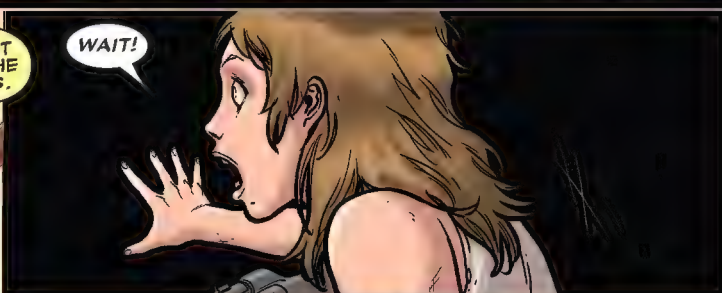
DA... YES.

SWEET.

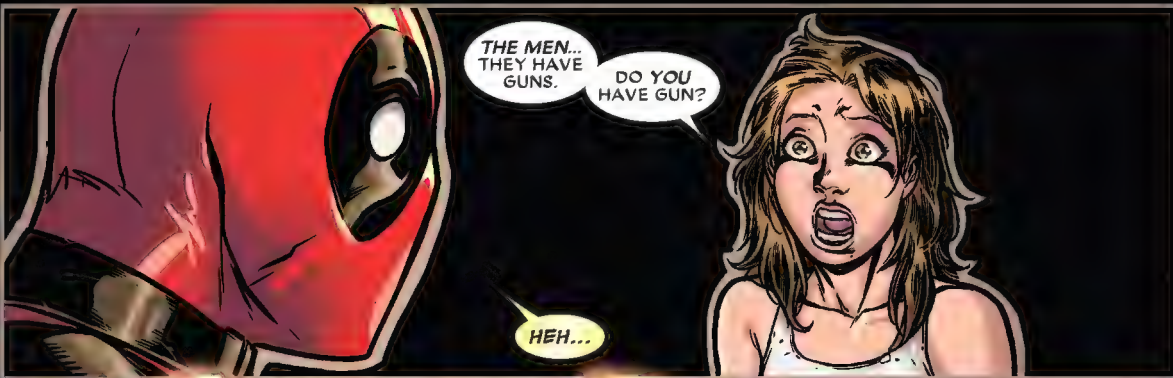


NOW, YER GONNA PROBABLY HEAR A LOTTA GUNFIRE, SOME SCREAMIN', STUFF LIKE THAT...BUT DON'T WORRY, OKAY?

THAT'S JUST ME KILLIN' THE SMUGGLERS.



WAIT!



THE MEN... THEY HAVE GUNS.

DO YOU HAVE GUN?

HEH...



...TWO OF 'EM, BABY.

BOOM.

See?

BRACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-

Way harder than it needs to be.

YEAH, PROBABLY...

BOOM CH-CHAK BOOMM

ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-

CH-CHAK

...BUT IT'S

See?

BRACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-

Way harder than it needs to be.

YEAH, PROBABLY...

**BOOM
CRASH
BOOMMM**

ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-

SH-SHADK

...BUT IT'S A LOT OF FUN!

See?

Way harder than it needs to be.

YEAH, PROBABLY...

BRACK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-

AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-

SH-CHAK

BOOM SH-CHAK BOOMM

...BUT IT'S A LOT OF FUN!

See?

Way harder than it needs to be.

YEAH, PROBABLY...

BRACK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-

AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-

SH-CHAK

BOOM SH-CHAK BOOMM

...BUT IT'S A LOT OF FUN!

BOOM!

KLIK

...BUT IT'S A HELLUVA LOT MORE FUN!

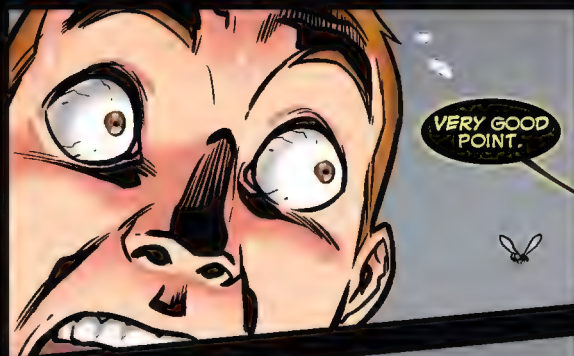
"THIS GUY'S A PSYCHO, MAN..."

BOOM!

KLIK

...BUT IT'S A HELLUVA LOT MORE FUN!

"THIS GUY'S A PSYCHO, MAN..."





WHATCHA
GONNA DO WITH
THAT KNIFE,
LENA?



I MEAN,
OTHER THAN
DIE WITH IT IN
YOUR HAND.



BLAM

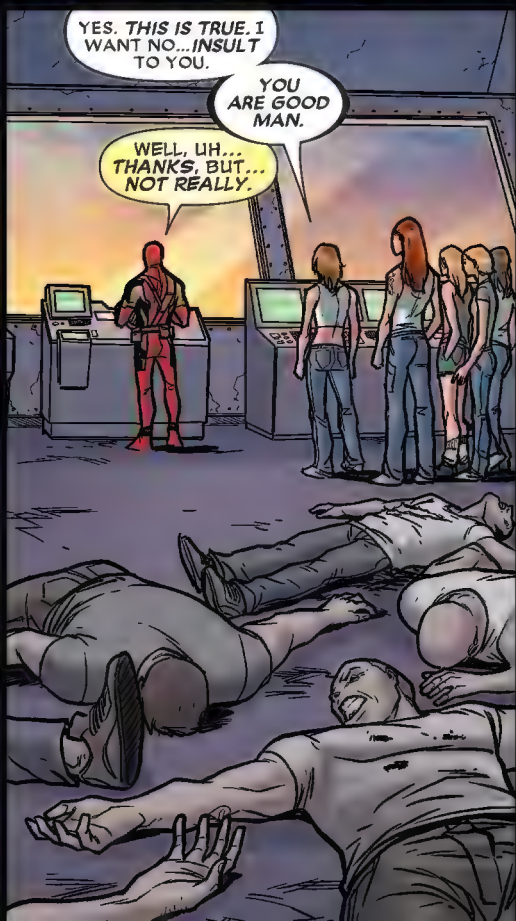
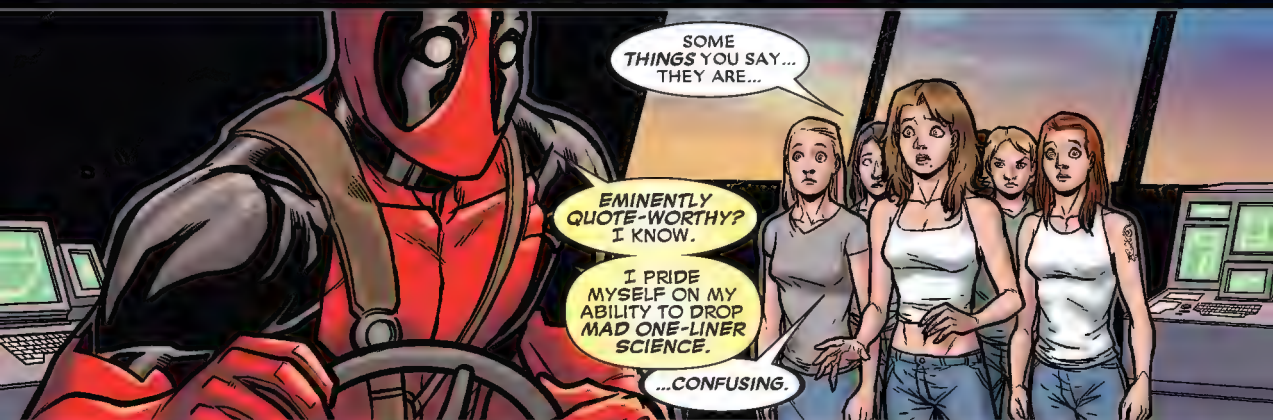
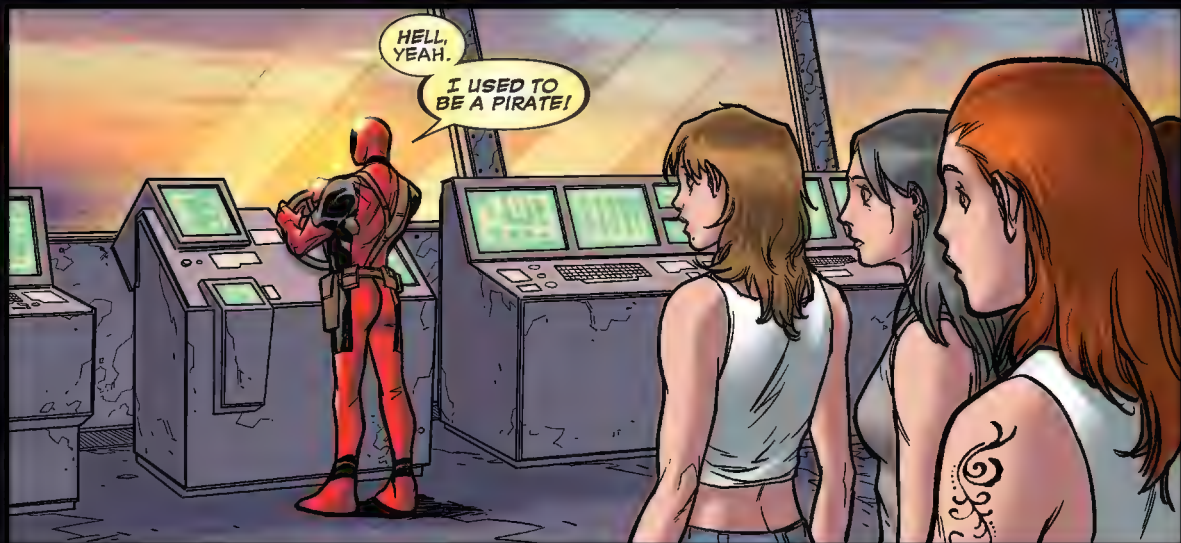


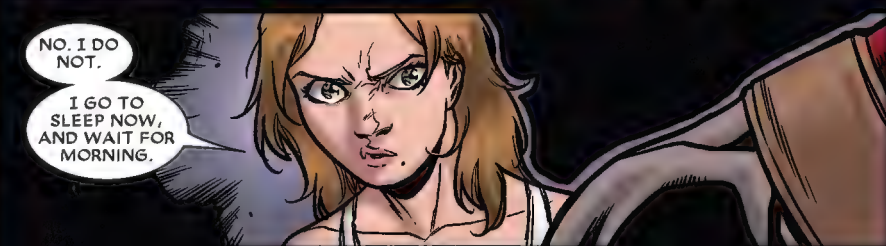
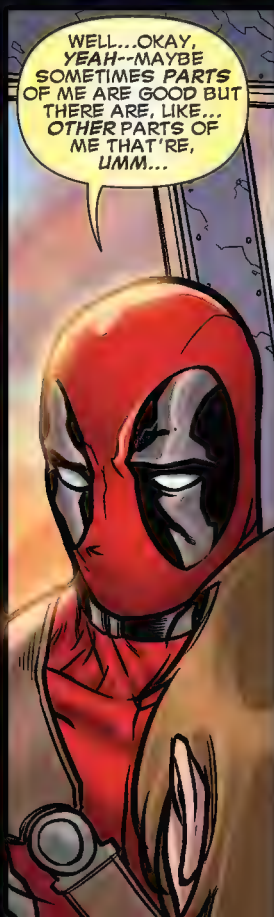
HA!



PRETZELS!

"YOU KNOW HOW
TO...DRIVE THIS?"







SO...WE'RE COOL?



THIS IS VERY MUCH NOT COOL... BUT I WILL DO THIS TO HELP THESE GIRLS.

YEAH, RIGHT--YOU'LL DO IT 'CAUSE YA OWE ME.



I PAID YOU! I PAID YOU AN INCREDIBLE AMOUNT OF MONEY EVEN THOUGH YOU BLEW UP MY HOUSE AND TWO OF MY CARS AND STOLE A HORSE FROM ME!

HEY, THAT HORSE WAS NECESSARY TO GET THE JOB DONE--AND I GOT THE JOB DONE, DID I NOT?



YES, YES, YOU DID.

SO WE ARE "COOL," ALL RIGHT? NOW PLEASE NEVER CONTACT ME AGAIN...AGREED?

PFFT! SURE, WHATEVER--AGREED.

PEACE.



ALLO.

HEY, IT'S DEADPOOL.

"HOW DO I GET TO
NEW JERSEY?"

SO
HUNGRYYY...

WONDER IF IT'S
POSSIBLE FOR US
TO STARVE TO
DEATH.

Eh, *maybe*? But c'mon--
that's a pretty damn
lame way to *check out*.

YEAH, IT WOULD BE REALLY
BORING, HAVING TO WAIT
UNTIL, LIKE, OUR ORGANS
FAILED AND STUFF.

DON'T TRY
TO FRIGGIN' STOP
ME, MAN!

HUH?

JUST...KEEP
GOIN'! LEAVE
ME ALONE!

DUDE!

ARE YOU
GONNA KILL
YOURSELF?!

YEAH, I'M GONNA KILL
MYSELF, YA FRIGGIN'
DUMBASS! WHAT'S IT
LOOK LIKE?

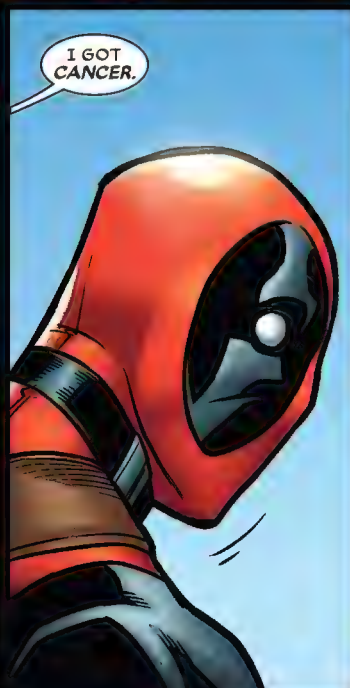
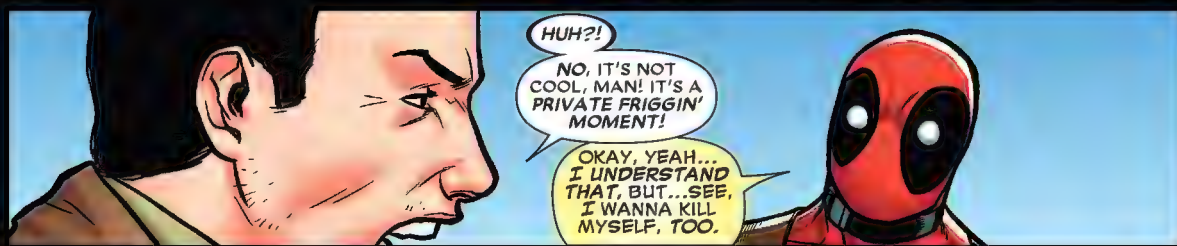
IT LOOKS LIKE
YOU'RE GONNA
JUMP OFF THE
BRIDGE AN' KILL
YOURSELF.

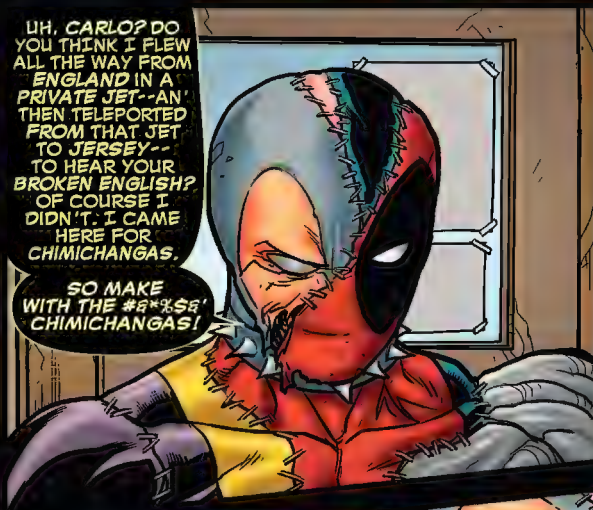
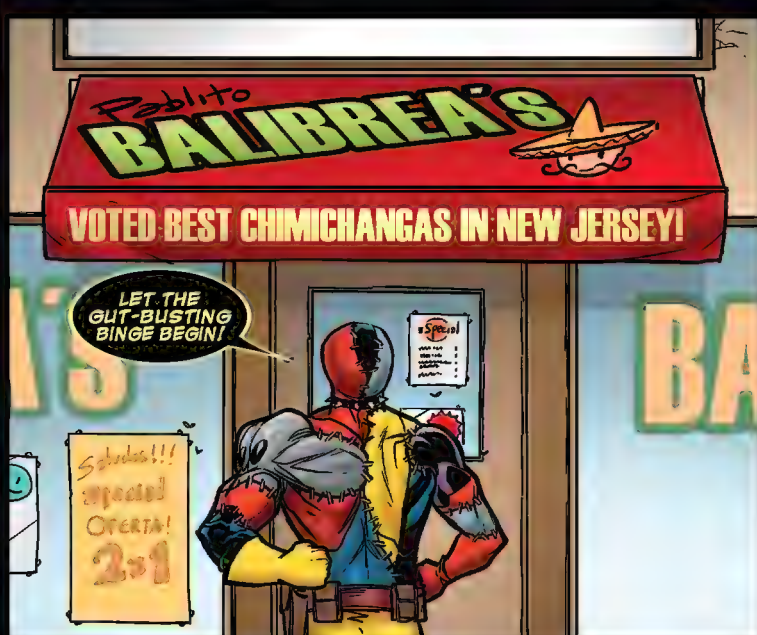
HOW'S THAT WORK,
EXACTLY? DO YOU,
LIKE, DROWN OR IS
IT THE IMPACT
THAT--

WHO THE
HELL ARE
YOU?!

DEADPOOL.

HEY, IS
IT COOL IF I
WATCH?





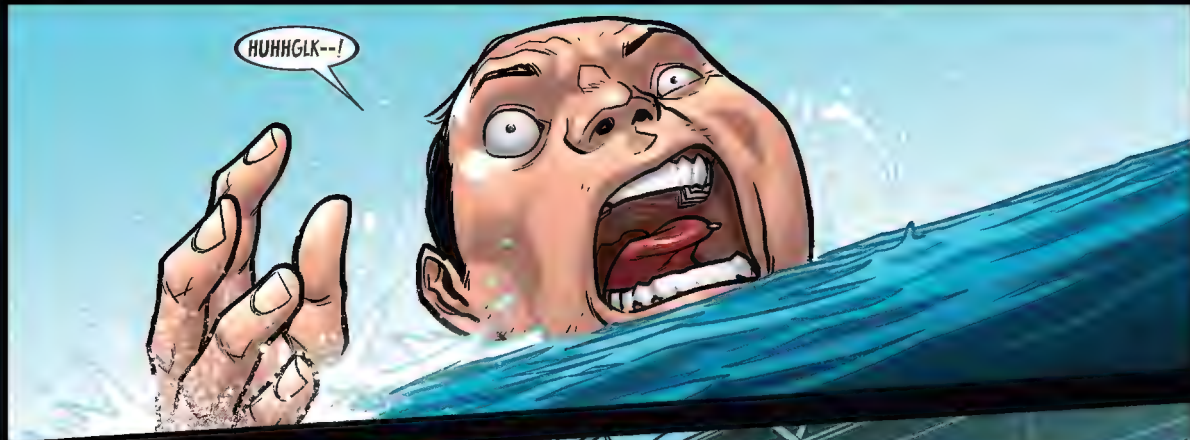


I'D SAY
I WANT A *PIECE*
OF YOU...

...BUT I'VE
ALREADY GOT A
FULL SET.



HUHHGLK--!



HOLY
#%\$&...

CRAZY, HUH?
CAN'T BELIEVE
WE SURVIVED THAT...
ANYWAY, WHERE
WERE WE?

OH,
YEAH!

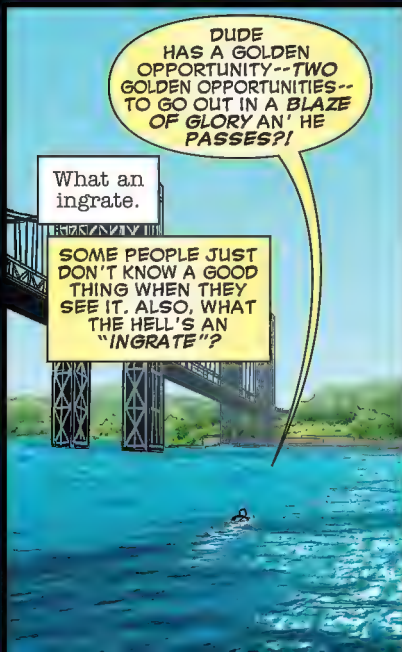


I WAS
GONNA KILL
YOU.

JUST RELAX,
OKAY? ONE
QUICK SNAP AND
IT'S OVER.

W-WAIT!









NO WAY HE'S
LETTING THIS
SLIDE! NO WAY!

OF COURSE
HE ISN'T--THIS
IS A TRICK.

The
trick?

Y'UP. SAME
TRICK I ALWAYS USE--
DO SOMETHIN' THAT
MAKES ABSOLUTELY NO
SENSE AN' THEN, WHILE
THE ENEMY WASTES TIME
TRYIN' TO MAKE
SENSE OF IT...

I RUN
'EM OVER WITH
A GARBAGE
TRUCK.

YO!
DUMPSTER
BABY!

YOUR RIDE'S
HERE!

KRUSSSHHHH



GOD I LOVE CRASHIN' STUFF...

YEAH:

ME, TOO.

KRRUNNNGHH



THIS GUY KNOWS ALL
OUR MOVES BEFORE
WE EVEN MAKE 'EM!

What should
we do?!

WHAT WOULD WE
NORMALLY DO?!

Uhh...

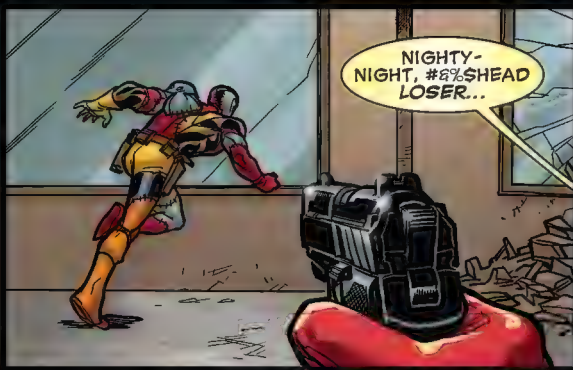
WHATEVER--
JUST DON'T
DO THAT!

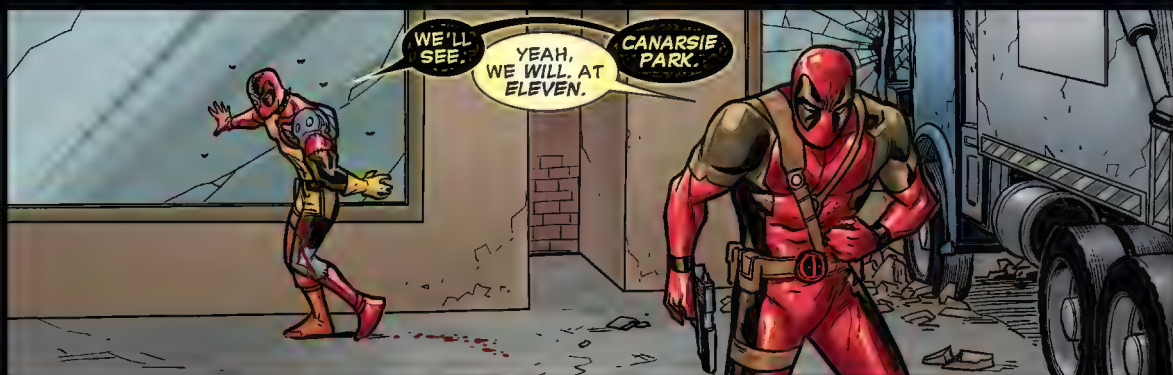
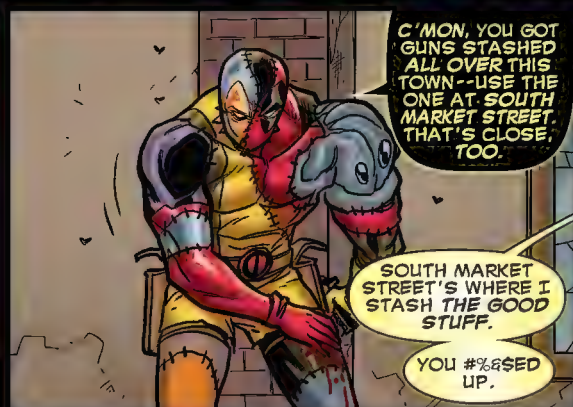


DUDE!

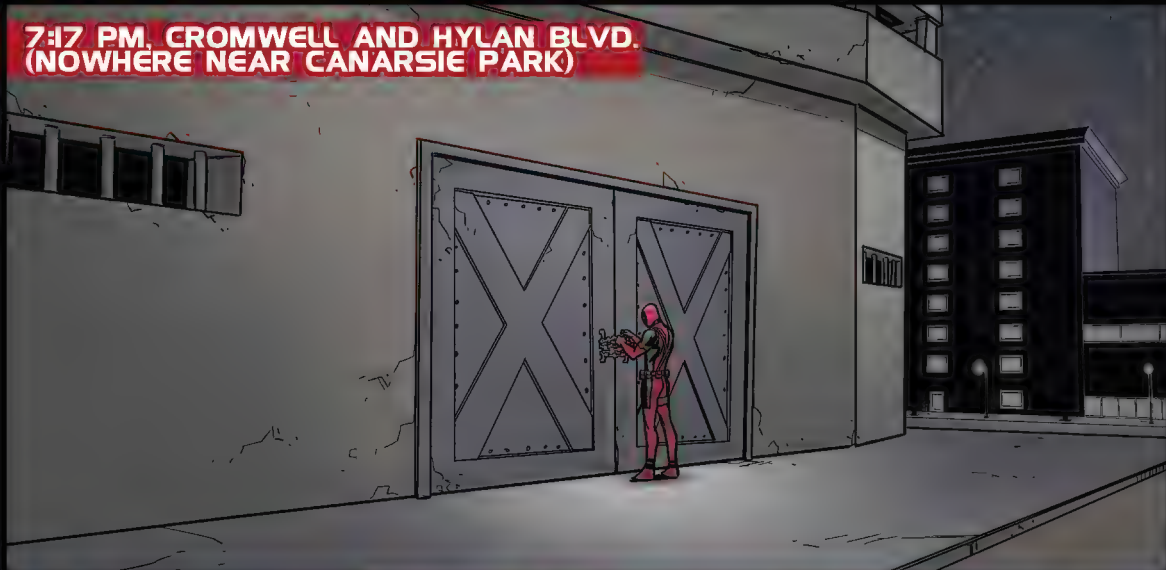
WHY
DIDN'T YOU
BLOCK
THAT?!



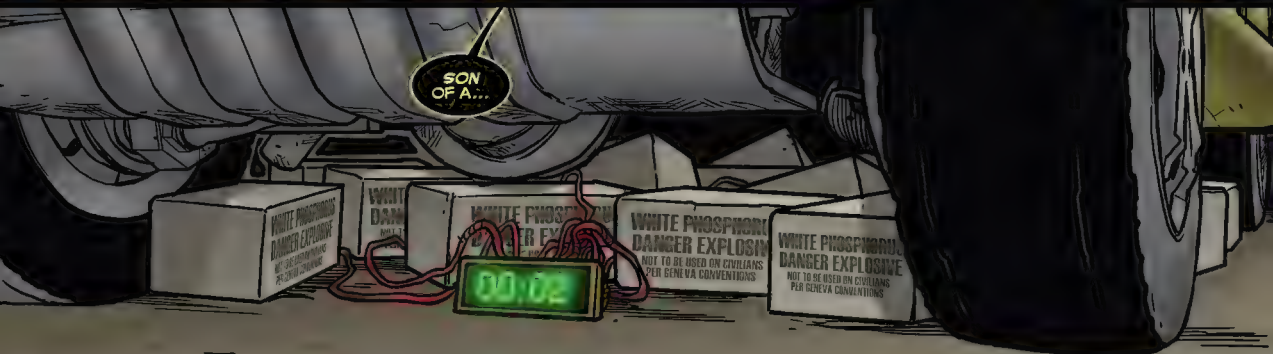
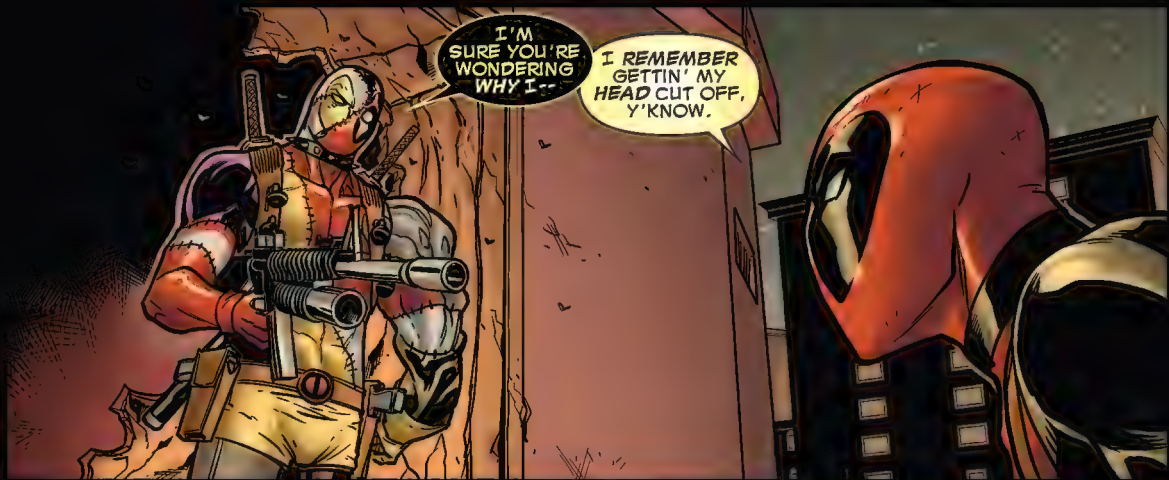




7:17 PM. CROMWELL AND HYLAN BLVD.
(NOWHERE NEAR CANARSIE PARK)











2 MINUTES AGO:

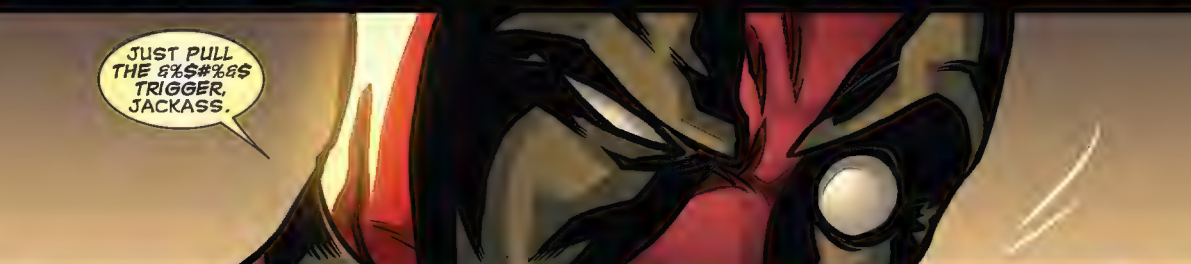
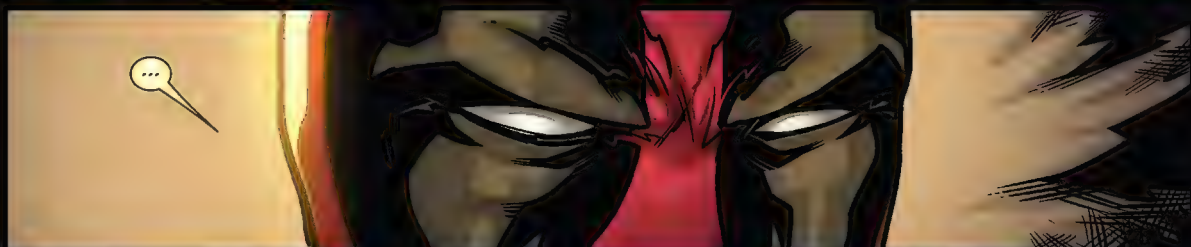


NOW:

SPECIAL
PRICE

THIS IS
WHY NOBODY
LIKES ME.





BUT C'MON! HOW'M I SUPPOSED TO DO MY THING WHEN HE'S ALREADY DOIN' MY THING!

SO THE PROBLEM IS THAT HE'S DOING OUR THING FIRST?

No, the problem is that he knows what we're gonna do before we do it because we have, like, the same brain.

SO HE KNOWS THAT WE'RE JUST **STANDING** HERE, DOIN' **NOTHING**?

Probably.

SO...WHAT'S HE DOING?





OH...OH,
GOD THAT...

THAT
HURT...

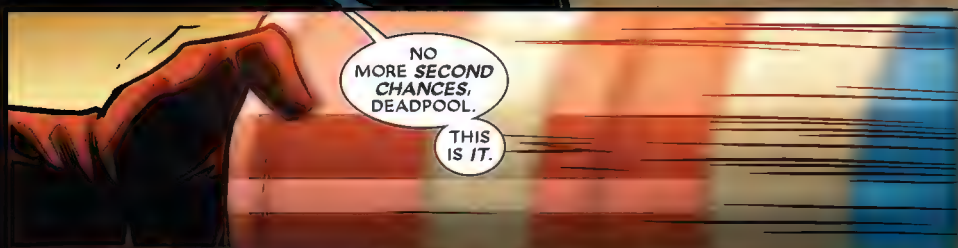
He's gonna
hit us in the
head?!

THAT'S NOT WHAT
WE'D DO...



NOT...

HIM...

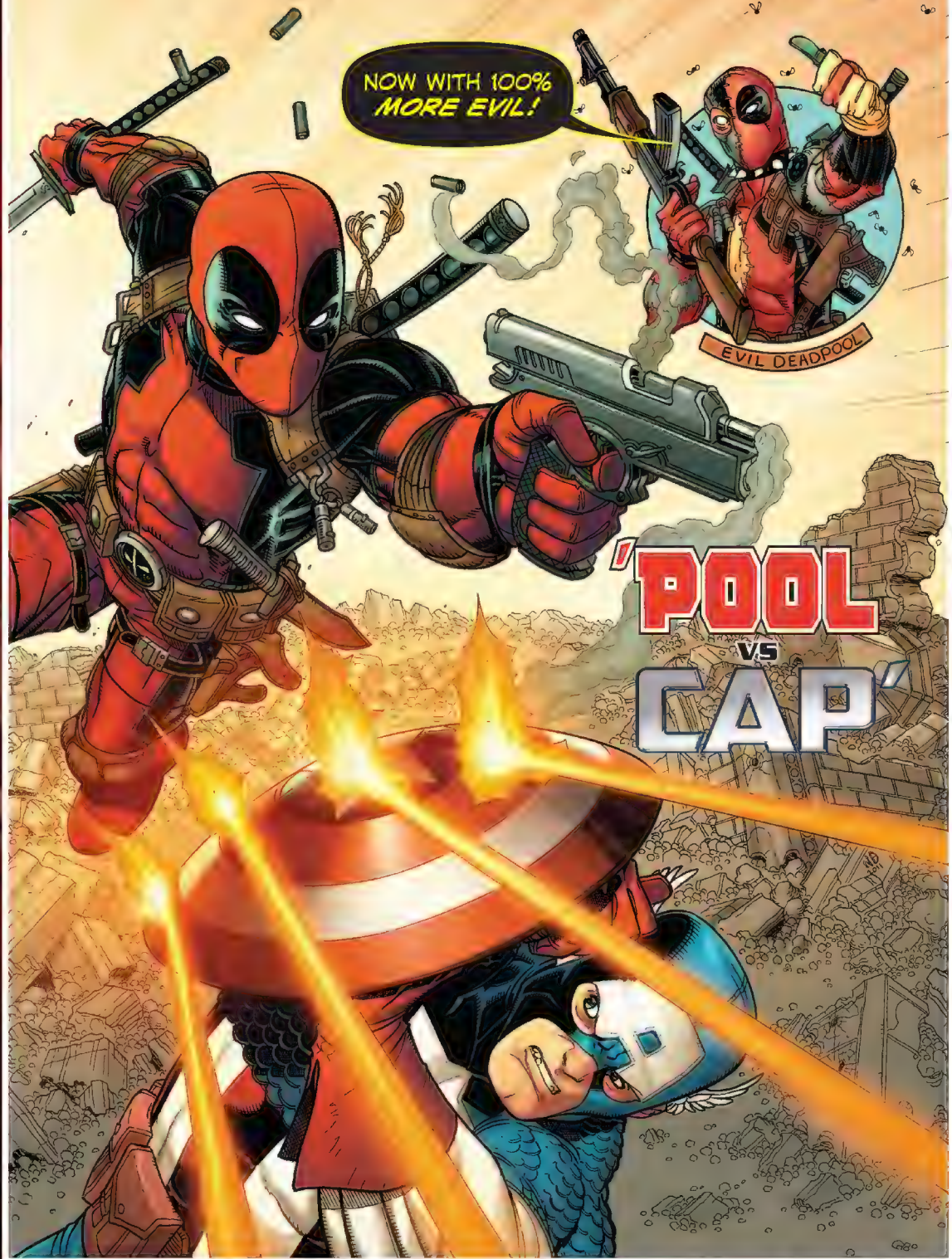


NO
MORE SECOND
CHANCES.
DEADPOOL.

THIS
IS IT.



YOU'RE
DONE.



NOW WITH 100%
MORE EVIL!

EVIL DEADPOOL

'POOL
VS
CAP'





EVIL DEADPOOL

PART THREE: YOU'RE GOING DOWN



CHINATOWN.



"I'M DEADPOOL."

YOU ACTUALLY WANT ME TO BELIEVE THERE ARE TWO OF YOU?!

YES!



THE ONLY THINGS I BELIEVE WHEN IT COMES TO YOU IS THAT YOU'RE A LIAR...

I'M NOT LYING!

...AND A TERRORIST.



WHO, US?!

Captain America, our *childhood hero*, just called us a *terrorist*?!



##\$\$% THAT.



IMPRESSIVE.

NOW LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN USE IT.

UHH... CAN WE?

Maybe. We did practice it a lot with *Taskmaster*, so...



...Ah,
poop.

WELL, THIS
COULD STILL
WORK...



Yeah,
right.

OOFF--!



The only *possible*
way it could still
work is if--

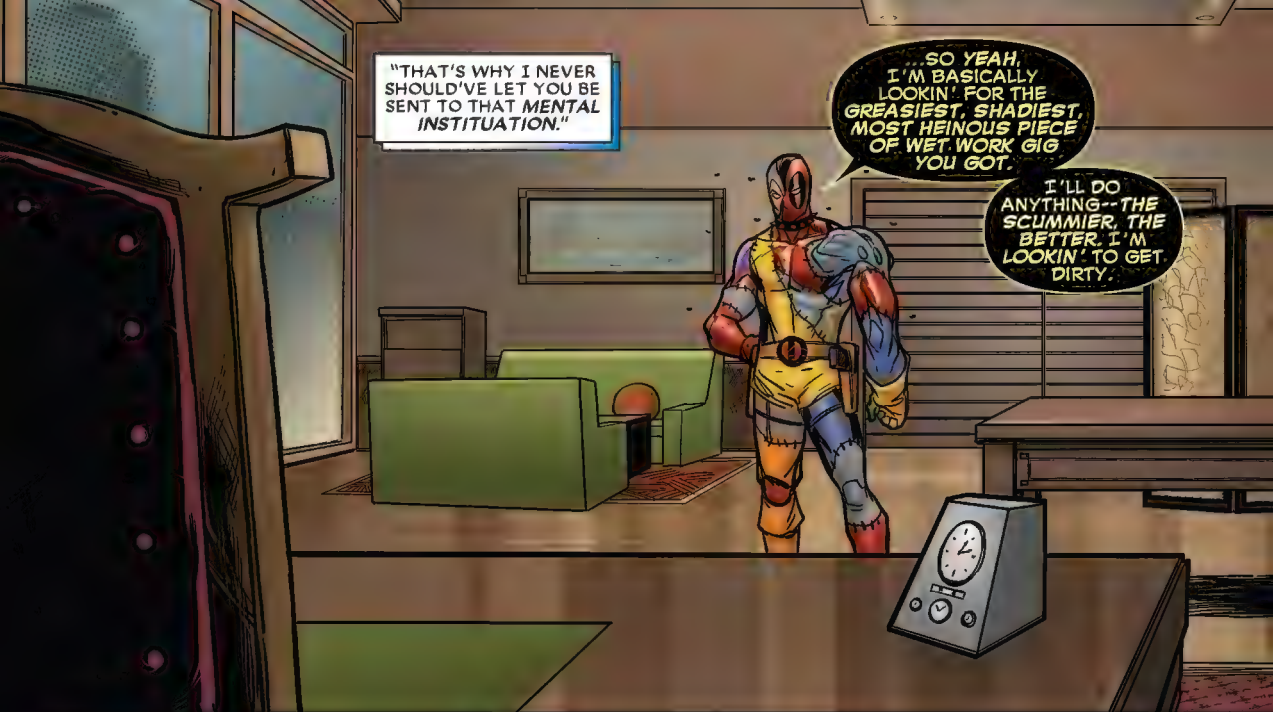
CAP GOT
DOWN ON HIS
KNEES?



TA-
DAAHHH...







"THAT'S WHY I NEVER SHOULD'VE LET YOU BE SENT TO THAT MENTAL INSTITUTION."

...SO YEAH, I'M BASICALLY LOOKIN' FOR THE GREASIEST, SHADIEST, MOST HEINOUS PIECE OF WET WORK GIG YOU GOT.

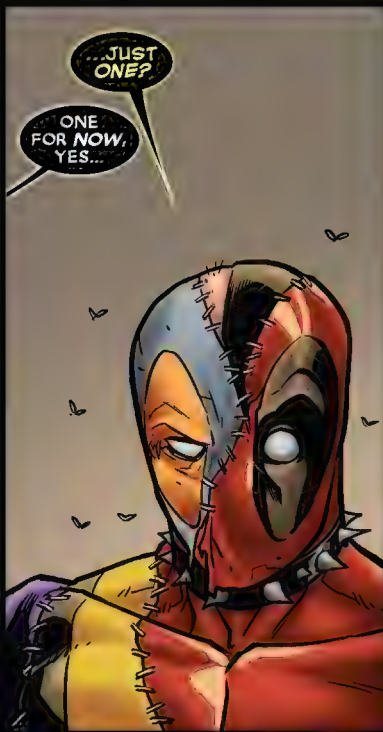
I'LL DO ANYTHING--THE SCUMMIER, THE BETTER, I'M LOOKIN' TO GET DIRTY.



"YOU'RE NOT AS BAD AS I THINK YOU ARE."

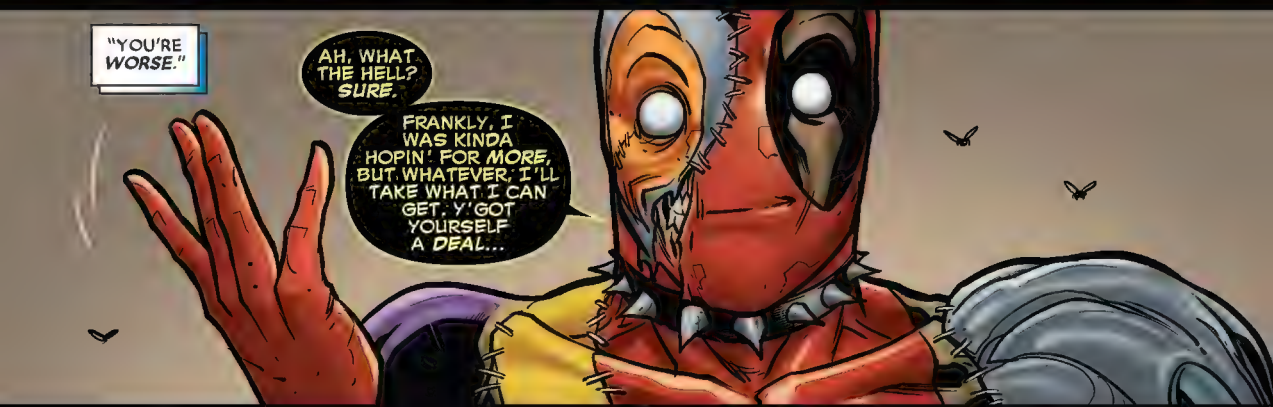
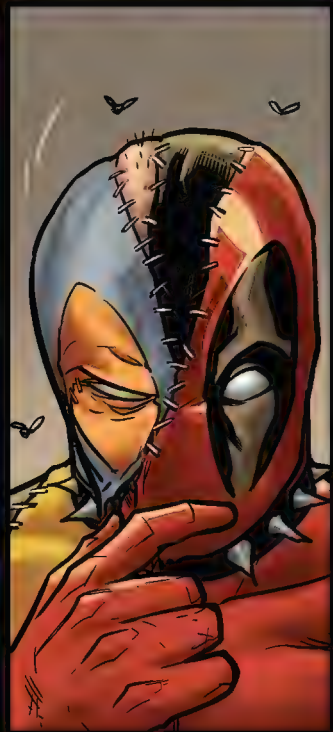
WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO MURDER A CHILD?

UHH...



...JUST ONE?

ONE FOR NOW, YES...



"YOU'RE WORSE."

AH, WHAT THE HELL? SURE.

FRANKLY, I WAS KINDA HOPIN' FOR MORE, BUT WHATEVER, I'LL TAKE WHAT I CAN GET. Y'GOT YOURSELF A DEAL...



MR. NÉGATIVE.

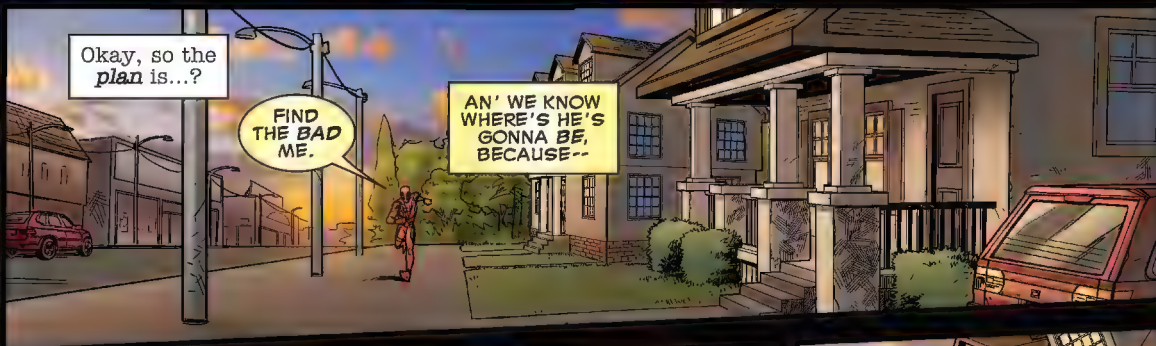
LET'S NOT RUIN THE MOMENT.

WE HAVEN'T YET DISCUSSED--

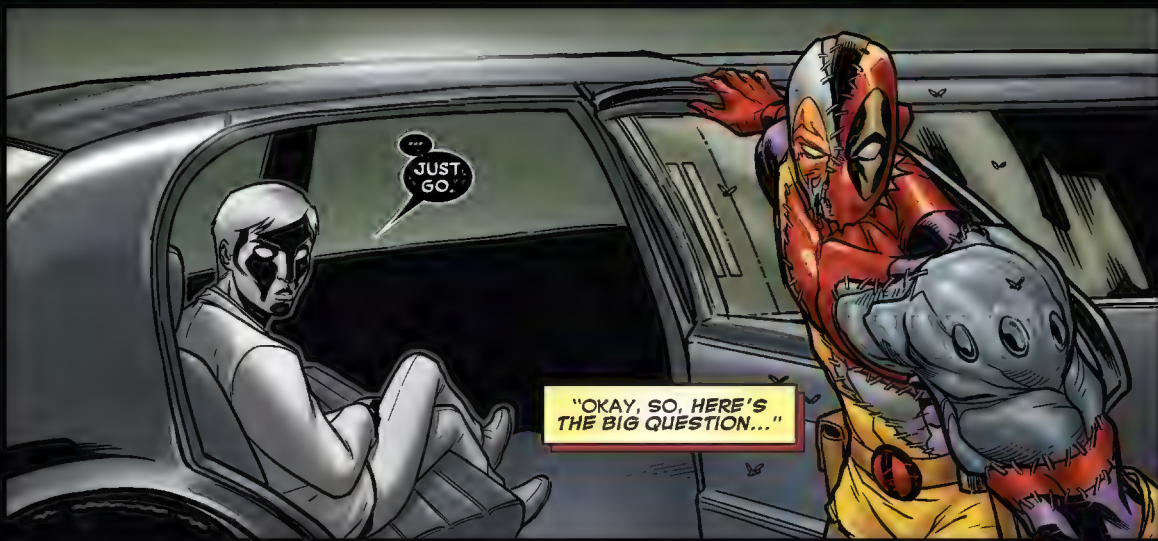
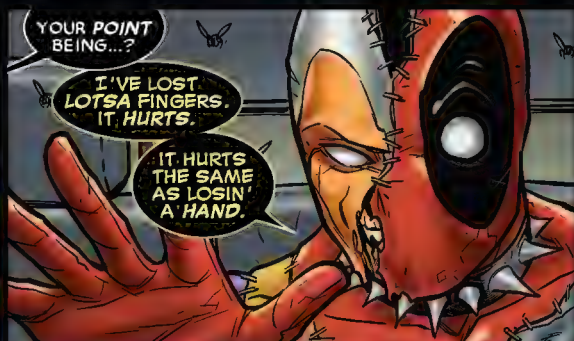
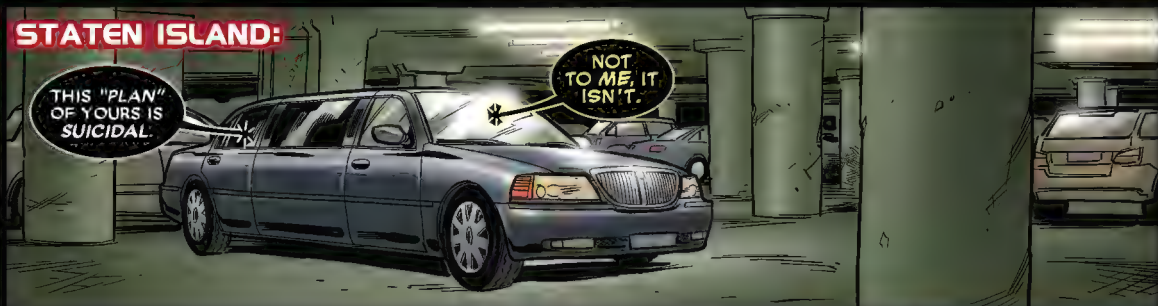
BESIDES, ONCE YOU SEE WHAT I HAVE TO OFFER...?

YOU WON'T JUST WANNA PAY ME, YOU'LL WANNA ADOPT ME. I'M THAT GOOD.





STATEN ISLAND:



THE NEXT DAY:



WHAT'S MY, UM...

Doppelganger.

THAT IS SO NOT A REAL WORD.

...THAT COPY OF ME UP TO?

'CAUSE HE'S NOT DOIN' WHAT I THOUGHT HE WAS GONNA DO, AT ALL.

THOUGHT FOR SURE HE'D BOMB THE CRAP OUTTA THE TIMES SQUARE OLIVE GARDEN--NOT ONLY WOULD THAT'VE BUMMED US OUT, IT WOULD'VE DEPRIVED THE ENTIRE CITY OF ITS FINEST ITALIAN EATERY! ALL OF NYC WOULD BE HATIN' ON US!

AN' THIS IS THE NEAREST WEAPONS CACHE... RIGHT?

MM-HMM. YEAH, HE'S DEFINITELY NOT DOING WHAT WE WOULD'VE DONE...

Bingo!

BINGO ALREADY?! NO FAIR!

We assumed he'd do what **we** would do--but **he's** not **us**!

UHH...SO I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT HE'S GONNA DO?

THAT SUCKS...

OH...OH! BINGO OVER HERE, TOO!

We shouldn't be asking what **we** would do...

WE SHOULD BE ASKING WHAT WE'D NEVER DO!



...THAT?!

Yeah. That.

MEANIN' WE'RE GONNA HAFTA--

I GOTTA BEAT HIM TO THE PUNCH?!

Exactly.

AN' WE GOTTA DO IT FAST--THERE'S NO TELLIN' HOW MUCH OF A HEAD START HE HAS ON US.

#&%\$.

SORRY, CAP...





"...BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY."

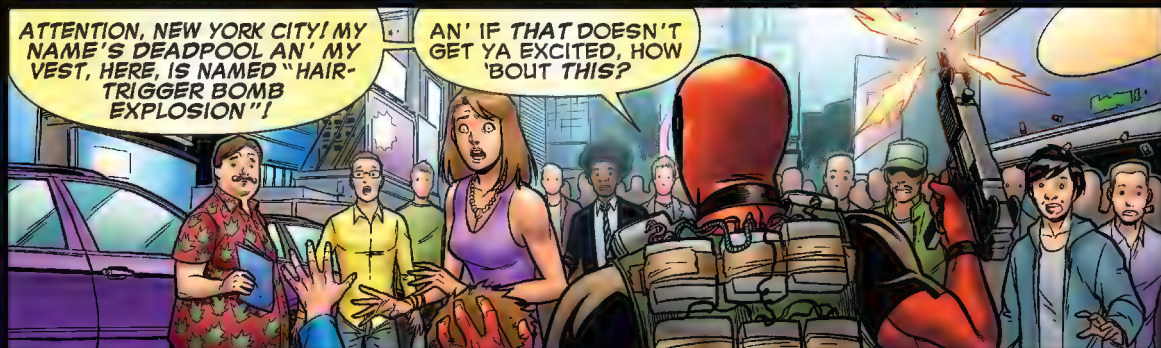


WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU UP TO, WADE?

THERE YA GO, JUST KEEP ON WONDERIN'...

Between that an' the street noise, this should be--

DUDE. THIS IS GONNA BE SWEET.







MELISSA?



WHAT'S WRONG?
MELISSA?

ANSWER
ME! ARE THE
KIDS OKAY?

TH-THEY'RE
GONE...



OUR BABIES...S-SOMEBODY
TOOK OUR BABIES,
STERLING...

AN' THERE
WAS BUH...
BLOOD...



MELISSA,
YOU'RE GONNA GO
TO WAYNE'S OFFICE
AND HE'S GONNA TAKE
YOUR STATEMENT. OKAY?
BE VERY CLEAR. TELL
HIM EVERYTHING YOU
CAN REMEMBER.

O-O-KAY...

DON'T
WORRY, BABY.
I'M GONNA
FIX THIS.

OFFICER?

GOT YER KIDS!



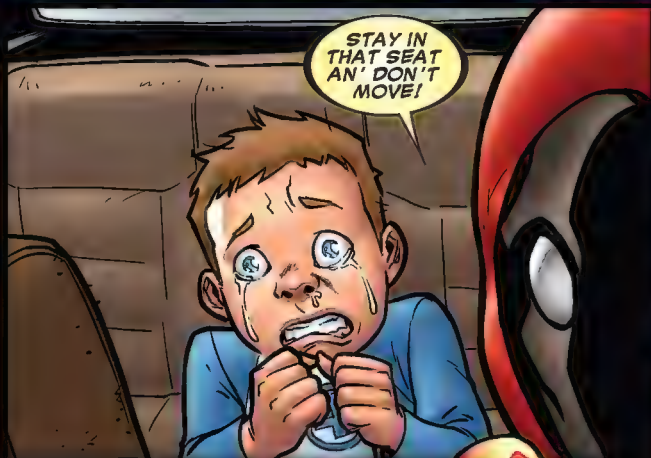
HAND
OVER THAT
WEAPON.



OUTTA
THE CAB
NOW!

NOW!

BRRATT-ATT



STAY IN
THAT SEAT
AN' DON'T
MOVE!



S-SIR? PLEASE
D-DON'T...
DON'T...

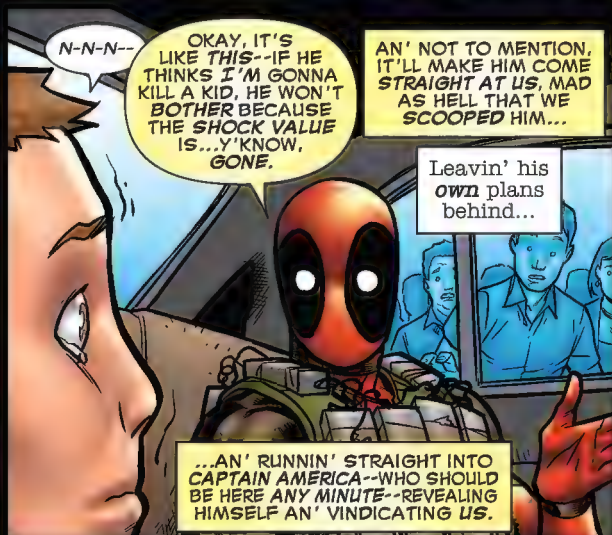
LISTEN,
KID-- I'M NOT
GONNA SHOOT YA,
OKAY? I'M NOT GONNA
DO ANYTHING TO YA.



NOW, I'M
REALLY SORRY
FOR SCARIN' YOU AN'
YOUR MOM, BUT THERE'S
A VERY GOOD REASON
WHY I DID IT--Y'SEE,
THERE'S A BAD MAN
OUT THERE WHO IS
GONNA KILL
A KID...

We think.

...AN' THE
ONLY WAY I
CAN STOP HIM
FROM DOIN' THAT
IS BY, LIKE, STEALIN'
HIS THUNDER.
OKAY? Y'KNOW
WHAT I'M TALKIN'
ABOUT?



N-N-N--

OKAY, IT'S
LIKE THIS--IF HE
THINKS I'M GONNA
KILL A KID, HE WON'T
BOTHER BECAUSE
THE SHOCK VALUE
IS...Y'KNOW,
GONE.

AN' NOT TO MENTION,
IT'LL MAKE HIM COME
STRAIGHT AT US, MAD
AS HELL THAT WE
SCOOPED HIM...

Leavin' his
own plans
behind...

...AN' RUNNIN' STRAIGHT INTO
CAPTAIN AMERICA--WHO SHOULD
BE HERE ANY MINUTE--REVEALING
HIMSELF AN' VINDICATING US.



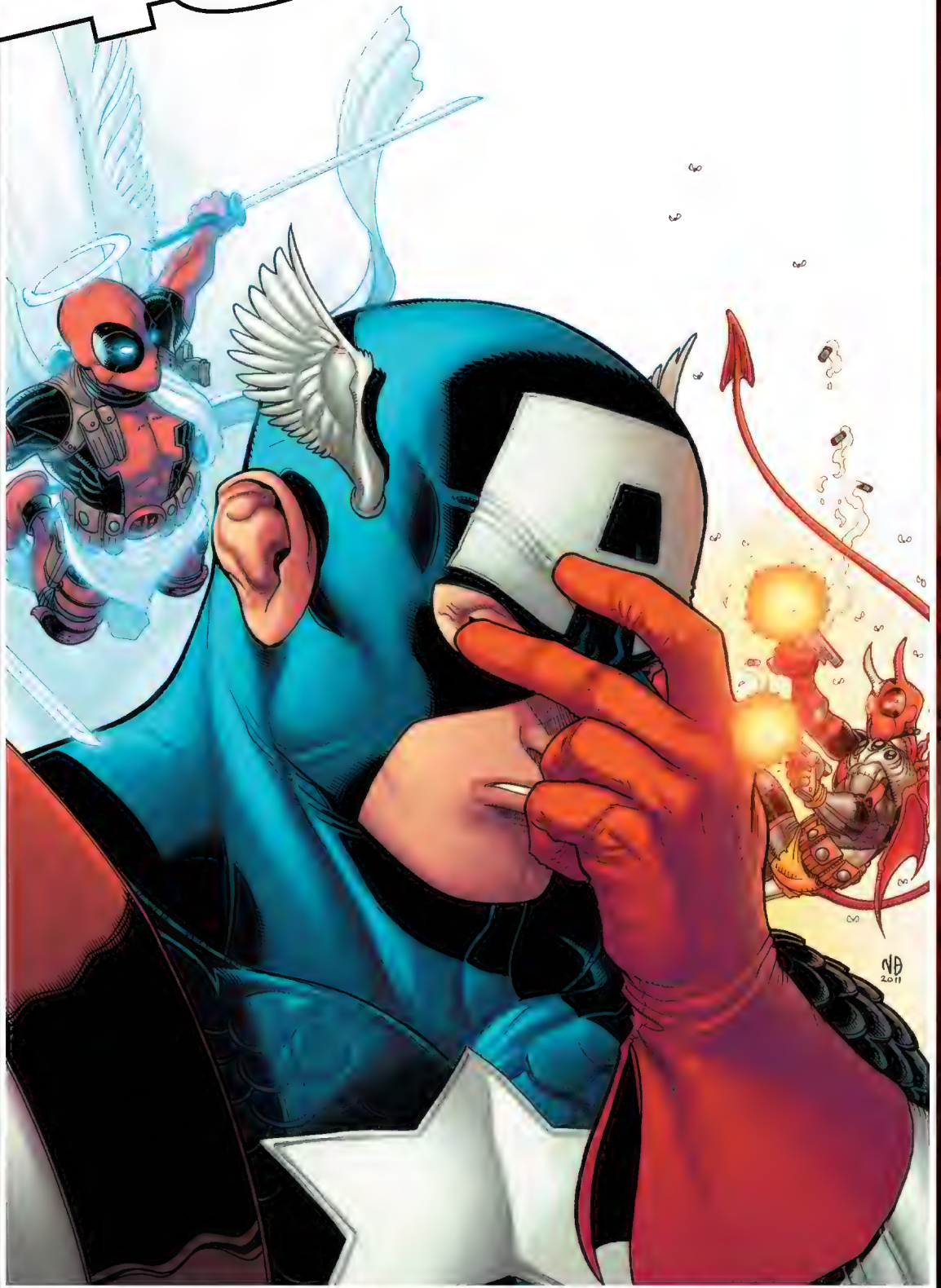
YOU STILL
DON'T GET IT,
DO YOU?

YEAH, OKAY,
JUST--TAKE
MY WORD FOR
IT, KID...

"...EVERYTHING'S
GONNA BE JUST
FINE."



48



Umm...that stinky,
flyblown *clone* of
us *is gonna show*,
right?

YES!

WELL, HE'D
BETTER SHOW
UP SOON...



... 'CAUSE 8%\$ IS
GETTIN' REALLY
REAL UP IN HERE.

THERE'S NO
WAY HE'S GONNA
LET ME UPSTAGE
HIM--HE'LL BE
HERE!



"HE'LL BE
HERE!"

ELSEWHERE, AT THAT MOMENT:

TTTT...
TTTT...

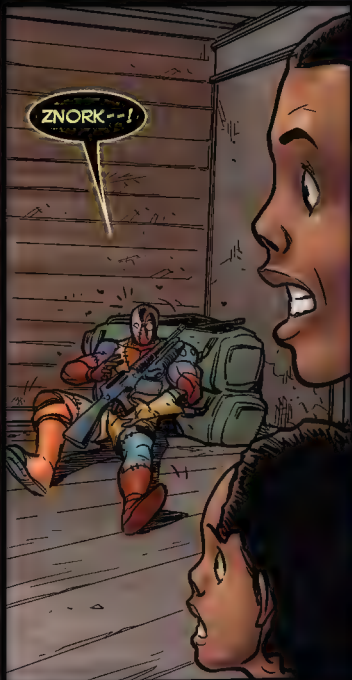
TTTT...

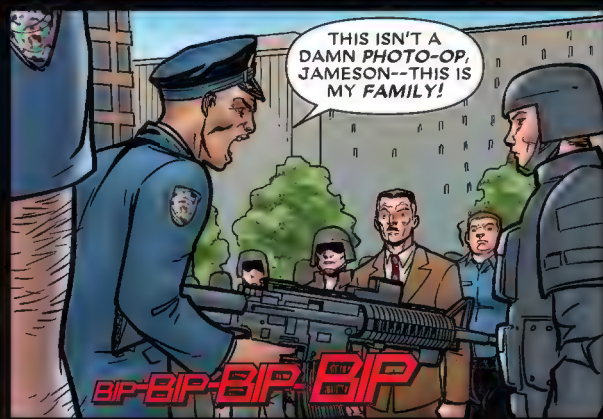
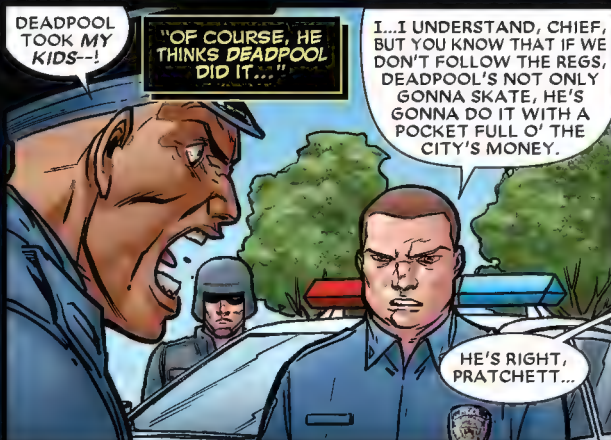
EVIL DEADPOOL

PART FOUR: JUST ME, BABY

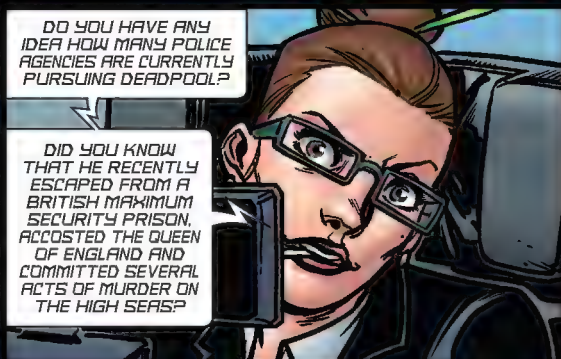
TTTT...





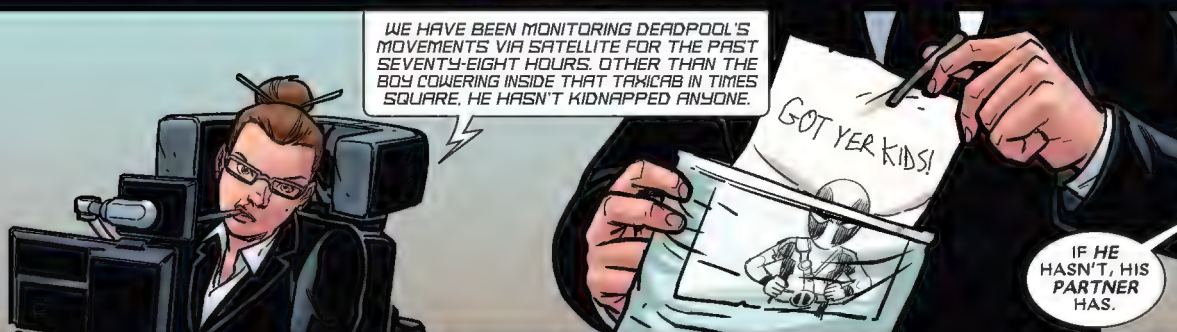






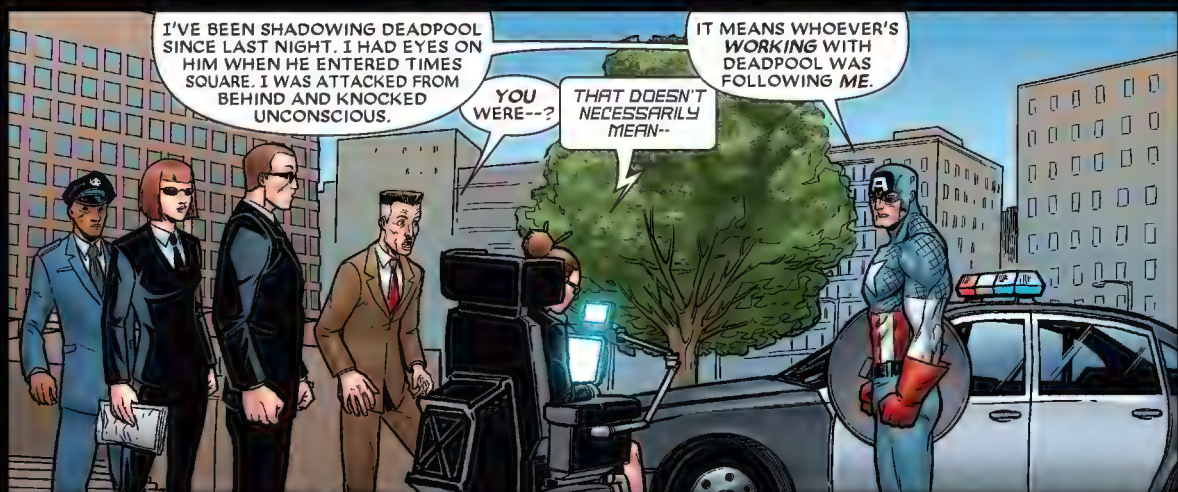








DEADPOOL'S NOT WORKING ALONE.



I'VE BEEN SHADOWING DEADPOOL SINCE LAST NIGHT. I HAD EYES ON HIM WHEN HE ENTERED TIMES SQUARE. I WAS ATTACKED FROM BEHIND AND KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS.

YOU WERE--?

THAT DOESN'T NECESSARILY MEAN--

IT MEANS WHOEVER'S WORKING WITH DEADPOOL WAS FOLLOWING ME.

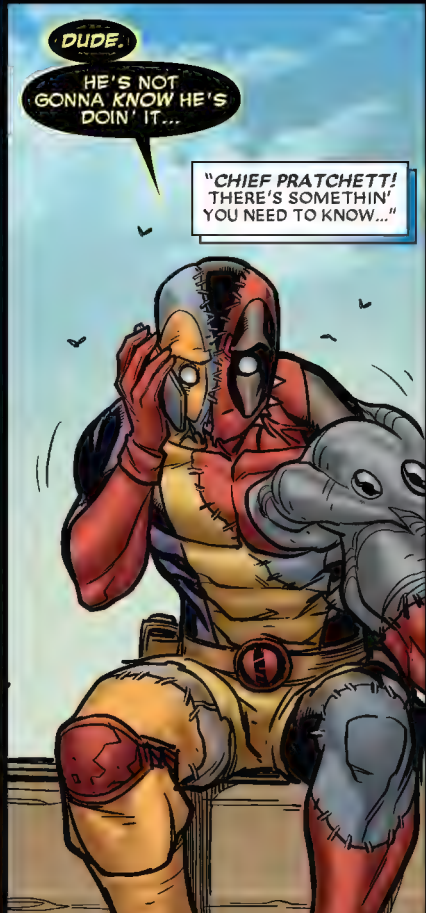
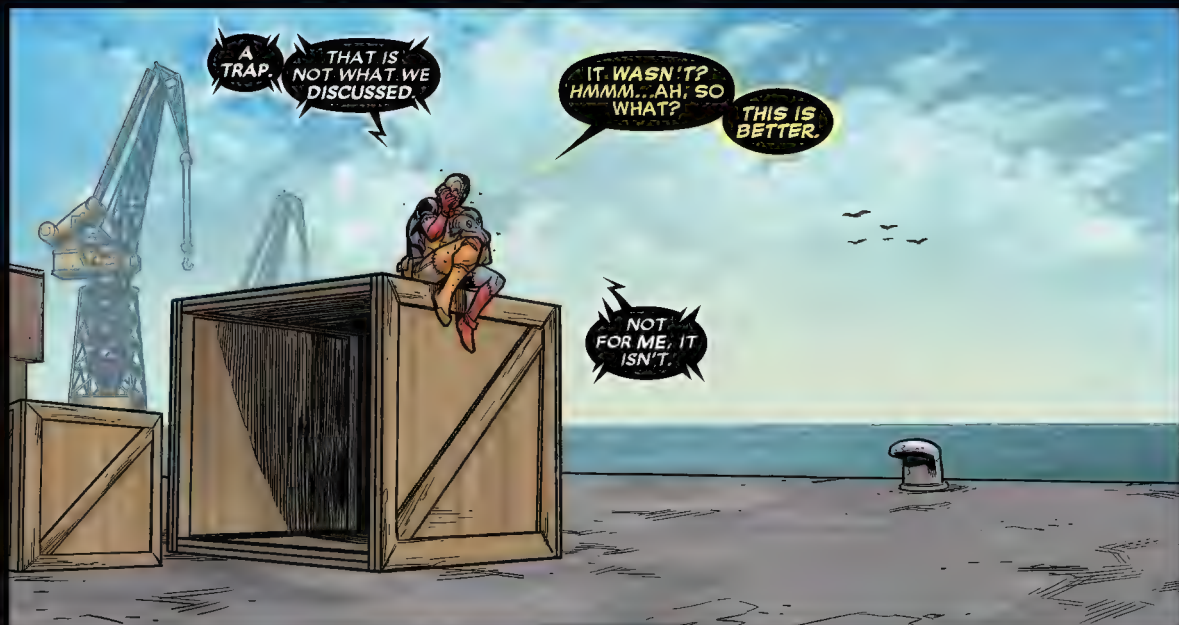


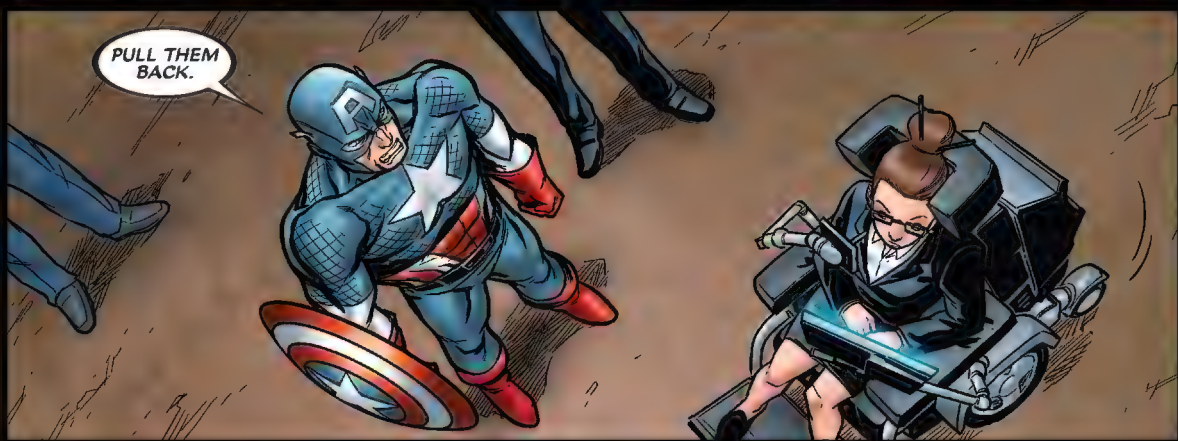
IT MEANS DEADPOOL KNEW HE WAS BEING FOLLOWED.

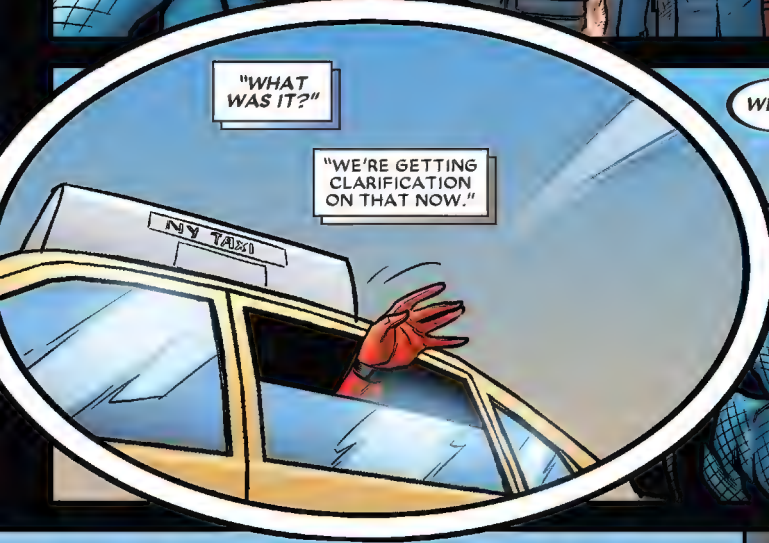
IT MEANS HE LED ME TO TIMES SQUARE FOR A REASON.



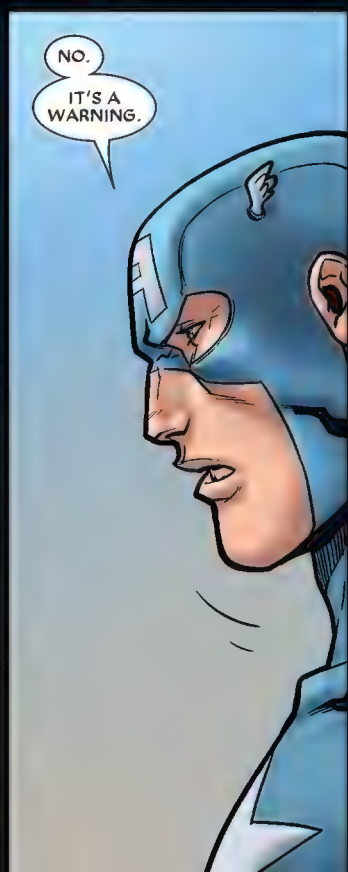
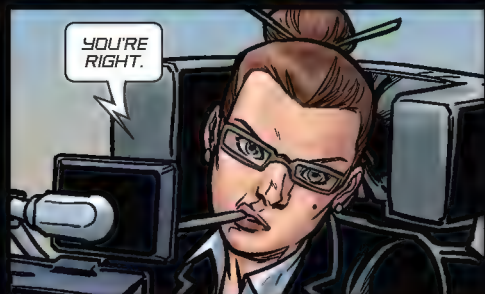
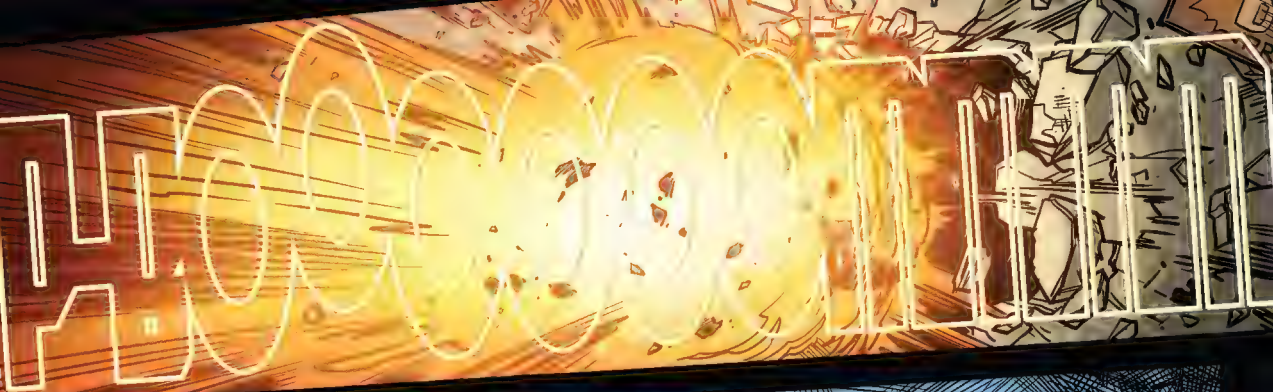
A TRAP?















THIS IS SO NOT GONNA
CHANGE CAP'S MIND
ABOUT US BEING A
"T"-WORD...

"TYRANNOSAURUS"?

TERRORIST.

OH,
RIGHT...

I DID
WHAT I HAD
TO DO.

We did what he
made us do.



WHAT?
WHOP?

You *know*
who.



Him.



HE PLAYED US,
DUDE...HE PLAYED
US THE #\$\$\$ OUT.

AN' NOW
EVERYBODY
HATES US.



THIS IS
WHY NOBODY
LIKES ME.

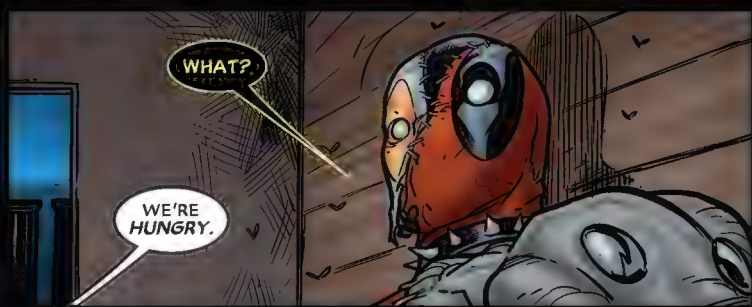


HUH.

YOU GOT A
LOT TO LEARN,
DUDE.



YEAH,
AN' LEMME
GUESS...



TWO
BIRDS.





A wide shot of a bathroom with a checkered floor. Deadpool is standing in the center, looking at a television set that is propped up on a pedestal. A sink and a toilet are visible in the background.

SO HE
WANTS TO
TEACH ME A
LESSON.

HE WANTS
ME TO SEE WHAT
OTHER PEOPLE SEE
WHEN THEY LOOK
AT ME.

HOMICIDAL
MANIAC. UNSTABLE.
UNTRUSTWORTHY.

CARELESS.

A WALKING
DISASTER LOOKING
FOR A PLACE TO
HAPPEN.

HE WANTS
TO SHOW ME
THAT I'M THE
ONLY ONE GETTIN'
FOOLED BY THIS
MASK.

A close-up of Deadpool's hands as he pulls the mask off his head. The mask is orange with black eye lenses.

I'M NOT
A FUN-LOVING
PRANKSTER.

NO ONE'S
JEALOUS OF
MY SKILLS, OR
IMPRESSED BY
THEM...THEY'RE
AFRAID OF
THEM.

A close-up of Deadpool's face, now without the mask. He has a wide, toothy grin and is looking directly at the viewer.

AFRAID
OF ME.

WELL,
GUESS WHAT,
89%#?

I ALREADY
KNEW THAT.

A close-up of the Deadpool mask, held by two hands. The mask has a wide, toothy grin and is looking directly at the viewer.

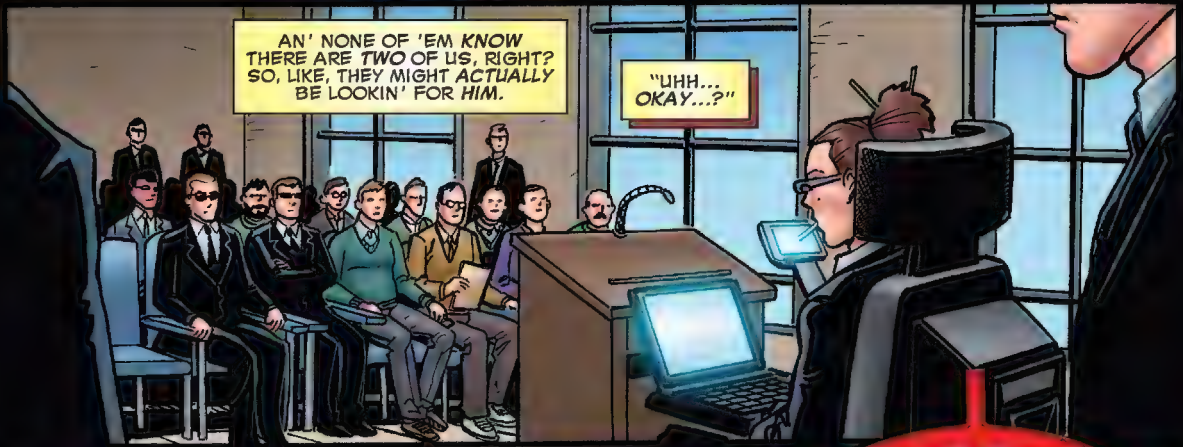
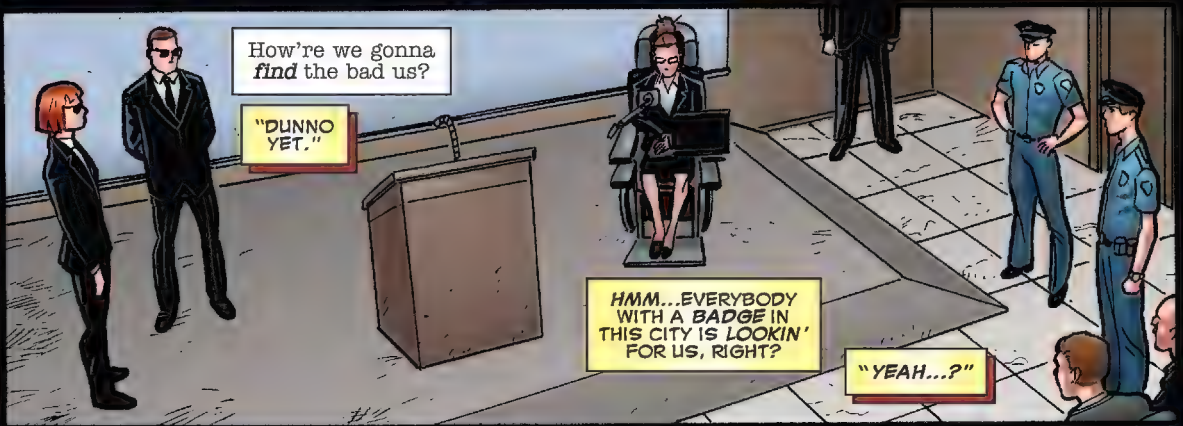
WHY DO YA
THINK I WEAR
THE MASK?

EVIL DEADPOOL

CONCLUSION:
HAIL TO THE KING, BABY

NOW IT'S
TIME FOR YOU
TO LEARN A
LESSON.





AS WE KNOW, HE IS EXTREMELY CANNY WHEN IT COMES TO BOTH SATELLITE SURVEILLANCE AND TERRESTRIAL, CLOSED-CIRCUIT VIDEO CAMERAS. BUT HE IS NOT PERFECT.

HE SEEMS TO HAVE MISSED ONE.

EXCUSE ME, AGENT KEMP...

...SOMEONE MUST'VE **FORGOTTEN** TO TELL ME ABOUT THE BRIEFING. PLEASE, CARRY ON.

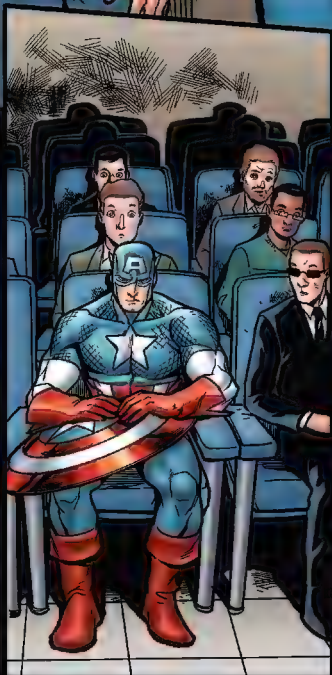
CAPTAIN AMERICA.

PLEASE, SIT.

I'M MORE COMFORTABLE STANDING.



I WOULD BE, TOO.



IN THE PAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, DEADPOOL HAS BEEN SPOTTED AT THIS INTERSECTION FIVE DIFFERENT TIMES.

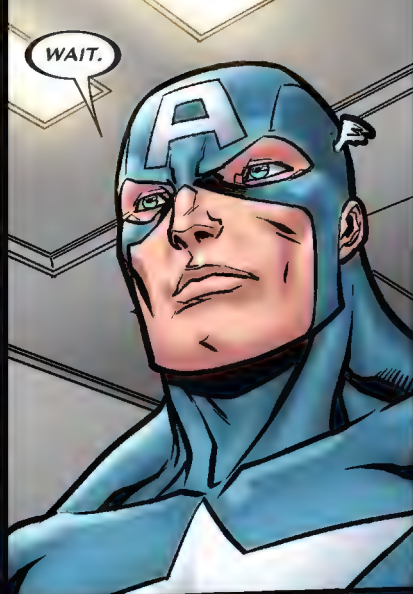


"THIS IS WHERE WE WILL FOCUS OUR SEARCH."

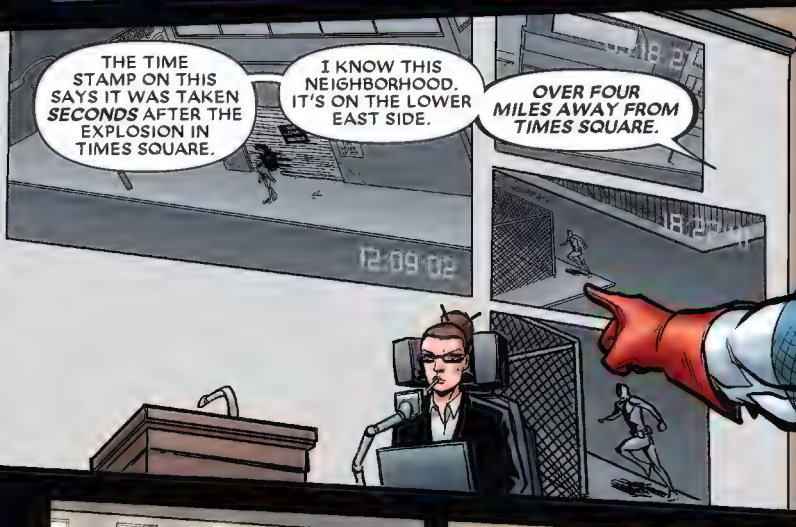


WE WILL DIVIDE
INTO THREE UNITS.
ONE OF WHICH WILL...

12:09:02



WAIT.

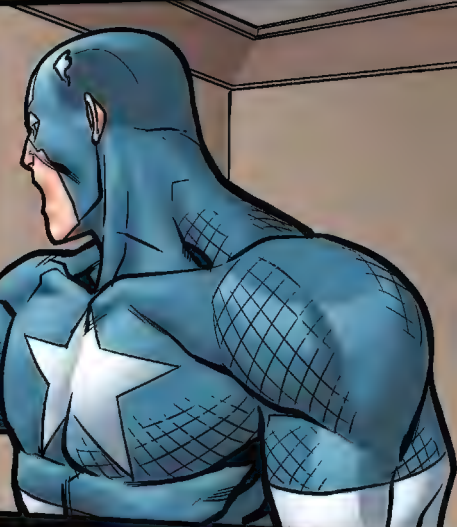


THE TIME
STAMP ON THIS
SAYS IT WAS TAKEN
SECONDS AFTER THE
EXPLOSION IN
TIMES SQUARE.

I KNOW THIS
NEIGHBORHOOD.
IT'S ON THE LOWER
EAST SIDE.

OVER FOUR
MILES AWAY FROM
TIMES SQUARE.

12:09:02



CAPTAIN, THERE IS NO PROOF
TO SUBSTANTIATE YOUR
THEORY THAT DEADPOOL IS
WORKING WITH AN ACCOMPLICE.

NO
PROOF?



WHAT
DO YOU CALL
THIS?

PSST--!

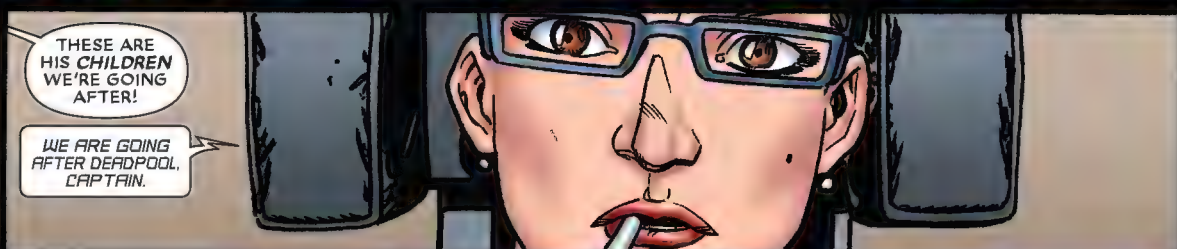
HOW
ELSE DO
YOU EXPLAIN
IT?

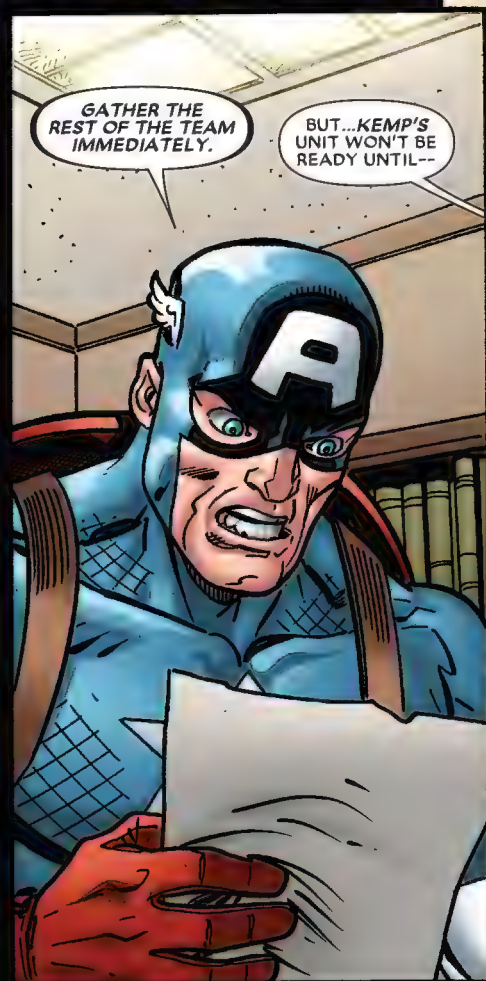
PSST--!



HE HAS A
TELEPORTION
DEVICE.







615 SOUTH STREET
NOW:

WELL...?

I KNOW
YOU'RE HERE...

LET'S DO
THIS.

SURE!

KRAKK

UH-OH!
TOO
SLOW!

WOOT-
WOOT!

WPOKK

WAAAAAAAA



Y'KNOW WHY
I STOPPED USING
THAT TELEPORTER?
'CAUSE IT MADE
IT TOO EASY!

SO
HOW 'BOUT
YOU TAKE OFF
THE TRAINING
WHEELS...



PUT ON
YOUR BIG BOY
PANTS...

SSSSHHHNGG



...AN'
GET IN THE
RING.



NOT BY
THE HAIR OF
MY CHINNY-
CHIN-CHIN!

WOW, COULD THAT
TRAP BE ANY MORE
OBVIOUS?

How much
semtex did
we pack?

ALL OF
IT.



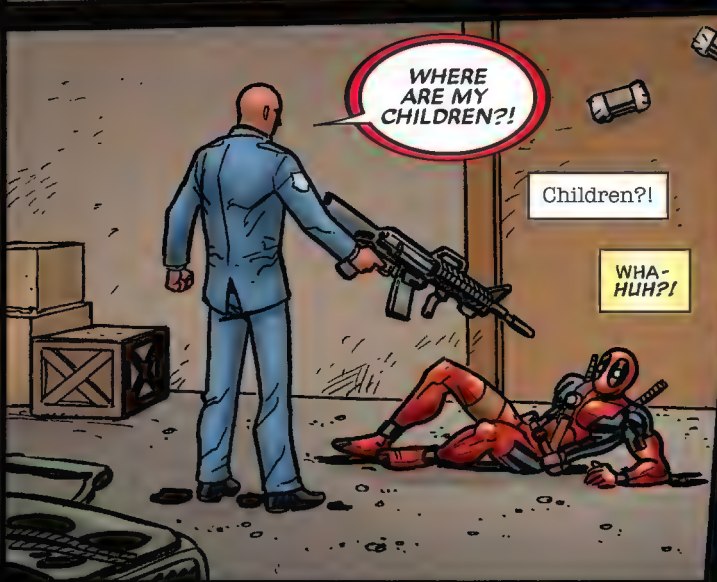
GROOVY.
TIME
TO HUFF AND
PUFF...

HMF--!

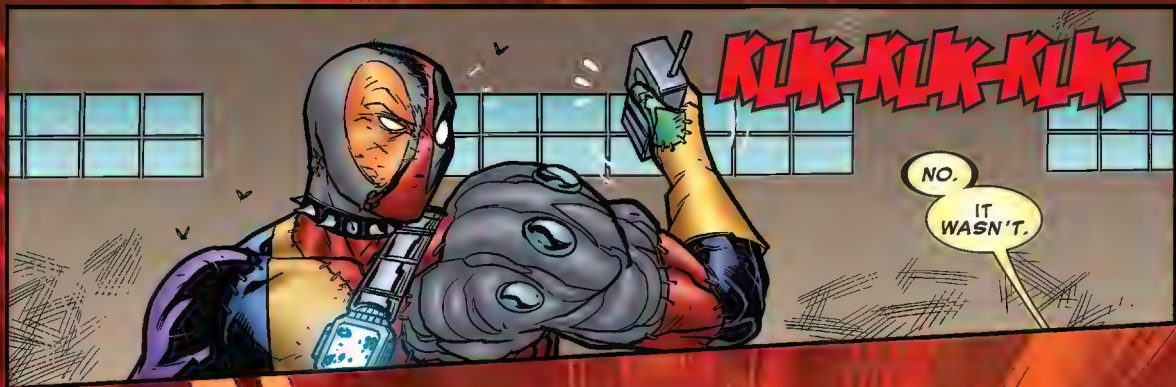
SHH...

...BE
VEWY, VEWY
QUIET MY LITTLE
PIGGIES...

THIS IS
GONNA BE
LOUD.







KUK-KUK-KUK

NO.

IT
WASN'T.



BIP-
BIP-
BIP-
BIP-
BIP--



SEE?

CRAZY
LOUD.

Yeah, pretty sure
our *right eardrum*
just ruptured...



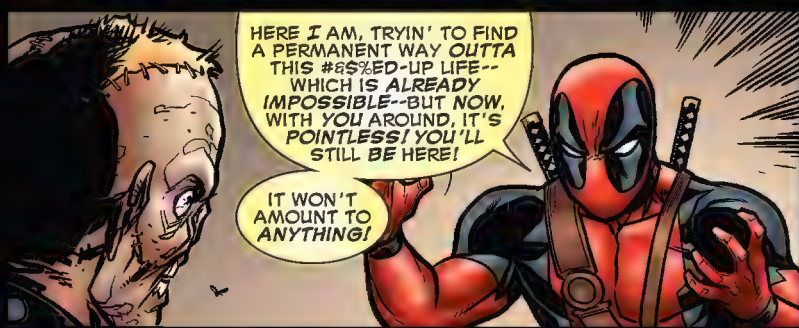
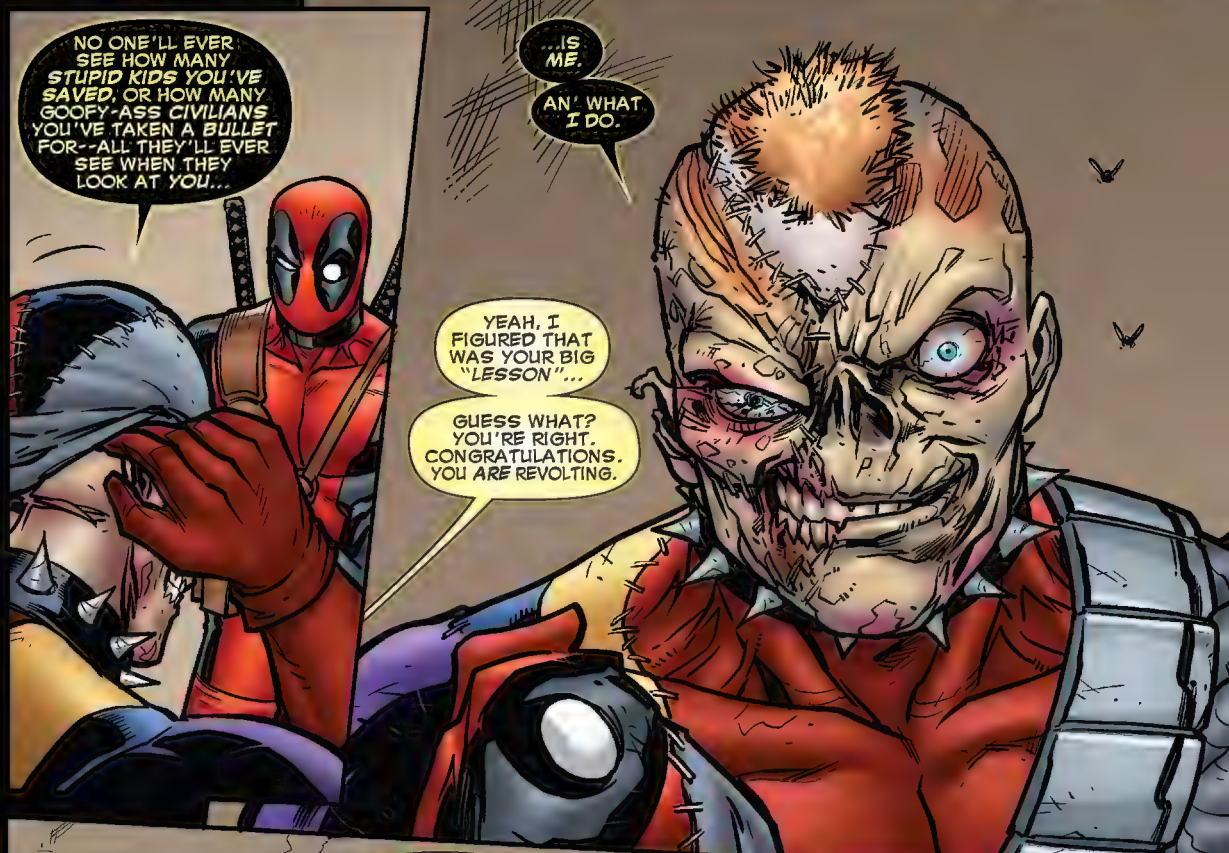
"YOU'RE WELCOME."

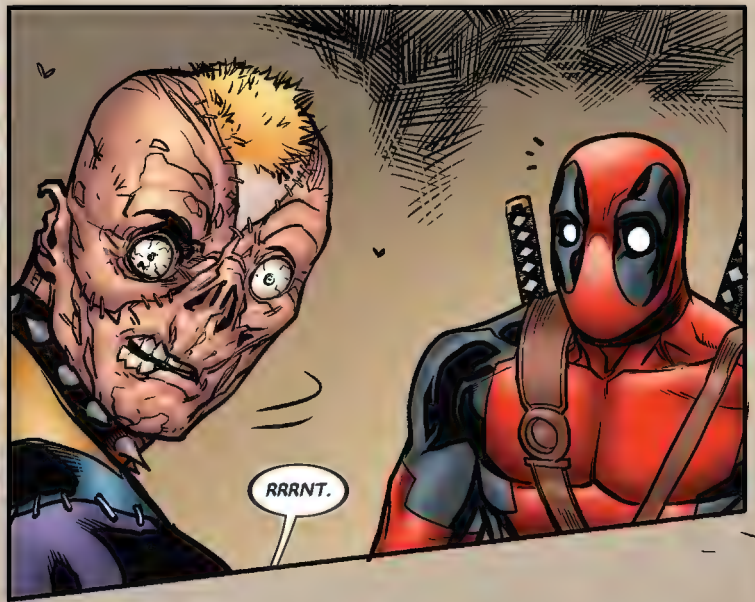
THERE'S A JOKE TO BE MADE HERE...

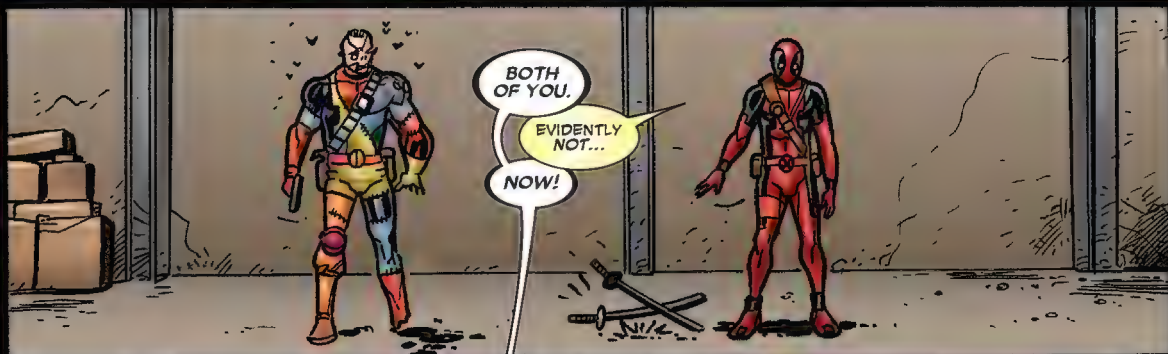
...ABOUT AN ASS-KICKING CONTEST.

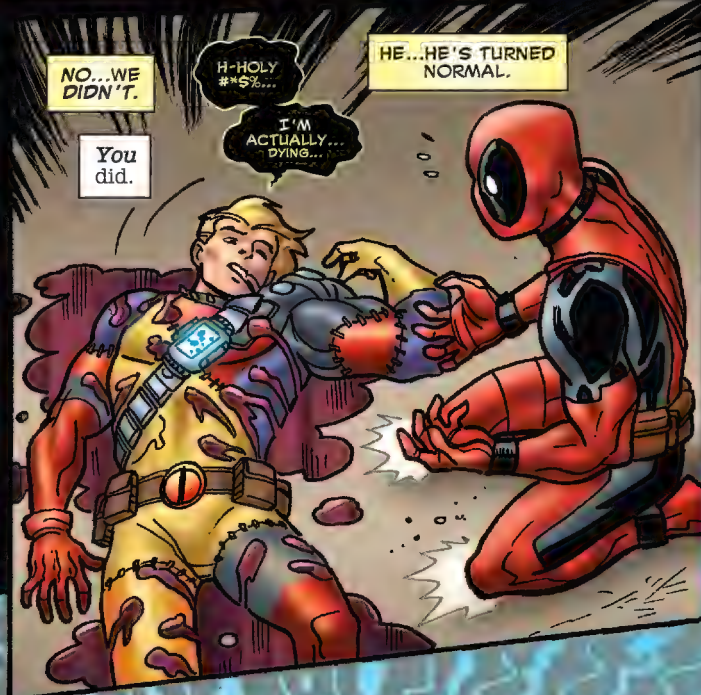
NAH.

THERE'S JUST AN ASS-KICKING CONTEST.









49.1





GO! GO!



OHMYGODOHMYGOD...
WE'RE FREAKIN' DEAD,
MAN...



AAAHH--!



HOLD YOUR
FIRE!

WHERE
IS HE?!



WE DON'T KNOW!
HE WAS CHASIN' US
AN' THEN--

HE WAS
CHASIN' US,
TOO!

IT'S LIKE HE'S
EVERYWHERE AT
ONCE...NO
ESCAPE...

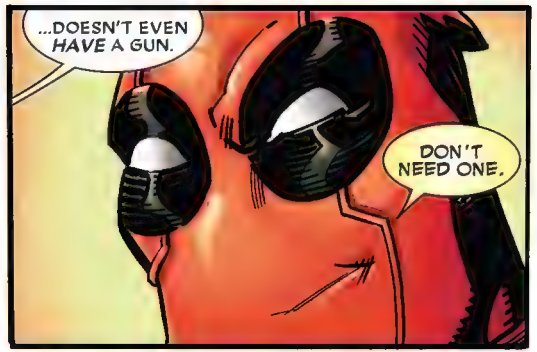


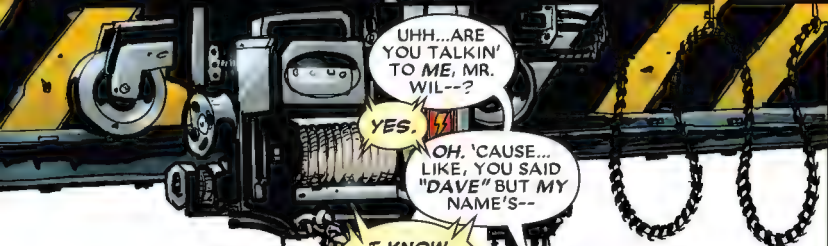
AAOW--!

DON'T LET
'IM GET INTO
YER HEAD! THAT'S
WHAT HE WANTS--
THAT'S HIS GAME!

REMEMBER--
HE'S JUST A GUY
WITH A GUN, SAME AS...

...US.





DEADPOOL: THE MUSICAL!



O.C.D.--WHAT
WAS I SAYIN'?*
DID YOU SEE ME
DISPLAYIN'
THE SKILLS THAT
GET THE KILLS FOR
THOSE WHO'RE
PAYIN' ME?

OH, YOU
DON'T KNOW?
SEE, I'M SO GOOD
IT'S FREAKIN' SCARY!
DEALIN' OUT DEATH,
THE WORLD'S
GREATEST
MERCENARY!
HUH!

GOOD THING
YOU HAPPENED
TO COME ACROSS
THIS PARTICULAR
EDITION--
IT'S FULL OF
INFORMATION THAT
YOU'RE MISSIN',
DUDE!

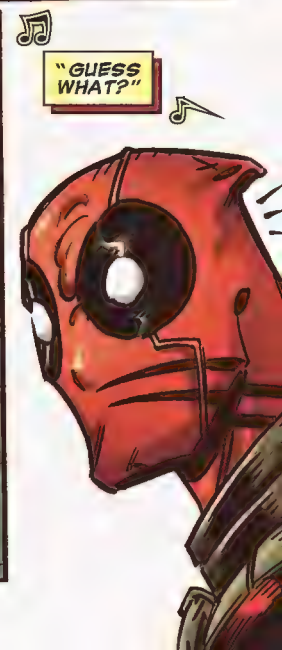
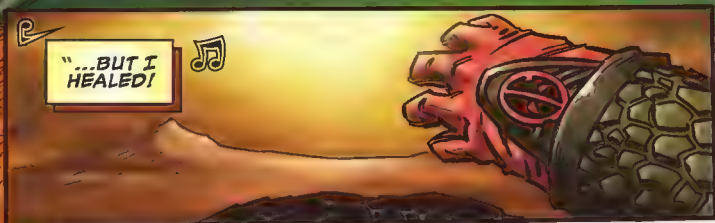
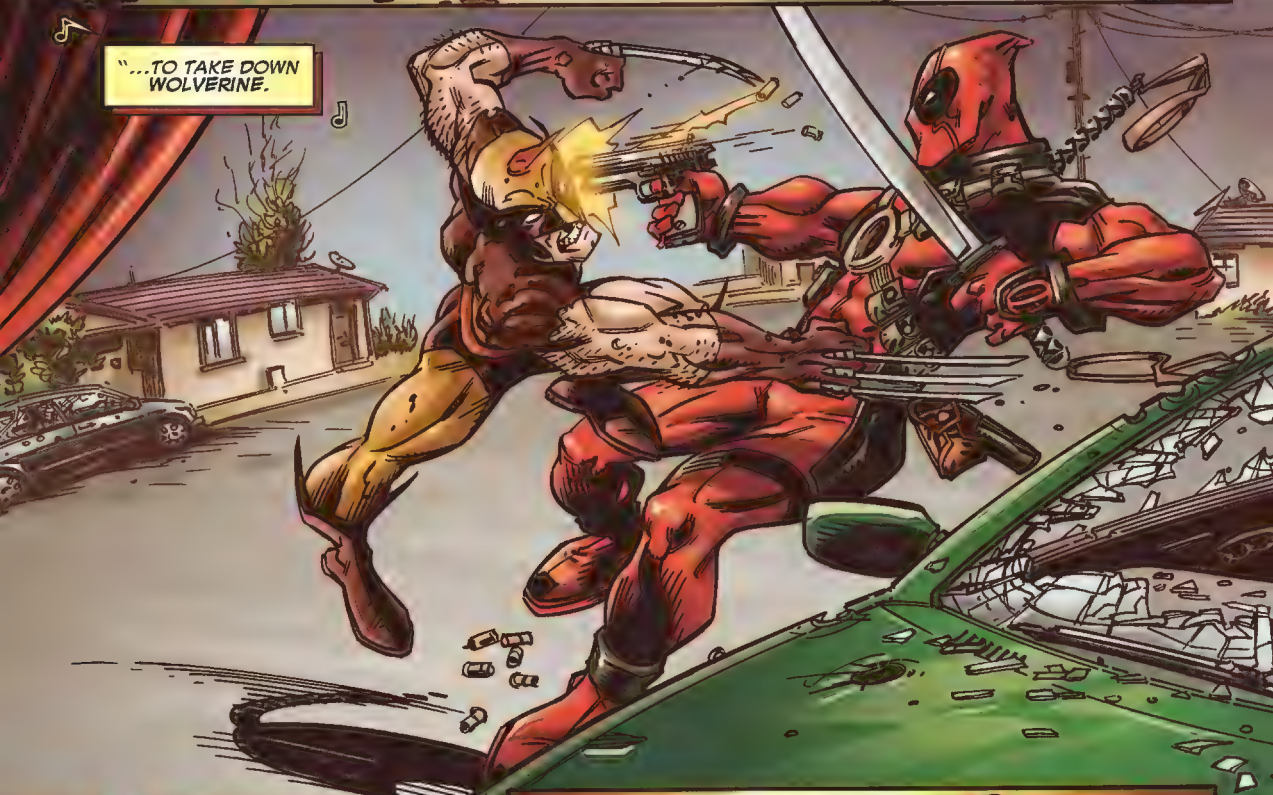
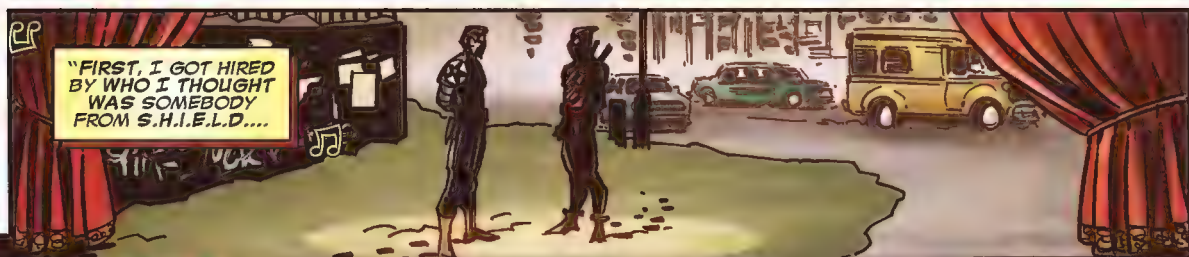
LIKE WHAT
I'VE ENDURED
TO PROVIDE THE
AUDIENCE WITH
ENTERTAINMENT!
LISTEN AS I DEFTLY
EXPLAIN IT:

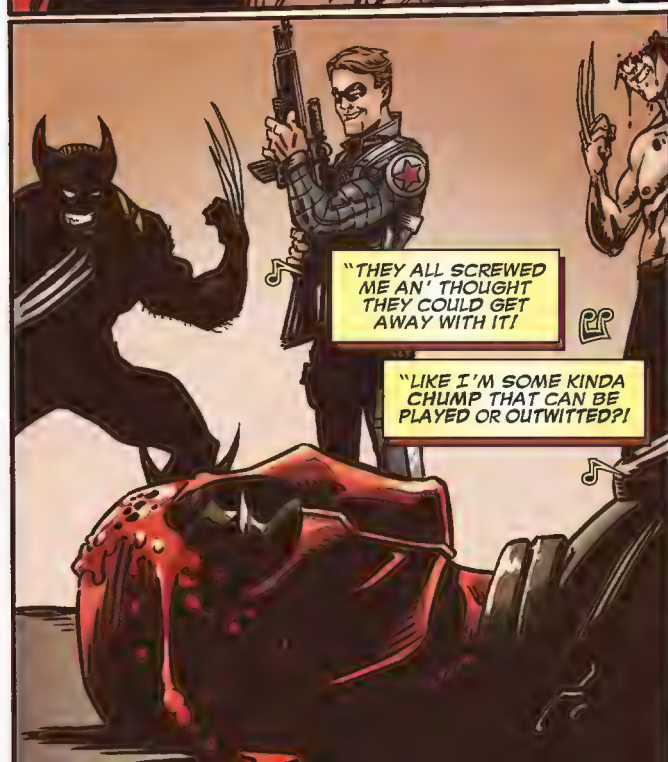
SHAKE DA ROOM!

*To the tune of Naughty
by Nature's "O.P.P."
— DJ Jazzy Jordan



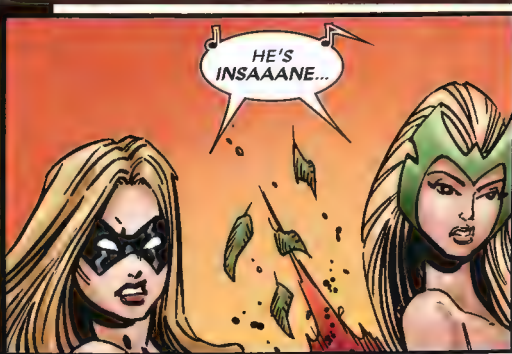
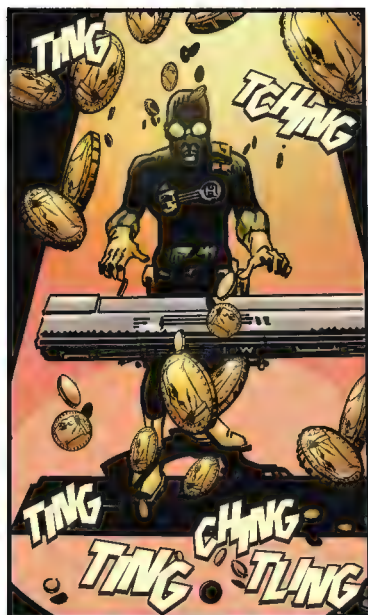
BUS'
IT.













PP
COME ON,
BRAAAIIN...

YEAH,
RIGHT.

What makes you
think that we
would know?!



MENTAL
STRAAAIIN...



I'LL BECOME
A COSTUMED
SUPER HERO.



PP
##&\$
OFF, \$&#%-
STAAAIIN...

We should go
kick all their
@#\$%& teeth in

HERE
COME THE
PAAAIIN...



PP
**I MOVE AWAY
FROM THE MIC
TO BREATHE IN

PP

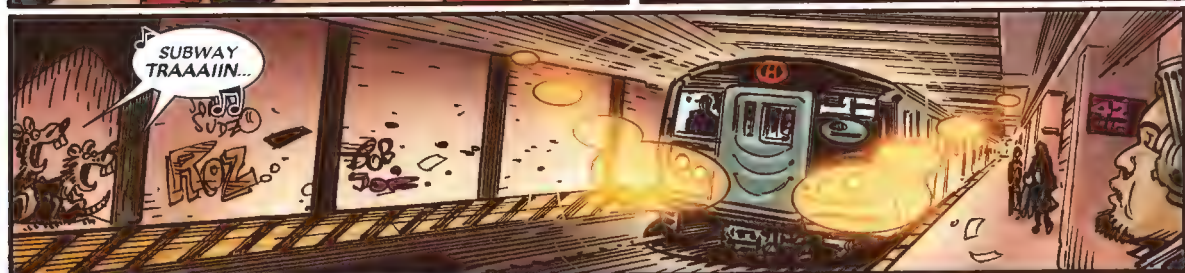
San Francisco Chronicle

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA'S LARGEST NEWSPAPER

FRIDAY, JULY 16, 2011

DEADPOOL SLAIIIN!

The Chronicle's exclusive photo of the masked mercenary who was seen in the city last night.





HEH...

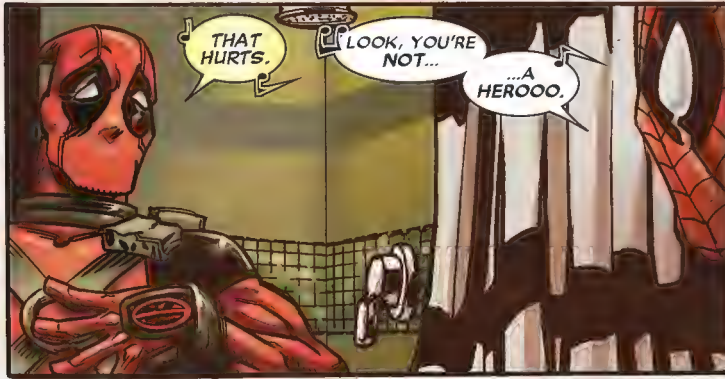
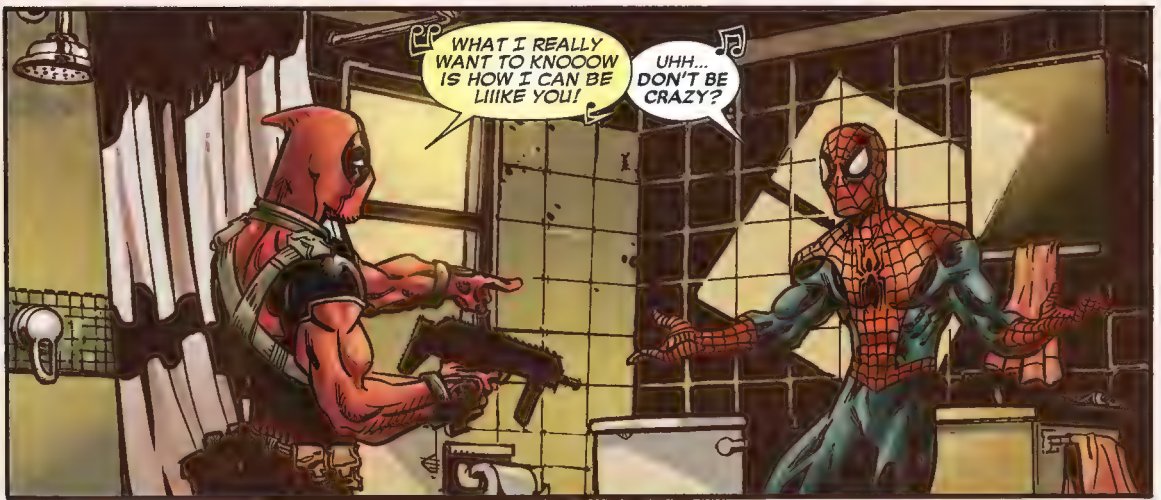
HIT ME,
SPIDEY...

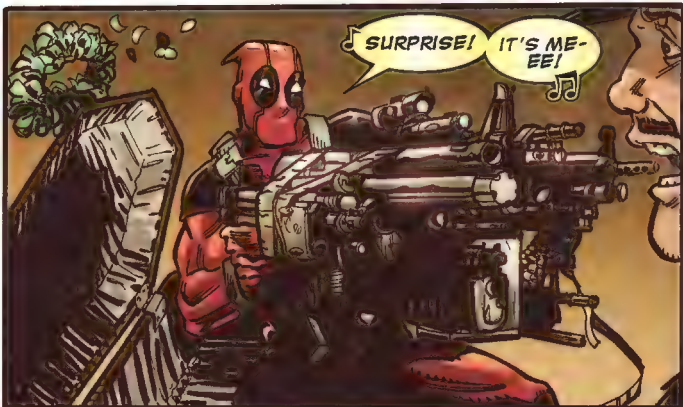
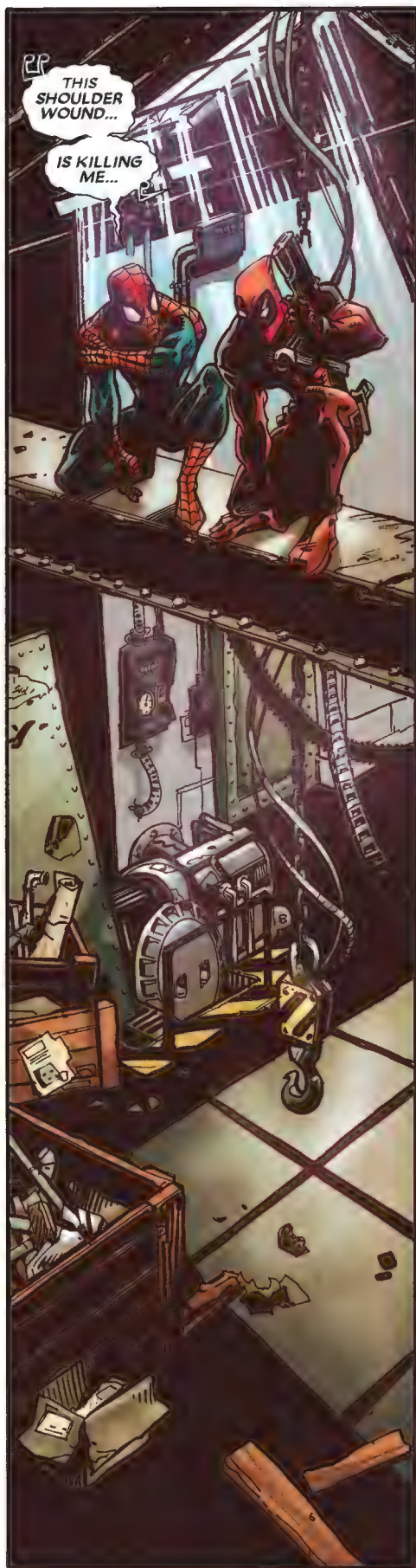
...ONE MORE
TIME.*

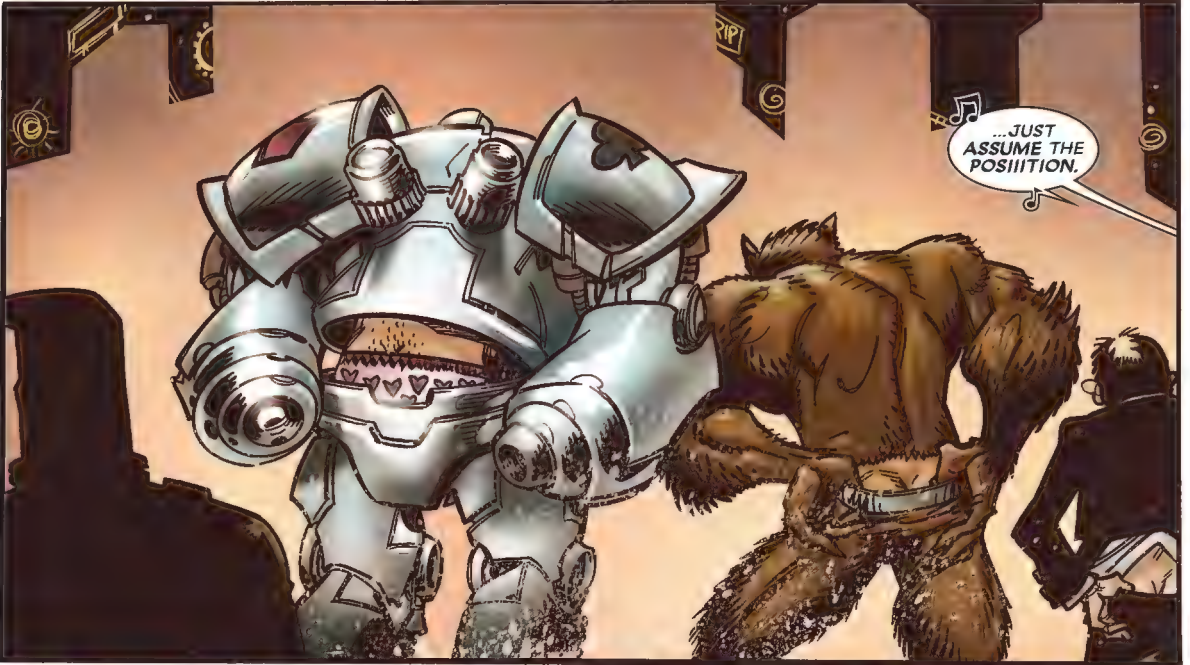
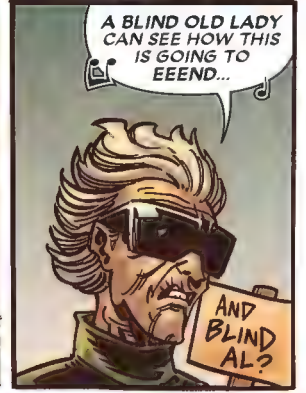
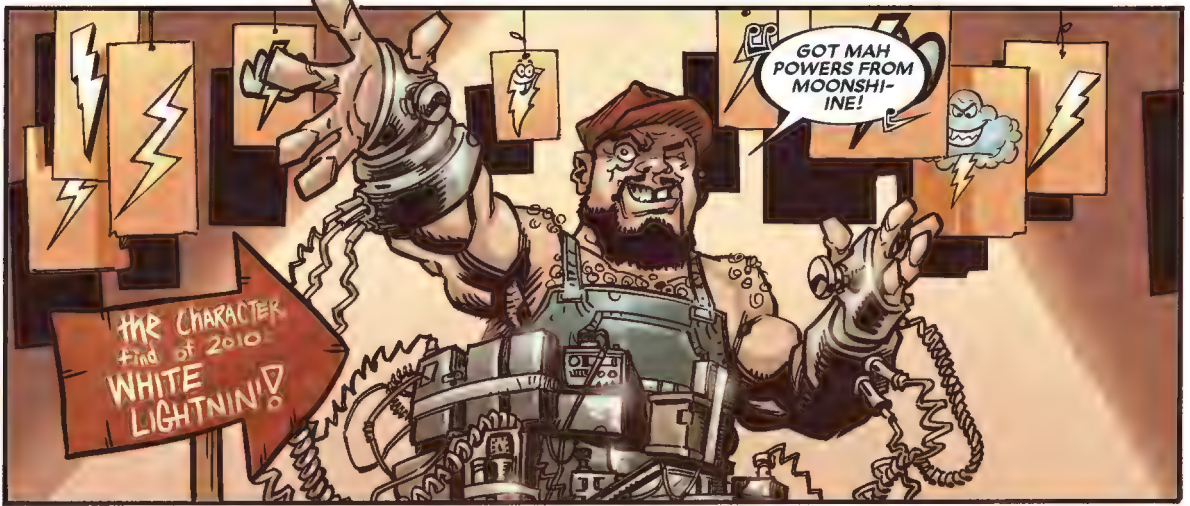
OOK! EEK-
EEK!***

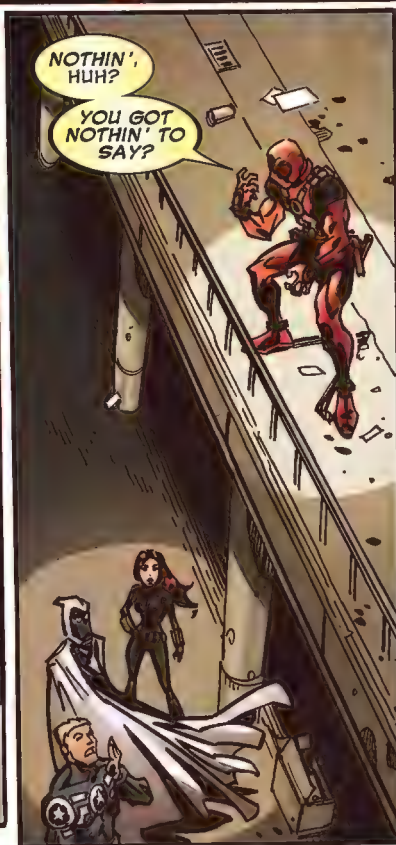
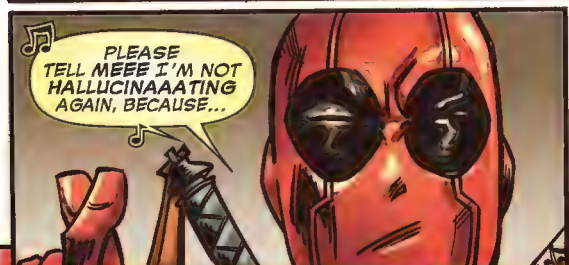
OH, BABY-
BABY.*

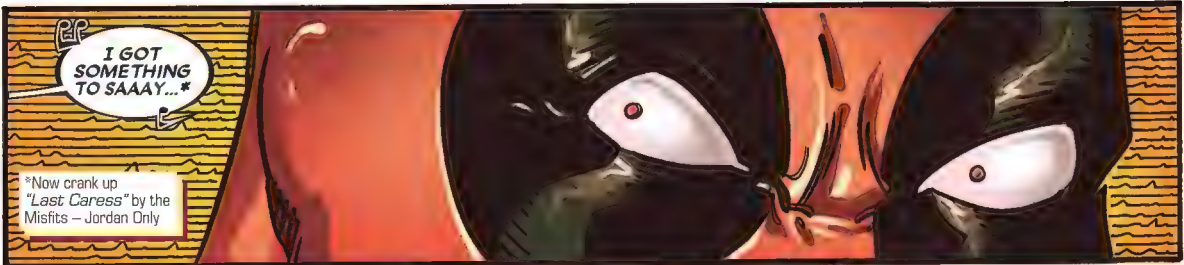
*Shift to Britney Spears' ubiquitous
hit "...Baby One More Time"
- Oh, Jordan Jordan











I GOT
SOMETHING
TO SAAAY...*

*Now crank up
"Last Caress" by the
Misfits - Jordan Only



I'M GONNA
BLOW YOUR
ASS AWAY!

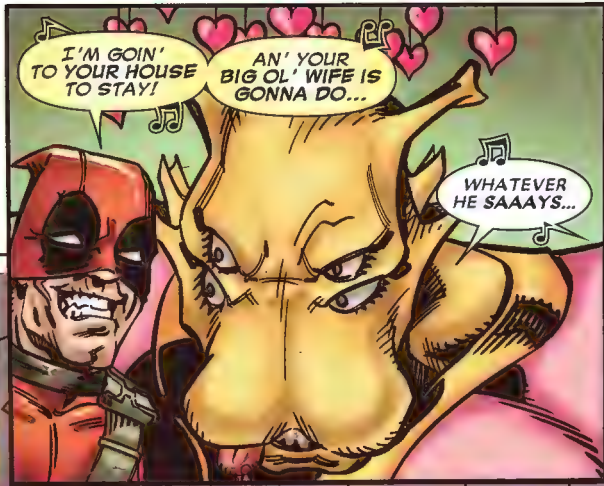
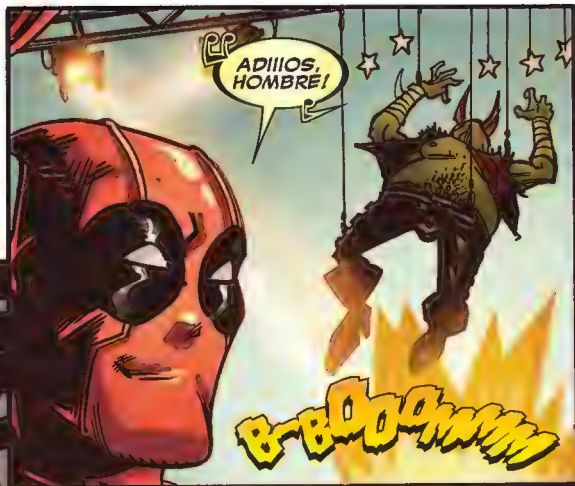
AND, UH...
WHO'RE YOU
SUPPOSED TO
BEE?



I'M MACHO
GOMEEEZ!

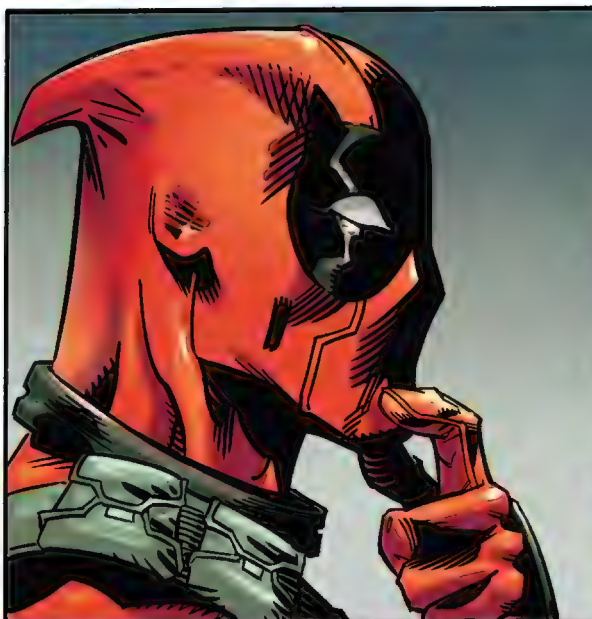
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA BLAM BLAM

BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA BLAM BLAM





CAN'T
COMPARE TO
YOUR CAAA-
RESS...





DEADPOOL #34 CAPTAIN AMERICA 70TH ANNIVERSARY VARIANT

by Ed McGuinness



DEADPOOL #39 I AM CAPTAIN AMERICA VARIANT

by Marko Djurdjevic

ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN DEADPOOL



DEADPOOL #45 MARVEL 50TH ANNIVERSARY VARIANT

by Greg Horn



DEADPOOL #33.1 RECAP PAGE

Released between #33 and #34, issue #33.1 featured this recap to explain the break in the ongoing story.

Subject:



Treatment: ...???



MERC-STYLE.



ORGANIC STYLE



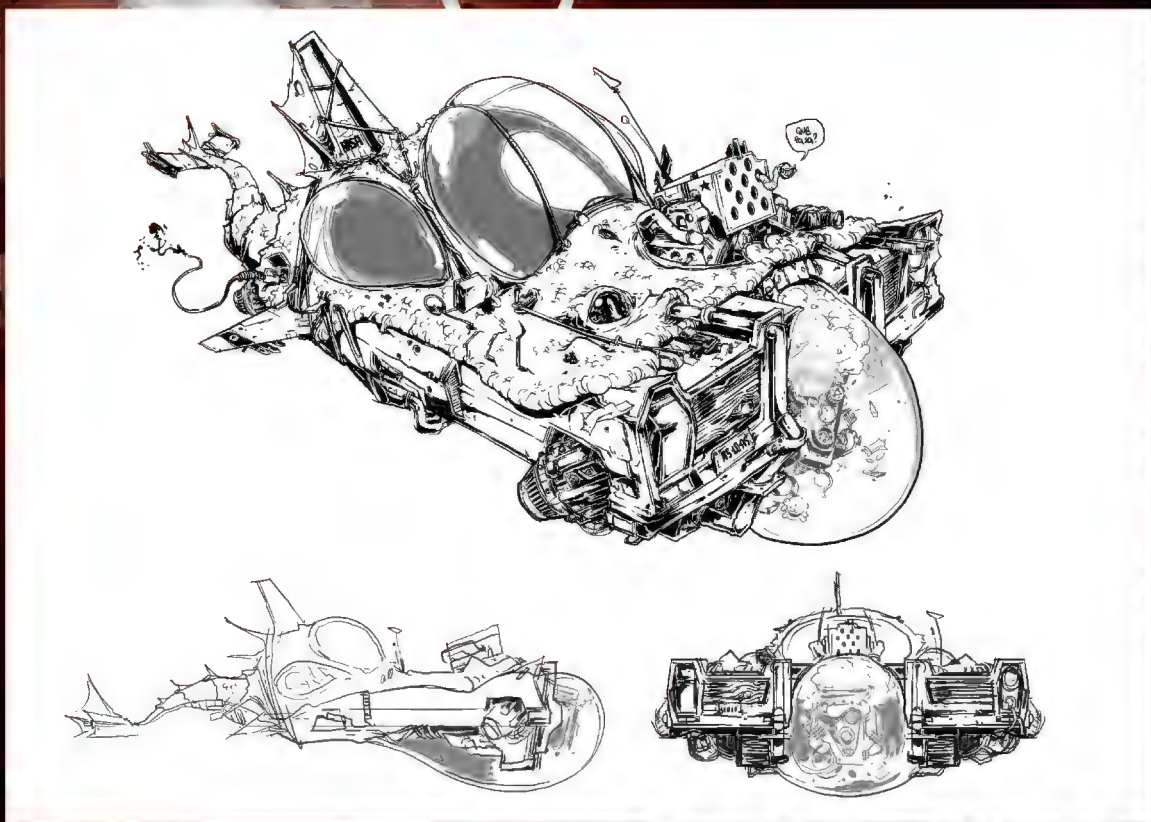
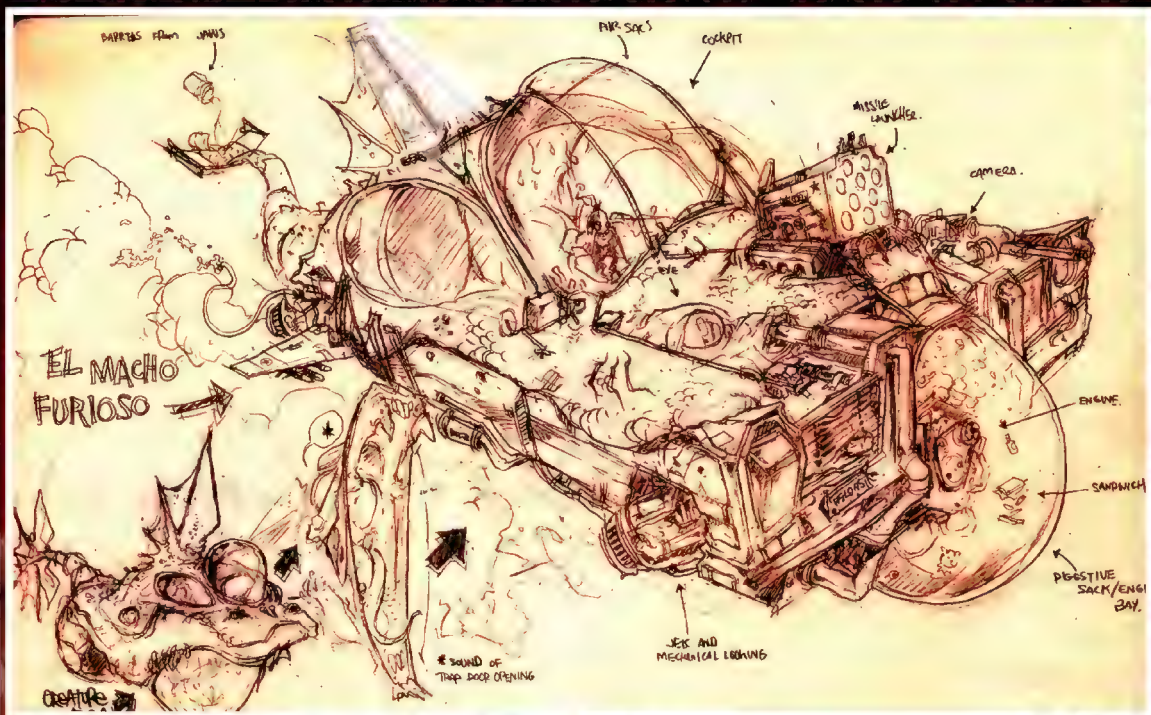
Moustache.



Pipe-stache.

MACHO GOMEZ CHARACTER DESIGNS

by Sheldon Vella

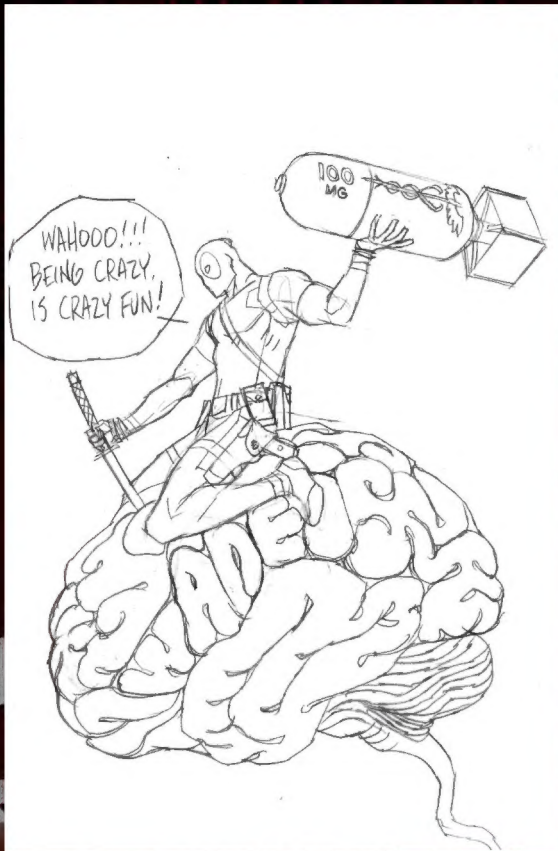
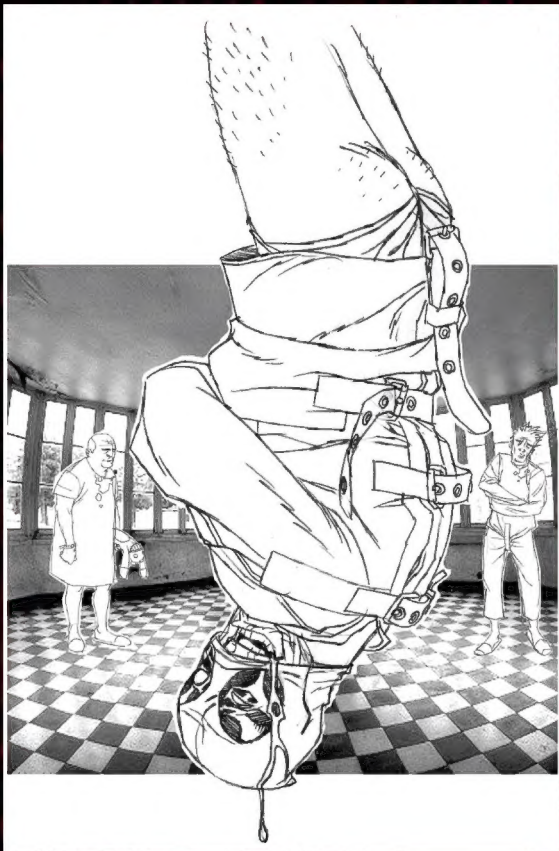




EVIL DEADPOOL CHARACTER DESIGNS

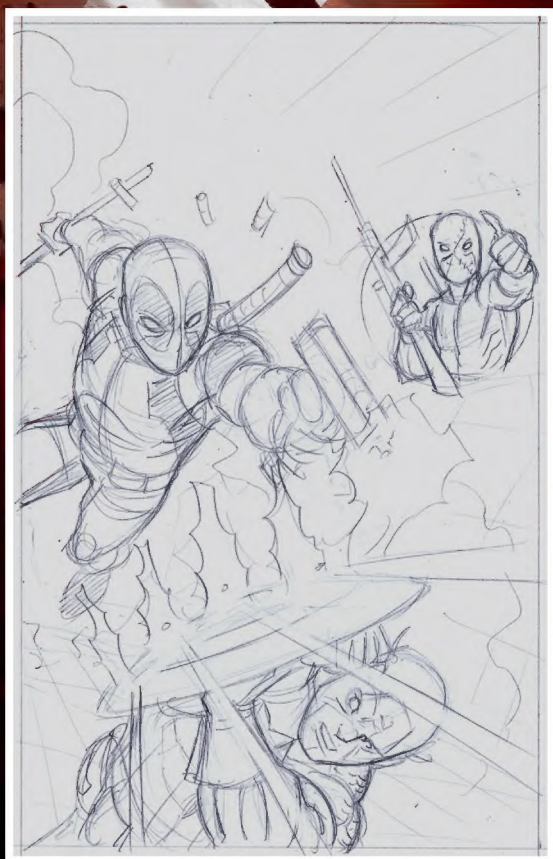
by Salva Espin



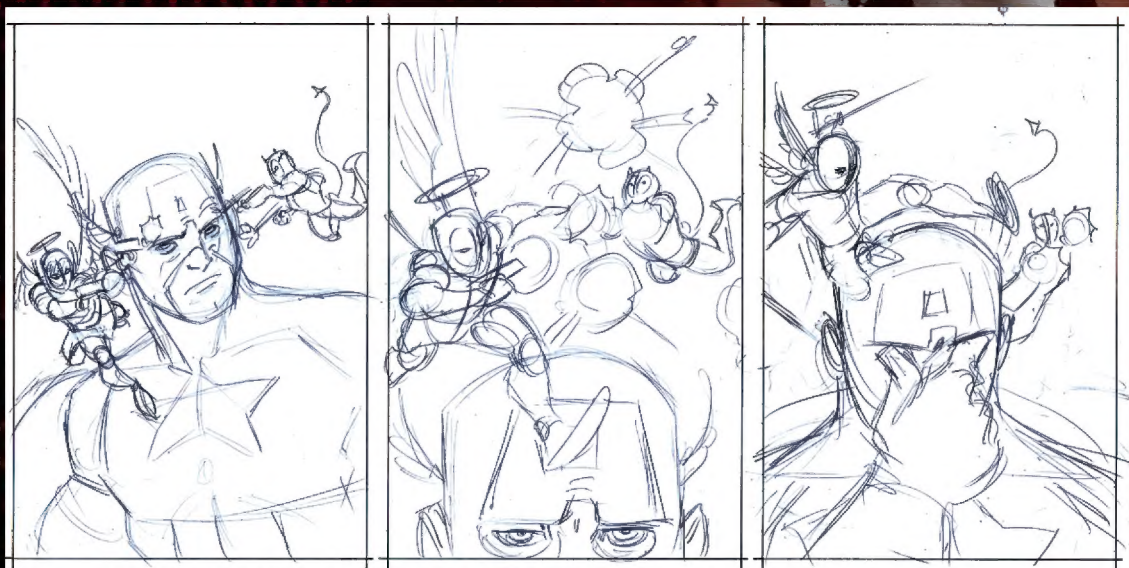
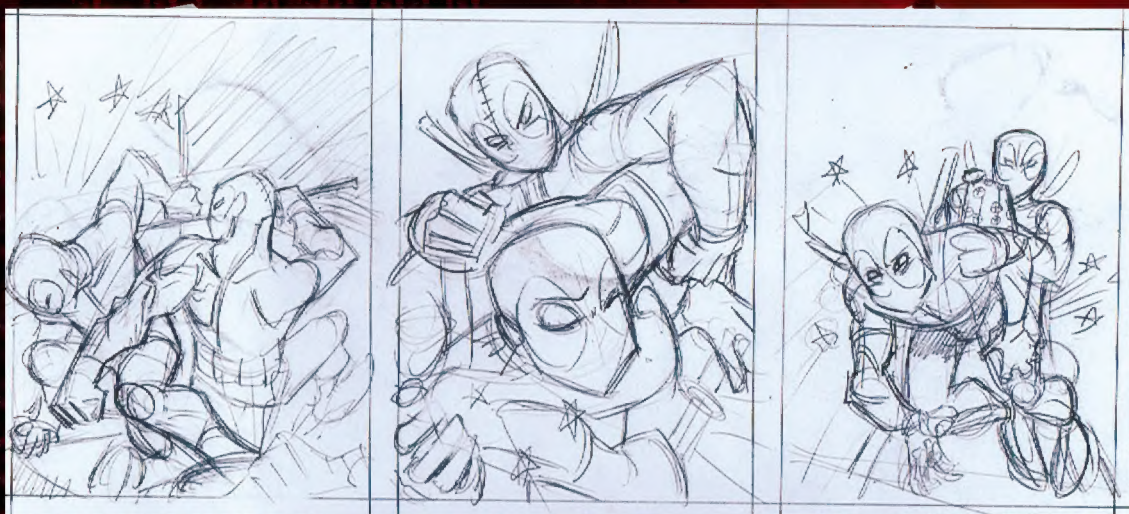
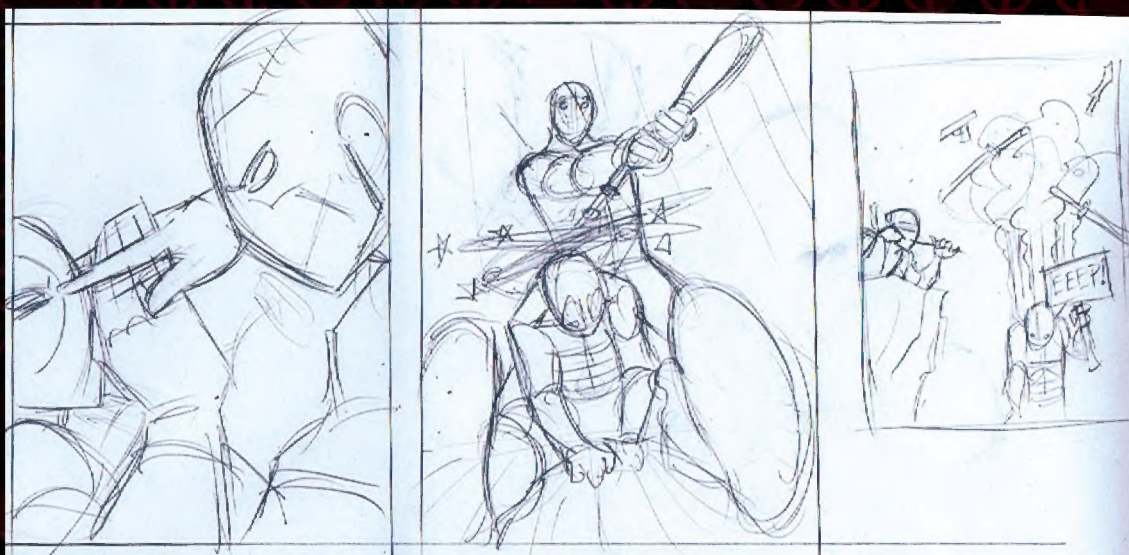




DEADPOOL #44
cover sketch by Dave Johnson



DEADPOOL #47
cover sketches by Nick Bradshaw



HE'S THE MARVEL UNIVERSE'S MERC WITH A MOUTH!

AS QUICK WITH A PISTOL AS HE IS WITH A ONE-LINER!



Fan-favorite writer Daniel Way brings the crazy with his character-defining run on the Crimson Comedian, the Regeneratin' Degenerate, the Asinine Assassin...Deadpool!

Wade heads into space to increase his intergalactic cred. Will taking on galactic assassin Macho Gomez and the immense Id the Selfish Moon cement him as the solar system's best, most ruthless mercenary? Not as far as his "old friends" back on Earth are concerned — Hydra Bob, Big Bertha, Taskmaster and Blind Al all want to claim a piece of his hide! Deadpool flirts with both mortality and sanity as he takes on the Incredible Hulk (hoping to die!) and is locked up in an asylum (which could actually help him!) — but Wade's biggest foe turns out to be an "evil twin" made up of his own discarded body parts! Can Deadpool convince the authorities that there's an even crazier, less principled version of him out there? Plus: Deadpool — the Musical!

Collecting *Deadpool* #32-49, #33.1 and #49.1
— written by Daniel Way; and illustrated by
Bong Dazo, Sheldon Vella, Carlo Barberi,
Salva Espin and John McCrear.

PARENTAL
ADVISORY

MARVEL